

February

34

The American Mercury

THE RETURN OF THE CAESARS

by Oswald Spengler

These Economic Experiments	<i>Henry Hazlitt</i>
Pennsylvania Station	<i>William Faulkner</i>
Glenn Frank: Journalist on Parole	<i>Ernest L. Meyer</i>
Why Women Become Hoboes	<i>Walter C. Reckless</i>
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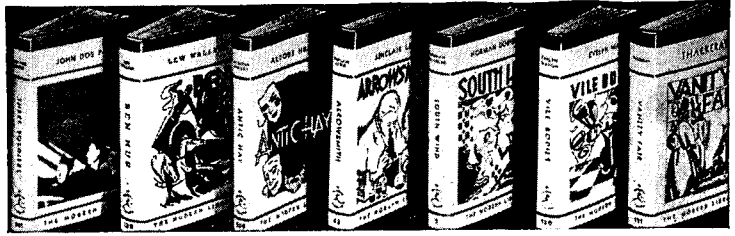


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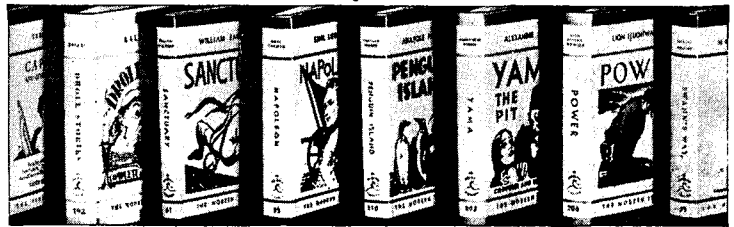
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February 1934

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ESSAYS

CHARACTERS AND COMMENTARIES.

By *Lytton Strachey*. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$3 5½ x 8¾; 301 pp. *New York*

This posthumous volume is a collection of practically all the signed articles, including numerous reviews, contributed by Lytton Strachey to periodicals over a period of nearly thirty years; it even includes some hitherto unpublished essays written when he was still at Cambridge. Unlike most compilations of the sort, it should add to the author's reputation. For these essays are distinguished not merely for their superb writing; they reveal a much wider range of interests than Strachey was commonly credited with. In addition to more essays on French and English literary figures, chiefly of the Eighteenth Century, there are penetrating discussions of, for example, Dostoevsky and Chinese poetry. The collection serves to remind us, also, of the writer's admirable war record, as revealed, say, in his contemptuous comments in 1918 on J. A. R. Marriott's attempt to conscript Shakespeare. There is a prophetically skeptical essay written in 1913, "Avons-nous Changé Tout Cela?", in which Strachey expresses the belief that the Nineteenth-Century gains for free speech were owing rather to lack of intense feeling about issues than to a genuine and permanent growth of tolerance: "Is it really credible . . . that such deeply rooted instincts as the love of persecution and the hatred of heterodoxies should have been dissipated into thin air by the charms of philosophers?"

PAST MASTERS, *and Other Papers*.

By *Thomas Mann*. *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$2.50 5 x 7½; 276 pp. *New York*

This is a collection of essays on Wagner, Goethe, Lessing, Nietzsche, Dürer, Tolstoy, Freud, Spengler, and Conrad, and on miscellaneous subjects such as cosmopolitanism, the films, sleep, and the relations of culture and socialism. Through nearly all of them runs a deep admiration for the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, and for such giants as Wagner, Nietzsche, and Tolstoy, who laid upon themselves epic burdens "which would have crushed our own puny and short-winded generation." In many respects Mann's essays bear a striking kinship to the similar essays of Havelock Ellis: there is in them the same breadth and range of learning, the same

catholicity of taste and hospitality toward diverse forms of genius, the same air of the connoisseur of ideas, the same slightly over-ripe romanticism. They are, in a word, excellent examples of that "mixture of learning and lyricism" which Mann himself so deeply admires in the work of Nietzsche. While nearly all the essays are sympathetic toward their subjects, that on the theory of Spengler is a powerful denunciation.

BIOGRAPHY

VINCENT VAN GOGH.

By *Julius Meier-Graefe*.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3 6½ x 9¾; 240 pp. *New York*

This excellent book appeared originally in a limited de luxe edition. The present popular edition has been revised by the original translator, John Holyrod-Reece. Van Gogh lived only thirty-seven years, from 1853 to 1890, but in those few years he added a color to human existence which it had never had before. He was not a profound painter like Rembrandt, nor a bitter caricaturist like Daumier, but he had far more simple honesty of insight than either, and he put peasants, flowers, and prostitutes on paper with such stark clarity that they will probably be the wonder of ages to come. His life, as Dr. Meier-Graefe says, was "a drama of starvation." Apparently he was never able to afford a decent meal in all his life, and his work was completely ignored until he lay on a suicide's bed. Even his friend Gauguin saw only a hungry lunatic in him. The only one who stood by Van Gogh all his miserable days was his brother Theo, and Dr. Meier-Graefe tells the grand story of their attachment with all the high drama that was in it. There are sixty-one excellent reproductions.

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The American MERCURY

February 1934

THE RETURN OF THE CAESARS

BY OSWALD SPENGLER

IS THERE today a man among the white races who has eyes to see what is going on around him on the face of the globe? To see the immensity of the danger which looms over this mass of peoples? I do not speak of the educated or uneducated city crowds, the newspaper-readers, the herds who vote at elections—and, for that matter, there is no longer any quality difference between voters and those for whom they vote—but of the *ruling* classes of the white nations, in so far as they have not been destroyed, of the statesmen in so far as there are any left; of the *true* leaders of policy, of economic life, of armies, and of thought. Does anyone, I ask, see over and beyond his time, his own continent, his country, or even the narrow circle of his own activities?

We live in momentous times. The stupendous dynamism of the historical epoch that has now dawned makes it the grandest, not only in the Faustian civilization of Western Europe, but—for that very reason—in all world-history, greater and by far more terrible than the ages of Caesar and Napoleon. Yet how blind are the human beings over whom this mighty destiny is surging, whirling them in con-

fusion, exalting them, destroying them! Who among them sees and comprehends what is being done to them and around them? Some wise old Chinaman or Indian, perhaps, who gazes around him in silence with the stored-up thought of a thousand years in his soul.

But how superficial, how narrow, how small-minded are the judgments and measures of Western Europe and America! What do the inhabitants of the Middle West of the United States know of what goes on beyond New York and San Francisco? What conception has a middle-class Englishman, not to speak of a French provincial, of the trend of affairs on the Continent? What, indeed, does any one of them know of the direction in which his very own destiny is facing? All we have is a number of absurd catchwords, such as “overcoming the economic crisis,” “understanding of peoples,” “national security and self-sufficiency,” with which to “overcome” catastrophes within the space of a generation or two by means of “prosperity” and disarmament.

But it is of Germany that I am speaking here: Germany, to whom the storm of facts is more menacing than to any other

country and whose existence is, in the most alarming sense of the word, at stake. What short-sightedness and noisy superficiality reigns among us, and how provincial the standpoint when major problems emerge! Let us set up a ring-fenced Third Empire or, alternatively, Soviet state; let us do away with the army or with property, with economists, or with agriculture; let us give maximum independence to all the little provinces, or, alternatively, suppress them; let us allow the former lords of industry or administration to get to work again in the style of 1900, or—why not?—let us have a revolution, proclaim a dictatorship (are there not dozens of candidates confident of their fitness for the job?), and all will be well.

But—*Germany is not an island*. No other country is in the same degree woven actively or passively into the world's destiny. Her geographical situation alone, her lack of natural boundaries, make this inevitable. In the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries she was "Central Europe"; in the Twentieth she is again, as in and after the Thirteenth Century, a frontier against "Asia." For no country is it more essential that its sphere of political and economic thought should reach far beyond its own boundaries. Everything that happens afar involves the heart of Germany.

Our past is having its revenge—seven hundred years of the petty provincial régime of small states with never a breath of greatness, an idea, an aim. This is not going to be made good in two generations. And Bismarck's creative work had the one great fault that he did not train the coming generation to meet the facts of the new form of our political life. The facts were seen, but not grasped. Men could not inwardly adapt themselves to the new horizons, problems, and obligations. They did not *live* with them. And the average Ger-

man continued to apply to his greater country the old particularist and partisan outlook—shallow and cramped, stupid and parochial. This small-mindedness dates from the time of the Hohenstaufen emperors and the Hansa. The first, whose vision ranged over the Mediterranean, and the second, whose rule extended from the Scheldt to Novgorod, alike fell before other and more securely based powers for want of wise and substantial backing from within their own frontiers.

And from that time on, the German has shut himself up in innumerable little fatherlands and petty local interests, measuring world history by his own horizon, and dreaming hungrily and miserably of a kingdom in the clouds—to describe which condition the phrase "German idealism" was invented. To this petty and essentially German mode of thought belong almost all the political ideals and utopias that have sprouted from the bog of the Weimar state: the International, Communist, Pacifist, Ultramontane, Federal, "Aryan" visions of *sacrum imperium*, Soviet state, or Third Empire, as the case might be. All parties now think and act as if Germany had the world to herself. Trade unions see no further than the industrial area. Colonial policy has always been odious to them because it does not fit in with the scheme of class war. In their dogmatic narrowness they do not, or will not, comprehend that it was precisely the working man for whom the economic imperialism of the years around 1900, with its assured facilities for the sale of products and the purchase of raw materials, was the basic premiss of existence.

This the English workman had long before grasped. The enthusiasm of German democracy for disarmament stops short at the frontier of the French sphere of power. The Federalists would have their

already greatly reduced country split up again into a bundle of dwarf states of the old sort, thereby giving foreign powers the opportunity to play off one against the other. And the National Socialists believe that they can afford to ignore the world or oppose it, and to build their castles-in-the-air without creating a possibly silent, but very palpable reaction from abroad.

II

Added to all this is the universal *dread of reality*. We "pale-faces" have it, all of us, although we are seldom, and most of us never, conscious of it. It is the spiritual weakness of the "late" man of the higher civilizations, who lives in his cities cut off from the peasant and the soil and thereby from the natural experiencing of destiny, time and death. He has become too wide-awake, too accustomed to ponder perpetually over yesterday and tomorrow, and cannot bear that which he sees and is forced to see: the *relentless* course of things, *senseless* chance, and *real* history striding pitilessly through the centuries into which the individual with his tiny scrap of private life is irrevocably born at the appointed place.

That is what he longs to forget, refute, or contest. He takes flight from history into solitude, into imaginary far-away systems, into some faith or another, or into suicide. Like a grotesque ostrich he buries his head in hopes, ideals, and *cowardly* optimism: it is so, but it ought not to be, therefore it is otherwise. We sing in the woods at night because we are afraid. Similarly, the cowardice of cities shouts its apparent optimism to the world at large for very fear. Reality is no longer to be borne. The wish-picture of the future is set in place of facts—although fate has never taken any notice of human fancies—

from the children's Land of Do-Nothing to the World Peace and Workers' Paradise of the grown-ups.

Little as one knows of events in the future—for all that can be got from a comparison with other civilizations is the general form of future facts and their march through the ages—so much is certain: the forces which will sway the future are no other than those of the past. These forces are: the will of the strong, *healthy* instincts, race, the will to possession and power; while justice, happiness, and peace—those dreams which will always remain dreams—hover ineffectively over them.

Further, in our own civilization since the Sixteenth Century it has rapidly grown more impossible for most of us to gain a general view of the ever more confusing events and situations of world politics and economics, or to grasp (let alone control) the forces and tendencies at work in them. True statesmen become rarer and rarer. Most of the doings (as distinct from the events) in the history of these centuries were indeed the work of semi-experts and amateurs with luck on their side. Still, they could always rely upon the people's instinct to back them. It is only now that this instinct has become so weak, and the voluble criticism of blithe ignorance so strong, as to make it more and more likely that a true statesman, with a real knowledge of things, will not receive this instinctive support—even at the level of grudging tolerance—but will be prevented from doing what has to be done by the opposition of all the "know-betters."

Frederick the Great experienced the first of these types of opposition; Bismarck almost fell a victim to the second. Only later generations, and not even they, can appreciate the grandeur and creativeness of such leaders. But we do have to see to it that the present confines itself to ingratitude

and incomprehension and does not proceed to counter-action. Germans in particular are great at suspecting, criticizing, and voiding creative action. They have none of that historical experience and force of tradition which are congenial with English life. A nation of poets and thinkers in the process of becoming a nation of babblers and persecutors. Every real governor is unpopular among his frightened, cowardly, and uncomprehending contemporaries. And one must be more than an "idealist" to understand even this.

We are still in the *Age of Rationalism*, which began in the Eighteenth Century and is now rapidly nearing its close. We all are its creatures whether we know and wish it or not. The word is familiar enough, but who knows how much it implies? It is the arrogance of the urban intellect, which, detached from its roots and no longer guided by strong instinct, looks down with contempt on the full-blooded thinking of the past and the wisdom of ancient peasant stock. It is the period in which everyone can read and write and therefore must have his say and always "knows better." This type of mind is obsessed by concepts—the new gods of the age—and it exercises its wits on the world as it sees it. "It is no good," it says. "We could make it better; here goes, let us set up a program for a better world!"

Nothing could be easier for persons of intelligence, and no doubt seems to be felt that this world will then materialize of itself. It is given a label, "Human Progress," and now that it has a name, it *is*. Those who doubt it are narrow reactionaries, heretics, and, what is worse, persons devoid of democratic virtue: away with them! In this wise the fear of reality was overcome by intellectual arrogance, the darkness that comes from ignorance of all things of life, spiritual poverty, lack of rev-

erence, and, finally, world-alien stupidity—for there is nothing stupider than rootless urban intelligence. In English offices and clubs it used to be called *common sense*; in French salons, *esprit*; in German philosophers' studies, *Pure Reason*. The shallow optimism of the cultural philistine is ceasing to fear the elemental historical facts and beginning to *despise* them. Every "know-better" seeks to absorb them in his scheme (in which experience has no part), to make them conceptually more complete than actually they are, and to subordinate them to himself in his mind because he has not livingly experienced them, but only perceived them.

This doctrinaire clinging to theory for lack of experience, or rather this lack of *ability* to *make* experience, finds literary expression in a flood of schemes for political, social, and economic systems and utopias, and practical expression in that craze for organization which, becoming an aim in itself, produces bureaucracies that either collapse through their own hollowness or destroy the living order. Rationalism is at bottom nothing but criticism, and the critic is the reverse of a creator; he dissects and he reassembles; conception and birth are alien to him. Accordingly his work is artificial and lifeless, and when brought into contact with real life, it *kills*. All these systems and organizations are paper productions; they are methodical and absurd and live *only* on the paper they are written on. The process began at the time of Rousseau and Kant with philosophical ideologies that lost themselves in generalities; passed in the Nineteenth Century to scientific constructions with scientific, physical, Darwinian methods—sociology, economics, materialistic history-writing—and lost itself in the Twentieth in the literary output of problem novels and party programs.

III

But let there be no mistake; idealism and materialism are equally parts of it. Both are rationalist through and through, in the case of Kant as of Voltaire and Holbach, of Novalis as of Proudhon; of the ideologues of the Wars of Liberation as of Marx; of the materialist conception of history quite as much as the idealistic, whether the meaning and aim of it is "progress," technics, "liberty," the "happiness of the greatest number," or the flowering of art, poetry, and thought. In both cases there is the failure to realize that destiny in history depends on quite other, robuster forces. Human history is war history. Among the few genuine historians of standing, none was ever popular, and among statesmen Bismarck achieved popularity only when it was of no more use to him.

But Romanticism, too, with its lack of a sense for reality, is just as much an expression of rationalist arrogance as are Idealism and Materialism. They are all, in fact, closely related, and it would be difficult to discover the boundary between these two trends of thought in any political or social Romantic. In every outstanding Materialist a Romantic lies hidden. Though he may scorn the cold, shallow, methodical mind of others, he has himself enough of that sort of mind to do so in the same way and with the same arrogance. Romanticism is no sign of powerful instincts, but, on the contrary, of a weak, self-detesting intellect. They are all infantile, these Romantics; men who remain children too long (or for ever), without the strength to criticize themselves, but with perpetual inhibitions arising from the obscure awareness of their own personal weakness; who are impelled by the morbid idea of reforming society, which is to

them too masculine, too healthy, too sober. And to reform it, not with knives and revolvers in the Russian fashion—heaven forbid!—but by noble talk and poetic theories. Hapless indeed they are if, lacking creative power, they lack also the artistic talent to persuade at least themselves that they possess it.

Yet even in their art they are feminine and weak, incapable of setting a great novel or a great tragedy on its legs, still less a pure philosophy of any force. All that appears is spineless, lyric, bloodless scenarios, and fragmentary ideas, all of them displaying an innocence of an antagonism to the world which amounts to absurdity. But it was the same with the unfading "Youths" (*Jünglinge*), with their "old German" coats and pipes—Jahn and Arndt, even, included. Stein himself was unable to control his romantic taste for ancient constitutions sufficiently to allow him to turn his extensive practical experience to successful account in diplomacy. Oh, they were heroes, and noble, and ready to be martyrs at any moment; but they talked too much about German nature and too little about railways and customs unions, and thus became only an obstacle in the way of Germany's *real* future. Did they ever so much as hear the name of the great Friedrich List, who committed suicide in 1846 because no one understood and supported his far-sighted and modern political aim, the building of an economic Germany? But they all knew the names of Arminius and Thusnelda.

And these same everlasting "Youths" are with us again today, immature, destitute of the slightest experience or even real desire for experience, but writing and talking away about politics, fired by uniforms and badges, and clinging fantastically to some theory or other. There is a social Romanticism of sentimental Com-

munists, a political Romanticism which regards election figures and the intoxication of mass-meeting oratory as deeds, and an economic Romanticism which trickles out from behind the gold theories of sick minds that know nothing of the inner forms of modern economics. They can only feel in the mass, where they can deaden the dull sense of their weakness by multiplying themselves. And this they call the Overcoming of Individualism.

And like *all* Rationalists and Romantics, they are as sentimental as a street ditty. Even the "Contrat Social" and "The Rights of Man" are products of the Age of Sensibility. Burke, on the contrary, like a true statesman, argued that on his side of the channel men demanded their due as Englishmen and not as human beings, and he was right. This was practical political thinking, not the rationalistic issue of undisciplined emotions. For this evil sentimentality which lies over all the theoretical currents of the two centuries—Liberalism, Communism, Pacifism,—and all the books, speeches, and revolutions, originates in spiritual indiscipline, in personal weakness, in lack of the training imparted by a stern old tradition.

It is "bourgeois" or "plebeian," in so far as these are terms of abuse. It looks at human things, history, and political destiny *from below*, meanly, from the cellar window, the street, the writers' café, the national assembly; not from height and distance. It detests every kind of greatness, everything that towers, rules, is superior; and construction means for it only the pulling-down of all the products of civilization, of the state, of society, to the level of little people, above which its pitiful emotionalism cannot soar to understand. That is all that the prefix "folk" or "people" means today, for the "people" in the mouth of any Rationalist or Romanti-

cist does not mean the well-formed nation, shaped and graded by Destiny in the course of ages, but that portion of the dull *formless* mass which everyone senses as his equal, from the "proletariat" to "humanity."

This domination of the rootless urban intellect is drawing to a close. And there emerges, as a final way of understanding things as they are, *Skepticism*—fundamental doubt as to the meaning and value of theoretical reflection, as to its ability to arrive at conclusions by critical and abstract methods or to achieve anything by practical ones; Skepticism in the form of great historical and physiognomic experience, of the incorruptible eye for facts, the real knowledge of men, which teaches what they were and are and not what they ought to be; the Skepticism of true historical thought which teaches, amongst other things, that there have been other periods wherein criticism was all-powerful, and that these periods have left little impress behind them; and the Skepticism which brings reverence for the facts of world happening, which are and remain inward secrets to be described but never explained, and to be mastered only by men of a strong breed *who are themselves historical facts*, bit by sentimental programs and systems.

The hard recognition of historical fact which has set in with this century is intolerable to soft, uncontrolled natures. They detest those who establish them, calling them pessimists. Well, but this *strong* pessimism, with which belongs the contempt for mankind of all great fact-men who *know* mankind, is quite a different matter from the cowardly pessimism of small and weary souls which fear life and cannot bear to look at reality. The life they hope for, spent in peace and happiness, free from danger and replete with comfort,

is boring and senile, apart from the fact that it is only imaginable, not possible. On this rock, the reality of history, every ideology must founder.

IV

As regards the international situation of the moment, we are all in danger of misreading it. After the American Civil War (1861-5), the Franco-German War (1870-1), and the Victorian Age, existence and progress among the white races ran so incredibly calm, secure, peaceful, and care-free that one may search in vain through the centuries for anything analogous. Any one who has lived through that period, or even heard about it from others, is always liable to regard it as normal and the wild present as a disturbance of this natural state of affairs, and to wish that things may soon "look up again." Now, that will *not* be the case, and we shall never see that kind of thing again. We do not realize what led up to this, in the long run, impossible situation.

There was the *fact* that standing and expanding armies rendered a war so incalculable that no statesman any longer dared to make one; the *fact* that technical economic development was in a feverish condition which was bound to come to a speedy end because of its dependence on rapidly vanishing conditions; and, finally, the resultant *fact* that the grave, unsolved problems of the time were being pushed more and more into the future, loaded as an unavowed commitment on to the shoulders of the heirs and heirs' heirs, so successfully that men ceased to believe in their reality although they were looming out of the future with steadily growing insistence.

If few can stand a long war without deterioration of soul, none can stand a long

peace. This peace period from 1870 to 1914, and the memory of it, rendered all white men self-satisfied, covetous, void of understanding, and incapable of bearing misfortune. We see the result in the utopian conceptions and challenges which today form part of every demagogue's program; challenge to the age, to the state, to parties, and in fact to "everyone else," in complete disregard of the limits of possibility or of duty, doing and foregoing.

This all-too-long peace over a period of growing excitement is a fearful inheritance. Not a statesman, not a party, hardly even a political thinker is today in a safe enough position to speak the truth. They all lie, they all join in the chorus of the pampered, ignorant crowd who want their tomorrow to be like the good old days, only more so—although statesmen and economic leaders at least ought to be alive to the frightful reality. Only look at our leaders of today! Once a month their cowardly and dishonest optimism announces the "upswing of the cycle" and "prosperity," on the strength of a mere flutter on the stock exchange caused by building speculations; the end of unemployment, from the moment that a hundred men or so are given jobs, and as the climax the achievement of "mutual understanding between the nations," as soon as the League—that swarm of parasitic holiday-makers on the Lake of Geneva—has formulated any sort of resolution. And in every conference and every paper the word "crisis" is bandied about in connexion with any passing disturbance of the peace. And thus we deceive ourselves, blind to the fact that we have here one of those incalculable great catastrophes that are the *normal* form in which history takes its major turns.

For we live in a mighty age. It is the greatest that Western Civilization has

ever known or will know. It corresponds to the Classical Age from Cannae to Actium, to the age illumined by the names of Hannibal, Scipio and Gracchus, Marius, Sulla, and Caesar. The World War was but the first flash and crash from the fateful thundercloud which is passing over this century. As then, at the commencement of the *Imperium Romanum*, so today the *form* of the world is being remolded from its foundations, regardless of the desires and intentions of "the majority" or of the number of victims demanded by every such decision.

But who understands this? Who is facing it? Does one of us consider himself lucky to be there to see it? The age is mighty, but all the more diminutive are the people in it. They can no longer bear tragedy, either on the stage or in real life. They crave happy endings of insipid novels, so miserable and weary are they. But the destiny which pitched them into these decades now takes them by the collar and does with them what has to be done, whether they will or no. The coward's security of 1900 is at an end.

Life in danger, the real life of history, comes once more into its own. Everything has begun to slide, and now only that man counts who can take risks, who has the courage to see and accept things as they are. The age is approaching—nay, is already here—which has no more room for soft hearts and weakly ideals. The primeval barbarism which has lain hidden and bound for centuries under the form-rigor of a rupee Culture, is awake again now that the Culture is finished and the Civilization has set in: that warlike, healthy joy in one's own strength which scorns the literature-ridden age of Rationalist thought, that unbroken race-instinct, which desires a different life from one spent under the weight of books and

bookish ideals. In the Western European peasantry this spirit still abounds, as also on the American prairies and away in the great plains of Northern Asia, where world-conquerors are born.

V

If this is "Pessimism," then he who feels it to be so must be one who *needs* the pious falsehood or veil of ideals and utopias to protect and save him from the sight of reality. This, no doubt, is the refuge resorted to by most white men in this century—but will it be so in the next? Their forefathers in the time of the Great Migration and the Crusades were different. They contemned such an attitude as cowardly. It is from this cowardice in the face of life that Buddhism and its offshoots arose in the Indian Culture at the corresponding stage in time.

These cults are now becoming fashionable with us. It is possible that a late religion of the West is in process of formation—whether under the guise of Christianity or not none can tell, but at any rate the religious "revival" which succeeds Rationalism as a world philosophy does hold quite special possibilities of new religions emerging. People with tired, cowardly, senile souls seek refuge from the age in something which by reason of its miraculous doctrines and customs is better able to rock them into the sleep of oblivion than the Christian churches. The *credo quia absurdum* of history and the cruelty of existence—arises not from things themselves but from morbid reflection on them. It is the annihilating judgment upon the worth and the strength of men's own souls. A profound view of the world need not necessarily be saturated with tears.

There is a Nordic world-feeling, reaching from England to Japan, which is full

of joy just because of the burden of human destiny. One challenges it for the sake of conquering it, and one goes under proudly should it prove stronger than one's own will. This was the attitude depicted in the old, genuine parts of the Mahabharata, which tell of the fight between the Kurus and Pandus; in Homer, Pindar, and Aeschylus; in the Germanic sagas and in Shakespeare; in certain songs of the Chinese Shu king, and in the world of the Samurai. It is the *tragic* view of life, which is *not* yet dead but will blossom anew in the future just as it blossomed in the World War. All the very great poets of the Nordic Cultures have been tragedians, and tragedy, from ballad and epic onward, has been the deepest form of this *brave* pessimism.

The man who is incapable of experiencing or enduring tragedy can never be a figure of world significance. He cannot *make* history unless he experiences it as it really is—tragic, permeated by destiny, and in consequences meaningless, aimless, and unmoral in the eyes of the worshippers of utility. It marks the parting of the ways between the superior and the subordinate ethos of human existence. The individual's life is of importance to none beside himself: the point is whether he wishes to escape from history or give his life for it. History reckes nothing of human logic. Thunderstorms, earthquakes, lava-streams: these are near relatives of the purposeless, elemental events of world history. Nations may go under, ancient cities of ageing Cultures burn or sink in ruins, but the earth will continue to revolve calmly around the sun and the stars to run their courses.

Man is a beast of prey. I shall say it again and again. All the would-be moralists and social ethics people who claim or hope to be "beyond all that" are only

beasts of prey with their teeth broken, who hate others on account of the attacks which they themselves are wise enough to avoid. Only look at them. They are too weak to read a book on war but they herd together in the street to see an accident, letting the blood and the screams play on their nerves.

And if even that is too much for them they enjoy it on the film and in the illustrated papers. If I call man a beast of prey, which do I insult: man or beast? For remember, the larger beasts of prey are *noble* creatures, perfect of their kind, and without the hypocrisy of human morals due to weakness.

They shout "No more war"—but they desire class-war. They are indignant when a murderer is executed for a crime of passion but they feel a secret pleasure in hearing of the murder of a political opponent. What objection have they ever raised to the Bolshevik slaughters? There is no getting away from it: conflict is the original fact of life, is life itself, and not the most pitiful pacifist is able entirely to uproot the pleasure it gives his inmost soul. Theoretically, at least, he would like to fight and destroy all opponents of pacifism.

The further we advance into the Caesarism of the Faustian world, the more clearly will it emerge who is destined ethically to be the subject and who the object of historical events. The dreary train of world-improvers has now come to the end of its amble through these centuries, leaving behind it, as sole monument of its existence, mountains of printed paper. The Caesars will now take its place. High policy, *the art of the possible*, will again enter upon its eternal heritage, free from all systems and theories, itself the judge of the facts by which it rules, and gripping the world between its knees like a good horseman.

THESE ECONOMIC EXPERIMENTS

BY HENRY HAZLITT

WHETHER we like it or not, we are obviously now in an era of social, political, and economic experiment on a scale hitherto unheard of. The boldest and most revolutionary experiment is of course Soviet Russia's. But by a curious law of social imitation, even those statesmen in other countries who most vehemently denounce the Russian Communists are unconsciously emboldened by their example to experiment on their own account. In addition to this international imitation, there has, of course, been the immense impetus to experiment supplied by the present depression itself—on the theory that however badly any new experiment might turn out, it could at least make things no worse than they actually are. So England, for generations the very symbol of free trade, tries high tariffs; Sweden attempts to "manage" an inconvertible paper currency; Italy flirts with the "corporative state"; Germany tries Hitlerism, and America tries that bewildering assortment of devices known collectively as the New Deal.

It is not my purpose in this article to examine the soundness of any one of these experiments, but rather to examine the notion of social experiment itself, both in general, and more particularly as it is held by President Roosevelt. For Mr. Roosevelt appears to feel that there is something inherently admirable in economic experiment, wholly apart from its probable results. "It has been remarked of late by

certain modern Tories," he remarked in a speech at Savannah last November, "that those who are today in charge of your national government are guilty of great experimentation, and they are right." He then went on to compare his own program with that of the Pilgrim Fathers, and of Washington and Adams. Were they, too, not great experimenters? Was it not a great experiment to found colonies in the American wilderness, and to set up a democracy?

But Mr. Roosevelt's comparisons, rather unscientifically, stopped there. If everything unusual that anybody does is an experiment, then we must surely take the bad experiments along with the good. Prohibition was also, particularly when its results became increasingly questionable, defended as an experiment, and a noble one. The old Farm Board was an experiment. The Stevenson rubber restriction plan was an experiment. The Brazilian coffee valorization plan was an experiment. The French assignats and the German inflation were experiments. The Soviet seizure of the Russian peasants' cattle, which led to the wholesale destruction of that cattle, was an experiment. The St. Bartholomew massacre was an experiment in influencing the opinions of the doubting Thomases of its day.

Obviously there is nothing laudable merely in social experiment. Judgment must depend entirely upon the merits of the particular experiment being tried.

But at this point I seem to hear the protesting voices of supporters of the New Deal. Mr. Roosevelt's experiments, they will tell us, are different. They are undertaken consciously, and in the true scientific spirit. Did not the President assure us, when he launched the N. R. A., that the plan was "frankly experimental?" Did he not promise that "he will inform the country, if it fails, with the same straightforwardness with which he asked the country to adopt it?"

Speaking as one of the doubting Thomases, I can only reply for myself that such assurances leave me cold. On the basis of that *a priori* reasoning which is now held in such universal contempt, I was skeptical on the day the assurance was first given. For it seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that a politician cannot afford the luxury of such candor. It is very costly for him to confess that he has made a mistake. There is always a tremendous amount of face-saving to be done. And there are always, fortunately for him, a hundred alibis ready to hand. When the N. R. A. begins to show signs of wobbling, when the results show an appalling lack of congruity with the advance-agent ballyhoo, there are always an indefinite number of industrialists, bankers, and florists who can be denounced as chiselers and *saboteurs*. Why should a President take the rap when there are millions of potential goats?

II

The Administration's policy up to the time of writing this, I regret to say, has confirmed these base *a priori* suspicions. So far the President has not acknowledged that a single one of his scores of new experiments has been unsuccessful. Every sensible student of banking, for example,

has pointed out that the guaranty of deposits is an attempt to solve the problem of sound banking from the wrong end; that it has failed in every State that has tried it; that it removes the penalty on bad banking at the same time that it puts one on good banking, threatening, indeed, the very solvency of honestly and competently conducted institutions by forcing them to pay for the errors of the bad ones. Every unbiased critic of the new securities act, while admitting that it has introduced provisions necessary for the protection of the investor, knows that in doing so it has put an excessive responsibility upon the underwriters, and placed, in consequence, a heavy handicap upon the flotation of new securities, and hence upon any solid recovery. It may be that before or after this article appears the President will recommend to Congress amendments to these two acts to repeal these errors; but if he does so it will indicate a distinct departure from the policy he has pursued so far.

So far the Administration's policy has been in direct contravention of the whole concept of scientific experiment. For one of the first rules of scientific experiment is scrupulous care in observing and publishing all of its conditions and results. If the administrators of the N. R. A. were actuated by anything approaching a scientific spirit, they would invite criticism rather than resent it. They would make a special effort to learn and publish its effects rather than attempt to suppress their publication. It is obvious, for example, that a minimum wage of \$11 to \$15 a week must throw out of work children, the aged, Southern Negroes, and in general all those who, for whatever reason, are not deemed worth that amount. Administrators with a genuinely experimental temper would try to find out exactly how many persons were thrown out of work by the new reg-

ulations, and what became of them. They would attempt to trace as thoroughly as possible the effects of the N. R. A. on volume of activity, on costs of production, on margins of profit, on changes in prices.

What actually happens? When the *Federal Reserve Bulletin*, itself an official publication (and likely therefore to be favorably disposed toward the Administration's program and extremely guarded in its adverse admissions) hints that the inauguration of the codes has slowed up business activity, it draws upon itself immediately the thunderous execrations of General Johnson; and as a result the authors of the *Bulletin* supinely and ignominiously apologize, and promise to shut up in the future. When a careful student of monetary questions like Professor Sprague is no longer able to hold his job with self-respect as he watches the childish amateurishness of the Administration's gold-purchasing program, and resigns, stating the reasons for his resignation with sobriety and restraint, are his criticisms given careful weight by the Administration? Is there even any effort on the part of any spokesman for the Administration to answer his criticisms on their merits? On the contrary, he is immediately subjected to personal abuse, denounced by every Roosevelt yes-man as a Tory, a tool of the British, an obscure little man taking out a grudge, a mere publicity-seeker.

But suppose the Administration were candid and straightforward in acknowledging its failures. Would that undo the harm that might already have been done? As a result of the attempted confiscation of "surplus" cattle, the Russian meat supply was permanently contracted. As a result of the rubber restriction plan, the British share of the world market was left on a permanently lower level. It is as if someone were to say to you: "I'm no

doctor; in fact, I don't believe in professional doctors: they're the ones who got you into your present trouble. But it's my guess that that pain of yours means that you have appendicitis. Obviously, something must be done quick, so I'm going to operate. The whole thing is frankly experimental: I'm not sure just where the appendix is nor exactly what it looks like, but I can doubtless learn all that as I go along. Now I'll open you up. Maybe I can rearrange your organs more satisfactorily while I'm at it. You're surely not such a Tory as to object to a little frank experimentation. If the operation fails, and it turns out that your real trouble was gallstones, or cancer, I'll be the first to acknowledge it."

III

The Administration's attitude and measures may not be on all fours with this analogy, but they surely bear a suspicious resemblance to it. Some very strange things indeed may be done in the name of Experiment. Unless we have a clear theory of what is wrong, and a set of corrective measures based on the widest information and the soundest deductions obtainable, the number of possible political experiments is infinite. Nearly all of these experiments would at the very least mean a loss of precious time while millions continued without work and without food; many would do irreparable harm; some would prove fatal. Worst of all, perhaps, in its bearing on the future, the results of any social experiment, good or bad, would—unless accompanied by sound deductive reasoning—prove merely ambiguous. Nothing definitive would have been proved after all.

The truth of this emerges clearly enough if we take one or two of the outstanding

social experiments of recent years. Let us, for example, take that of Communism in Russia and of Prohibition in the United States.

The results of Communism in Russia ought certainly to be much easier to judge than those of most social experiments. For the basic social change involved by Communism is so profound that one would suppose it in advance to be sufficient to offset the effect of other factors. Yet regarding the results of this experiment there has been wider and more violent disagreement than there has been over probably any other major question of the present day. The Communists themselves have a simple formula to account for this disagreement—class bias. Yet wholly apart from such bias, it is not very difficult to see why the results are so ambiguous from a strictly scientific standpoint.

To begin with, there has from the beginning been the widest ignorance and lack of agreement regarding the actual facts. This ignorance and lack of agreement are largely owing to the Soviet censorship. True, an observer can make a short visit to Russia, and then return to write as violent a condemnation as he wishes. But such observers—the great majority of whom do not even speak Russian—obviously cannot write with the knowledge and authority of the correspondents who are constantly on the spot, and who have been there for years. The actual correspondents in Russia, on the other hand, must obviously write with a distinct bias in favor of the Soviets. They have in recent years enjoyed, to be sure, an increasing latitude of criticism, but that criticism must still be confined within very definite limits: the correspondents may denounce chiselers, report defective tractors, currency depreciation, overcrowding or even

a shortage of food; but they cannot hint that there is anything *fundamentally* wrong, or that there are basic imperfections in, say, Communist theory itself, or in Mr. Stalin. If they did they would be asked to leave, on the ground that they were spreading “lies.” Recently, when there were rumors of a famine, or at least of a serious food shortage, in certain districts, William Henry Chamberlin, for years the Russian correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, was denied official permission to visit those districts.

Again, there is no implicit trust in the official Soviet figures of production. Even where it is conceded that the quantitative figures may be correct, there are the deepest qualitative misgivings. There is no point in being told that so-and-so-many tractors have been produced, for example, if at least half of them turn out to be unworkable.

Still again, there is no agreement among Russian commentators regarding what would be a fair standard of comparison in judging the Soviet achievement. Should the comparison be with conditions in France, England, or the United States? Or with the actual conditions in Russia itself under the Czar before the war? Or with presumptive present conditions there if the Czar had been permitted to remain in power? Or with presumptive present conditions if Kerensky had been permitted to establish the equivalent of a western democracy? Or with presumptive present conditions if the Allies had never established their blockade?

And what weight should be given to certain specific claims—for example, that there is no unemployment in Russia? A few critics, of course, deny this as a fact; but most of those who are willing to concede it either hold that there is nothing particularly remarkable about an absence

of unemployment under any social system when an agricultural country is being rapidly industrialized, or maintain that the Soviet satisfaction in this achievement represents an obvious confusion of means with ends: the real economic end, these critics hold, is not work, but welfare: not employment, but living conditions, as reflected in an adequate quantity and quality at least of food, clothing, and housing. There was never any unemployment, for example, among slaves.

Finally, there is the extremely difficult question of how to debit errors. Have the errors of the Soviet officials and the disappointments in the program been inherent in the Communist system? Or have they been the result merely of personal mistakes of officials or of personal defects of knowledge, intelligence, and character? And was it inherent in the system that just that sort of official should come to the top? (The same type of questions must obviously be asked regarding the disasters of capitalism.)

Even when we take Prohibition, a problem much narrower in scope, and immediately at home, we are confronted with the same type of uncertainty and ambiguity. That noble experiment was given fourteen years to show its fruits. From being presumptively popular at the beginning (at least it was the dry politicians who got the votes), it was finally repudiated by heavy majorities in all but one of the State referendums that preceded its repeal. Certainly, to the great majority, the Prohibition experiment did seem to prove something. It proved to them that Prohibition did not stop drinking; that it could not be enforced; that it bred a general disrespect for law; that it led to wholesale official corruption and bribery and strengthened the power of the criminal class to an extent never before heard of.

But two questions may be raised about all this. First, was it really necessary to try the experiment to prove these things? Were these not precisely the results that opponents of the amendment had predicted before its passage? Could not the immense and to some extent irreparable social costs of the experiment—the loss of revenue, the deaths from poison alcohol, the permanent enrichment of criminals, the gang shootings—have been obviated by listening to common sense in the first place and not making the experiment at all? And second, did fourteen years of actual experience convince the dries anyway? Certainly it convinced *some* of them; but we must not forget that when the repeal vote was taken more than five million voters—26 in every 100—were still unconvinced, still in favor of retaining the amendment. They still felt that the evils of repeal would be greater than the evils of retention. They still felt that Prohibition ought to be and could be enforced. And during the whole period, if you spoke to a dry about lack of enforcement, he would tell you that Prohibition could be enforced if President Harding sincerely wanted to enforce it; or President Coolidge; or President Hoover; or Congress; or the State legislatures; or this or that mayor or local political machine; or the Federal inspectors; or the police; or jurors. Or if so many citizens had not been so wicked in their hearts.

And even today the scientific-minded are still left in the dark concerning certain primary facts. How did the actual amount of drinking under Prohibition compare with that under a *laissez-faire* policy? Was it more or less? If less, how much less? Was actual drunkenness greater or less? (We have comparative statistics of *arrests* for drunkenness, but how dependable are these as an index?)

How much did drinking by women increase? Would this increase have come anyway, as it did in cigarette smoking?

We must fall back more or less upon guesswork and considerations of probability in answering any of these questions.

IV

These two illustrations are enough to demonstrate what is wrong with "social experiment" as a means of social discovery. It may be appalling in its cost, and yet from a genuinely scientific standpoint the answers that it gives are almost invariably ambiguous. Visitors to Russia nearly always come out with the same opinions that they brought in—only somewhat intensified. The experiment of Prohibition compelled some dries to change their opinions, but how many changed because of honest alteration of convictions, or out of political expediency, or from mere mob contagion, will never be known.

The basic reason for these wide differences of opinion regarding the results of social experiments is neither blindness nor class bias: it is the sheer impossibility, in social matters, of any experimental isolation of any single cause. It is for this reason that so-called social experiments can bear no genuine similarity to experiments in physics or chemistry, or even in medicine or biology. In these sciences single causes are isolated deductively and experimentally by what John Stuart Mill has called respectively the methods of agreement, of difference, of joint agreement and difference, and of concomitant variations. It is obvious that this causal isolation must be made with extreme care at every step; costly errors have been made even in dealing with relatively simple problems.

History contains few nobler records, for

example, than that of the medical pioneers who were willing to contaminate themselves solely in the effort to discover the causes and cure of syphilis. One of the greatest of these was John Hunter. Hunter believed that the virus of gonorrhea and of syphilis was the same. When this virus was inoculated on a "secreting" surface—a mucous surface—it produced gonorrhea; on a "non-secreting" surface, syphilis. To establish his theory, Hunter in 1767 inoculated a "non-secreting" surface—his own skin—with pus from a gonorrhea. As a result he contracted undoubted constitutional syphilis, and thought he had proved his case. Unfortunately, as we now know, Hunter must have inoculated himself with pus from a person who had both gonorrhea *and* syphilis; but the possibility of such a mixed infection was not recognized at the time. The result, according to William Allen Pusey, in his "History and Epidemiology of Syphilis," was that "the study of the venereal diseases was hopelessly misdirected, and it was more than half a century before investigators were able to reconstruct a proper conception of them."

If so serious an error can be made in dealing with a matter in which control and causal isolation are by no means difficult, what is one to say of the dangers of experimental methods in subjects where such control and causal isolation are clearly impossible? President Roosevelt, in the very speech in which he took such pride in his "great experimentation," remarked: "I have heard so much of so-called economics in recent weeks that it was refreshing the other day to have my friend, the Governor of New Hampshire, call my attention to a paragraph written a century ago by that father of economists, John Stuart Mill." The President then quoted the paragraph, to the effect that

wise statesmen foresee what silent changes time is bringing and try to shape men's institutions and purposes in accordance with those changes. (The quotation was, incidentally, a double-edged one for the Administration to use, for it spoke not only of "ignorant opposition to change" but of "ignorant change.")

It is refreshing to know that the President has so high a regard for John Stuart Mill. We should like to call another passage from Mill to the attention of the Governor of New Hampshire, for him to call to the attention of the President. The passage is not in the "Political Economy" but in the "Logic," long, alas, out of print. The following is from Book III, Chapter X: "Of Plurality of Causes; and of the Intermixture of Effects":

If so little can be done by the experimental method to determine the conditions of an effect of many combined causes, in the case of medical science; still less is this method applicable to a class of phenomena more complicated than even those of physiology, the phenomena of politics and history. There, Plurality of Causes exists in almost boundless excess, and effects are, for the most part, inextricably interwoven with one another. To add to the embarrassment, most of the inquiries in political science relate to the production of effects of a most comprehensive description, such as the public wealth, public security, public morality and the like: results liable to be affected directly or indirectly either in *plus* or in *minus* by nearly every fact which exists, or event which occurs in human society.

The vulgar notion, that the safe methods on political subjects are those of Baconian induction—that the true guide is not general reasoning, but specific experience—will one day be quoted as among the most unequivocal marks of a low state of the speculative faculties in any age in which it is accredited. Nothing can be more ludicrous than the sort of parodies on experimental reasoning which one is accustomed to meet with, not in popular discussion

only, but in grave treatises, when the affairs of nations are the theme. "How," it is asked, "can an institution be bad, when the country has prospered under it?" "How can such or such causes have contributed to the prosperity of one country, when another has prospered without them?"

Whoever makes use of an argument of this kind, not intending to deceive, should be sent back to learn the elements of some of the more easy physical sciences. Such reasoners ignore the fact of Plurality of Causes in the very case which affords the most signal example of it. So little could be concluded, in such a case, from any possible collation of individual instances, that even the impossibility, in social phenomena, of making artificial experiments, a circumstance otherwise so prejudicial to directly inductive inquiry, hardly affords, in this case, additional reason of regret. For even if we could try experiments upon a nation or upon the human race, with as little scruple as M. Magendie tried them on dogs and rabbits, we should never succeed in making two instances identical in every respect except the presence or absence of some one definite circumstance.

The nearest approach to an experiment in the philosophical sense, which takes place in politics, is the introduction of a new operative element into national affairs by some special and assignable measure of government, such as the enactment or repeal of a particular law. But where there are so many influences at work, it requires some time for the influence of any new cause upon national phenomena to become apparent; and as the causes operating in so extensive a sphere are not only infinitely numerous, but in a state of perpetual alteration, it is always certain that before the effect of the new cause becomes conspicuous enough to be the subject of induction, so many of the other influencing circumstances will have changed as to vitiate the experiment.

In a later part of his "Logic" (Book VI, Chapter VII) Mill deals with the question of the applicability of experiment to the social sciences more at length. He again remarks that "the notion of the applicabil-

ity of experimental methods to political philosophy cannot coexist with any just conception of these methods themselves," and he illustrates this by taking as an example a specific question, like that of the effects of a protective tariff:

In order to apply to the case the most perfect of the methods of experimental inquiry, the Method of Difference, we require to find two instances, which tally in every particular except the one which is the subject of inquiry. If two nations can be found which are alike in all natural advantages and disadvantages; whose people resemble each other in every quality, physical and moral, spontaneous and acquired; whose habits, usages, opinions, laws and institutions are the same in all respects, except that one of them has a more protective tariff, or in other respects interferes more with the freedom of industry; if one of these nations is found to be rich, and the other poor, or one richer than the other, this will be an *experimentum crucis*: a real proof by experience, which of the two systems is most favorable to national riches. But the supposition that two such instances can be met with is manifestly absurd.

That Mill was here not exaggerating the requirements for a perfectly convincing social experiment is obvious from the history of tariffs and of tariff controversy. The world has surely had sufficient experience of tariffs to draw conclusions if any single experience had been itself conclusive. But it has not been. The high-tariff Republicans have seldom hesitated to attribute the entire economic greatness of the United States to our tariff wall; free-traders have just as confidently attributed it to the free-trade between the States—"the greatest free-trade area in the world."

In the Smoot-Hawley tariff of 1930, if anywhere, one might have expected to find a crucial experiment. The proponents of that tariff argued that the depression was the result of the former low rates

(or so they called them); they predicted immediate prosperity following its passage. As the bill advanced toward passage the speculative markets dropped violently; after the bill became law our foreign trade shrank; our domestic trade shrank; unemployment increased to the most appalling volume in our history. If a single former high-tariff advocate recanted as a result of this, I have yet to hear of him. Even the Democrats, instead of rejoicing that the legend of high-tariff prosperity had been overthrown, are now talking of complete self-containment and "autarchy." The chief conclusion drawn, apart from that of a few professional economists, has been simply that the tariff was not high enough! So the depression is now popularly attributed to the lack of sufficient "purchasing-power" for American labor; to over-investment in plant; to a brutal contraction in the volume of bank-deposit currency; to an irrational refusal of the public to spend; above all, to the incredible wickedness of Wall Street and the bankers—to anything, in fact, but high tariffs.

V

It must not be supposed that Mill has stood alone in rejecting the method of experiment in economics as practically valueless. His conclusion is substantially concurred in by Cairnes, Senior, Wagner, Bagehot, Marshall, John Neville Keynes, Morris R. Cohen—by practically every distinguished economist or student of scientific method who has thought carefully about the matter. True, there are certain strictly limited and relatively isolable social problems upon which deliberate experiment can shed some light. For example, piece-work may be tried instead of time-work in a given factory, or an efficiency expert may suggest new methods of work-

ing; and the difference in output under the two systems may reasonably enough be attributed to the difference in method. Or, on a somewhat broader but still fairly isolable problem, it would be theoretically possible to apply experiment and test it by the method of concomitant variations.

In a newspaper before me, for example, there is a report of experiments in the University of Pennsylvania undertaken to study the effects of artificial pneumothorax (the injection of air through the chest wall in order to compress the diseased lung) in the treatment of pneumonia. Before applying the treatment to man, two members of the faculty produced lobar pneumonia experimentally in dogs and treated them with artificial pneumothorax. Fifteen of eighteen animals treated recovered promptly, while thirteen of eighteen untreated died.

Now this experiment—assuming that it was sufficiently guarded in other respects—raises a strong presumption in favor of the efficacy of artificial pneumothorax. It is obvious, however, that if the experiment had been made on only two dogs instead of thirty-six, the results might either have seemed to show nothing, or exactly the opposite of what they did show. For of the eighteen animals treated, three appear to have died anyway, while of the eighteen untreated, five appear to have recovered. If the experiment had been confined to two dogs, it is possible that the dog treated might have been one of the dogs that died, while the dog untreated might have been one of those that recovered.

An experiment similar in principle to that at the University of Pennsylvania could be theoretically conducted, say, in the forty-eight States in an attempt to answer some quite narrow and reasonably isolable problem—for example, Is capital

punishment a deterrent to murder, and if so, just how much of a deterrent is it? For the purpose of such an experiment, the country might be divided somewhat like a checkerboard into two groups of twenty-four States, which we may call, respectively, for convenience, red States and black States. In 1934 the red States could repeal capital punishment while the black States retained it; in 1935 the red States could apply it while the black repealed it; and so on. A statistical comparison of the number of murders per capita in different States, and in the same State under different laws, ought to yield a fairly reliable answer concerning the effect of capital punishment on murder. (Interpretations might differ, of course, even regarding this result. If States failed to show a substantially lower murder rate under capital punishment, it might be partly because under it juries were slower to convict.)

Why is not such a method valid in the case of something like the N. R. A.? The answer is twofold. To begin with, the N. R. A. is not one measure, but a combination of measures, and, as it happens, a rather fortuitous one (involving a minimum wage, fewer working hours, collective bargaining, regulation of trade practices, price-sustaining agreements). There are not thirty-six or forty-eight Americas, but only one; and a test by States would be meaningless, because of the almost complete economic interdependence of the States.

If economic experiment on a large scale is practically valueless, what then is the true method of economics? That method, as Neville Keynes (the father of Maynard) has reminded us, "cannot adequately be described by any single phrase. . . . According to the special department or aspect of the science under investigation, the

appropriate method may be either abstract or realistic, deductive or inductive, mathematical or statistical, hypothetical or historical." But if we were obliged to say which was the main method, we should have to say the deductive, or, more accurately, the inductive-deductive, consisting of the three stages of inductive determination of premises, deduction of conclusions, and inductive verification of conclusions.

Deduction can often go wrong, of course, but it is more likely to be sound when it is at least used knowingly. The Babbitt who despises "theorists", and prides himself on being a practical man, guided only by "actual results", is usually drawing false inferences in blissful unawareness that he is drawing inferences at all. That is why popular economics is so honeycombed with fallacious arguments *post hoc ergo propter hoc*.

By people who know next to nothing of either economics or scientific method, the deductive method is often caricatured as a process of weaving *a priori* conclusions out of one's inner consciousness and going ahead regardless of facts. Such persons contend that with such a method economics can never make progress. To this it is a sufficient answer to point out that perhaps the most advanced and exact of all the physical sciences makes use almost exclusively of the inductive-deductive method, and practically never uses experiment. Never, at least, in the sense of attempting to alter the objects it studies; only for the purpose of more accurate observation. I refer, of course, to astronomy. A brilliant example of the deductive method occurred in the case of the French astronomer Leverrier's discovery of the planet Neptune. The perturbations from its orbit of the planet Uranus were not fully to be accounted for by the action of the other known bodies. To explain these

irregularities, Leverrier assumed the existence of a new planet, and mathematically determined its position. Turning his telescope to the position indicated by Leverrier, the astronomer Galle of Berlin detected the new planet within one degree of the spot indicated. Leverrier himself, I believe, never bothered to look.

If economics is considerably less advanced than astronomy, it is not because economists on the whole are less intelligent than astronomers, nor is it because their methods are inferior. It is simply that the forces they have to deal with are infinitely more numerous, more complicated and diverse, and more elusive.

VI

We come back once more to the question of economic experiment. If our economic knowledge is, and will probably always remain, insufficient for confident prediction, it is at least sufficient for guidance. The world has ignored the advice of professional economists (in relation, for example, to reparations, the war debts, and tariff barriers) only at a frightful cost.

And there are times when even prediction may be relatively confident. When inflation has gone beyond a certain point, for example, it becomes a force so enormously powerful that it dwarfs all other economic forces; and the result is not difficult to forecast. The actual chaos and human suffering that result from it do not need to be proved by experiment: we have had enough experience already, and can make accurate enough deductions from it.

Experiment, it must never be forgotten, is at bottom the resort of the ignorant. An omniscient man could tell in advance how any particular action would result. There is still an infinite amount for the intellectual advance guard of humanity to learn,

so its experiments must continue. But the ignorant must constantly experiment to find out thousands of things that the informed already know. An ignorant mother may try every sort of desperate expedient when her child has diphtheria; a doctor knows that there is only one specific anti-toxin. So, too, an ignorant statesman may try a hundred expedients, losing precious time, wasting public funds, dissipating social energies, threatening the social welfare, while the trained economist would see that the cure lay only in other directions. Under such circumstances, the statesman's almost hysterical willingness to "experiment," to try anything or to abandon anything, is the contrary of admirable. When Governor Smith said recently that he did not believe in treating 130,000,000 Americans like guinea pigs, he was merely repeating, in substance, the criticism of this type of "experiment" so long ago made by Mill.

If we ever survive the present crisis, it will probably be impossible, when we look back, to say how we did it. To determine the effect even of one measure on the body politic is, as we have seen, enormously complicated. How can we determine the effect of twenty major measures, all thrown in at once—the N. R. A. (itself, as we have seen, a set of complex and heterogeneous measures), the A. A. A., the guaranty of bank deposits, the farm mortgage bill, and everything implied by that nightmare of abbreviations, R. F. C., P. W. A., C. W. A., F. C. A., T. V. A., F. E. C., F. H. L. B., etc., etc.? If a doctor gives a man one kind of pill, the patient either dies or he recovers. It then becomes a nice problem to decide whether he died

in spite of the pill, or because of it, or whether the pill made no real difference. But what if the doctor gives the patient twenty different kinds of pills? Again the patient either dies or recovers. But how in the name of heaven can we ever decide which pill did what?

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." Most of the new experiments are not difficult to recognize. They are old enemies. The Hoover R. F. C. has merely become bigger and worse. The guaranty of bank deposits has already seen dismal operation in a dozen states. The A. A. A. is merely another form of the Farm Board, another form of the Stevenson rubber restriction plan, another form of the Brazilian coffee valorization plan, another form of the endless effort to keep prices above their natural level. Extraordinary and special budgets were tried by France after the war—with what results we know. Government deficits are government deficits, and inflation is inflation.

There is one last defence of the more desperate types of "experiment." It rests on the common assertion that no matter what we try, or how fantastic our nostrums, "at least things couldn't be worse." That things couldn't be worse was what we believed in 1930. We believed it again in 1931; and in 1932. Such a belief is, of course, naïvely optimistic. There is no limit to how bad economic conditions can be. There is no "economic bottom" short of complete starvation for the human race. The only things that can save us from that consummation are luck and sense. Only Providence can give us the first; the second we must supply for ourselves.

GLENN FRANK: JOURNALIST ON PAROLE

BY ERNEST L. MEYER

After all, I am only a journalist on parole.
DR. GLENN FRANK

HE WAS forty-six years old last October. Thus he was only thirty-eight when in 1925 he was selected as president of the University of Wisconsin. He was called "the boy president," just as he had been called "the boy editor" of the *Century*, a position he held at the time of his elevation to academic power in Madison. Both titles pleased him, and pleased the public. It was a time of revolt against political patriarchs who had capped a sorry war with an even more sorry peace. "We must look to youth," ran the refrain, "intelligent and fearless youth, with dreams and a forward-looking program." So the world looked to youth, and Wisconsin looked to young Glenn Frank.

He still retains a shining schoolboy face and the enduring adolescence of a confirmed optimist. He has warm, lively eyes. He is, in looks, gestures, diction, and elocution disarmingly smooth. He smokes a democratic pipe. He laughs easily, but is quite humorless. He makes you feel instantly at ease with him, relaxed, even if you come with grudge and complaint. He laves your hurts with the balm of his voice, mellow and musical, and weaves around you the spell of his dialectic. He knows words. Good, wholesome words, trigger words that release mystical springs in you and make you itch with undefinable enterprise. But when you leave him, it takes less than an hour's walk in the

crisp air to recall that your complaint was unanswered, your demands unfulfilled, and that once again your weapons have remained ingloriously stuck in the syrup of his eloquence.

What is surprising is not Glenn Frank's evangelical unction, but the duration of its potency. It took the campus two years to doubt him, four to see through him, and six to regard him with amused contempt. And today, eight years after his arrival, he has probably not a single sincere admirer left among the host who hailed his coming with hosannas. So long it took to check protestations against performance. So long, that any critique of Frank is at the same time a critique of town and gown who were swayed even for a moment by his dulcet garrulity.

In a birthday interview one year after his appointment, President Frank said: "It is still a mystery to me why I was asked."

Today it is not Glenn Frank who puts the query, but the campus of the University of Wisconsin.

II

It is not his evangelical unction that is surprising. Glenn Frank was born in the hamlet of Queen City, Missouri, in 1887, of devout parents. He received his first education in a one-room, rural school at Greentop. In many of his addresses he dwells, as every trumpeter of democracy dwells, on that "little red school-house,"

communicating thereby the notion that the little red school-house has produced greater leaders than institutions cursed with more modern plumbing.

A precocious child, he leaped from the crossroads class-room to the State normal school at Kirksville, where he remained five years. He studied intermittently, two or three months at a time, and during the intervals he rode the Methodist circuit of small country churches. Often he spoke in as many as three parishes on a single Sabbath. He was an admirer of Billy Sunday, the Bible-banging evangelist, and for a time officiated as his aide. He addressed Billy Sunday's overflow audiences, and occasionally shared the pulpit with the hell-fire prophet. It was on these circuit swings that Glenn Frank established himself as a swayer of people, a soothsayer, a master of the Bryanesque. This was his apprenticeship in the business of selling things by vocal suggestion. He began by selling Methodism, later he sold merchandise, journalism and education, and, in these pursuits of the higher commercialism, never forgot to "sell" himself.

The resident pastor at Greentop was a graduate of Northwestern University. Inspired by his example, Glenn chose the same campus when, in 1909, he completed his course at Kirksville. At Northwestern for three years he studied chiefly history. His excellent qualities, his polish and poise, his perfect articulation of intellectual pleasantries, his power of disarming critics, however rowdy, attracted the attention of the university president, and for three years after receiving his degree Glenn Frank acted as the president's aide and office buffer. This, for the time being, ended Frank's academic career. In 1916 he was called to enter the services of a man he describes as "a business man who saw his business as an organic part of the so-

cial process of his time, not as a mere matter of buying low and selling high."

This man was Edward A. Filene, the Wanamaker of Boston. As head of William Filene & Sons, the gray-haired, kindly Filene has spent the better part of his life and a good share of his wealth in promoting the thesis that business anointed with the holy oil of Service gains not only in divinity but in dividends. He believes that in "social-minded" merchandising lies the millennium, and that all the theorizing of economic and philosophical dreamers will become realities in an age of profit-conscious paternalism. Writing on "The New Capitalism" in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* for May, 1930, Mr. Filene came out boldly for shorter working hours for the masses, advancing this unique reason:

If the masses are working sixteen hours a day, they will not become great customers, for they will be sleeping the other eight hours, and people do not buy much while they are asleep. . . . If they are to buy anything much they must have leisure, and the new capitalism insists upon passing leisure around. That is the meaning of the eight-hour day and of the five-day week. . . . What the Socialists dreamed of, the new capitalism has made a reality, but not by their methods. Maximum service is the surest road to the greatest success and the greatest profits.

Filene and Frank got on famously, and still do. During his incumbency at Wisconsin, Dr. Frank brought the great merchant to Madison and introduced him to the élite and to student assemblages as an exponent of the New Order. No wonder, for in essence the economic notions of the merchant and of the college president are alike, save that Dr. Frank graces his argument with a pontifical weightiness that lends it a less apparent naïveté. In "Thunder and Dawn," his major opus, Dr. Frank

enunciates, as the climax of almost 400 pages of profound analysis of Western civilization, this credo of capitalistic salvation:

The plutocrat has an even greater stake than the proletarian in the widest feasible distribution of the nation's income. . . . If the leadership of American business becomes really convinced that only prosperous consumers make profitable customers, we can create on this continent a contented and prosperous people immune to the allurements of reckless radicalisms.

This is a restatement of Merchant Filene's belief that the "new capitalism" will prosper only if it creates prosperity, which is a proposition that will be disputed by no right-minded sophomore.

The Frank-Filene partnership terminated in 1919 when Morgan Schuster, president of the Century Company, was so impressed by a volume written by Frank in collaboration with Lothrop Stoddard that he invited Frank to become associate editor of the *Century*. Three years later, at the age of thirty-four, Glenn Frank became the boy editor-in-chief of the magazine. He contributed to its pages an impressive conglomeration of articles in every field of human enterprise. They were marked by the ponderous suavity, the copious quotations from first-, second- and third-rate minds, the pedagogic arrangement in A, B, C argumentative sequence which pass in popular appraisal for stylistic strength, vast erudition, and logical incontrovertibility. They were charged with a breezy liberalism that lent novelty to the *Century's* staid pages. Yet even new blood and swashbuckling failed to keep the circulation of the magazine from declining steadily, with the exception of one year, and the publishing house probably heaved a sigh of gratitude when the boy editor blew westward in the gale of his own rhetoric.

For Glenn Frank's trumpeting had reached the ears of the regents of the University of Wisconsin, where the venerable and respected president, E. A. Birge, had attained the retirement age. In May, 1925, a committee of the regents, including Michael B. Olbrich, a dogged and verbose progressive of the old school, waited upon the boy editor of the *Century*, and shortly thereafter Wisconsin learned that youth with its militant idealism would revitalize the academic cloister.

III

Wisconsin was triumphant at its "catch." The smell of great events was in the wind. A phrase, "the Wisconsin idea," made famous during the régime of Governor Bob LaFollette, was taken from its wrappings and aired to the tune of public ululations. When the boy editor arrived in Madison he was received with enthusiasm by the Progressive wheelhorses. He became a close friend of the LaFollette brothers, the youthful inheritors of Warrior Bob's hard-kicking boots. In those days I often heard Phil LaFollette expound before a roomful of students and young instructors the vision and the vigor of the new president. In those days Glenn Frank would come often to the sanctum of our newspaper, the *Capital Times*, the only daily organ of the progressives in the State. He would sit on the edge of a desk, striving to minimize with his informal pipe the formality of his sleek tailoring and his spats. He became the friend of Editor Bill Evjue, chief thunderer of the LaFollette faction. But all that was a long time ago. . . .

Glenn Frank started his régime with a bang that was heard around the educational world. He launched the famous Experimental College. He placed in charge of it Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, late presi-

dent of Amherst and a tireless typhoon in the Dead Sea of pedagogy. Dr. Meiklejohn was a rebel against the mechanics of the lecture hand-me-down system of education and against the uncorrelated subjects which the average student in arts and letters selects from a bulging catalogue. He proposed that in his "ex-college" freshmen study the economy, art, science, politics, literature and philosophy of the ancient Greeks, and in their second year make a kindred intensive survey of a given period in the development of the United States. After two years they were to be matriculated as juniors into the regular courses in the College of Letters and Science. The "ex-college" was limited to 200 voluntary students, housed in a dormitory, with an exclusive staff of instructors and fellows, many of whom shared the quarters of the students and ate at the same table. There were no rigid roll-calls, periodic quizzes and blue-books, none of the disciplinary trappings with which a college designed for adult minds emulated the prep-school technique of regimentation. It was an experiment in self-discipline, and, to a large extent, self-education under tutorial guidance, as against the prevailing lecture and parrot system of the typical undergraduate course.

The Experimental College lasted for five years. Its disintegration and graceful collapse may be ascribed to several causes: mistakes from within, pressure from without, and Dr. Frank's gradual yielding to that pressure. Also, Dr. Frank labored under a common misapprehension. He knew that the State of Wisconsin was the center of political and economic experimentation, and he believed that the university led, or at least reflected that radical tendency. Nothing could be more fallacious.

The University of Wisconsin, as repre-

sented by its faculty above the rank of instructor, is at least 90% conservative. During the war the faculty signed a round-robin denouncing the "pro-Germanism" of Senator Robert M. LaFollette, and the portrait of the Senator was ingloriously removed from the university's hall of fame in Main Hall and replaced with a Liberty Loan poster. Consistently, Madison's tenth ward, in which the bulk of the faculty lives, votes anti-progressive and pro-stalwart. No member of the faculty is a Communist. Only a year ago, however, the University was attacked as the center of radicalism and atheism by Editor John Chapple of Ashland, Wisconsin, witch-sniffer and Republican candidate for United States Senator. Using the most fantastic evidence, including membership in the American Civil Liberties Union, Chapple listed some sixteen members of the faculty (including Dr. Frank!) as radicals or atheists. Sixteen out of a total of over half a thousand! Chapple was beaten in the final election by a Democratic landslide, but largely on the basis of his assault upon the university he was actually nominated over the Progressive Republican candidate, Blaine. And the tenth ward, the faculty ward, voted for him—irrefutable proof that the notion of a liberal University of Wisconsin is fictitious.

Into this stand-pat and godly campus, then, Dr. Frank introduced his heretical Experimental College. With President Frank's consent, Dr. Meiklejohn imported his own staff of instructors, who had worked with him or under him in Amherst. This was the mistake from within. The action was bitterly resented by the older members of the faculty, who had hoped, if there was to be an experiment, to have some active hand in it, and who denounced the "unripeness" of Dr. Meiklejohn's protégés. The pressure from with-

out was led by the dean of the College of Letters and Science, George C. Sellery. Himself an able historian, a man of scholarship and honesty, Dean Sellery has been a consistent friend of the lecture system and a foe of the new-fangled.

During the first years of the Experimental College, Dr. Frank was on fire with creative zeal. He stumped the country, an evangelist of pedagogic salvation. He addressed educational bodies, politicians, Rotarians, the American Business Club, and the Meat Packers' Institute. Writing on "The Revolt Against Education," in *School and Society* for June 12, 1926, and prefacing his remarks with an explanatory "after all, I am only a journalist on parole," he said: "We are driven, I think, to look for really creative development of education in the methods of teaching rather than the materials of teaching. May it not mean that our class-rooms will more and more become places in which the students rather than the teachers perform? May it not mean the virtual scrapping of the lecture system?"

This sweeping surmise, uttered at the peak of enthusiasm, was answered by its own author when he succumbed to the pressure from without and, feeling for the first time the strength of the conservatives in campus and cow-belt, allowed his experiment to wither and die. True, he graced its demise with a funeral oration hailing it as a success, but none of its implications has been made a permanent part of university policy or technique. It is the conviction of unquotable but intimate observers that had he capped his vocal generalizations with specific and determined action, the Experimental College would have continued, and, profiting from its own mistakes, which were many, might have blazed a new and adventuresome trail. As it was, the college was abandoned,

Dr. Meiklejohn was made professor of philosophy for a season and is now on leave, embarking on a new venture in San Francisco, and the members of his staff, with a few exceptions, have been reduced in pay or discharged.

And Dr. Frank, originating locally as a friend of the tutor and foe of the high-paid professor, whose "lectures are often a repetition of his own readily available text-books," has swung to the other extreme. He now labels professors as the "key men" of his now completely conservative campus.

IV

Had he capped his vocal generalizations with specific and determined action. . . . But this is not the way of Glenn Frank. He is a man enthralled by his own eloquence. For him, the statement of a proposition is the equivalent of its embodiment as fact, and any challenge of this assumption comes to him with painful surprise and distaste. For example, in common with all liberals, he holds high the sanctity of freedom of speech. Writing in the *Century* in 1920 he said: "I believe that, as a germ dies in the sunlight, but thrives in the fetid air of a dungeon, so radical ideas are less dangerous to an existing order when expressed than when repressed." So important did he consider this pronouncement that he repeated it word for word twelve years later in a university convocation in 1932.

But the vocal generalization of Dr. Frank was deflated in 1928 by the Dora Russell incident. Mrs. Russell, wife of the eminent British philosopher, entertains strong feminist views, including a belief in companionate marriage in homes where there are no children. She had broadcast these views without arrest or hindrance

in half a dozen rock-bound towns and colleges in the East, despite a sensational and distorted press interview in which she was heralded as the champion of free love. The Student Forum of the University of Wisconsin engaged Mrs. Russell to come to Madison on her tour of the States. The announcement caught the eye of Scott Goodnight, dean of men, a citizen of unimpeachable probity, who on one occasion "got the goods" on a clandestine meeting of a college couple by rocking in a rocking chair for an hour in front of their locked bed-room, waiting for the culprits to emerge. Dean Goodnight carried a protest to President Frank.

This was the first real challenge to Dr. Frank's liberalism, and it hit the ex-Methodist circuit rider in a particularly sensitive spot—the solar plexus of sex, the mere mention of which is not only embarrassing but unmethodistical. Here was an issue he could not, as is his custom in dilemmas, straddle with a quotation from Malthus or a cutting from Walter Lippmann. Could Dora Russell come, or could she not? She could not. He called the officers of the Student Forum on the carpet.

"Mrs. Russell," he said, "has nothing vital to contribute. Her message is not in good taste." And later, when accused of backsliding on his pledge of free speech, he delivered this typically Frankonian *bon mot*: "A certain observance of good table manners is not an infringement of the freedom of eating; the practise of taking one's morning bath in the bath-room instead of in a glass tub before a mixed audience is not an infringement of the freedom of bathing."

The conservative hearth-and-home Wisconsin papers made much of this parable in plumbing. But on the day of the announcement a delegation came to call on me at the newspaper office. Five boys, and

I had never seen a quintet more wrathful. They were all from the Experimental College.

"I came a thousand miles," said one, "on the strength of the Wisconsin ballyhoo."

"I chucked a scholarship in the East," said another, "to work my way on a 'radical' campus. And they allowed Mrs. Russell to speak in New Jersey!"

"Why don't you hire a hall and bring her?" I suggested.

"Can't. We're all from the 'ex-college,' and it's already under attack. It would make it tough for Meiklejohn. That's why we came to you. How can we bring her without involving ourselves or the college?"

"Well," I said, "let's form a club to give the business a respectable anonymity. Let's call it, say, the 'Madison Study Club.'"

The Madison Study Club tried to hire a hall. The mere mention of the name Dora Russell brought all doors banging into our faces. It was as if we had said Beelzebub or Lazarus the Leper. Madison had taken to heart Dr. Frank's warning that Dora Russell would remove her clothes in full view of a horrified audience and splash in a bathtub on a public stage, which seemed to be her quaint habit. At length, on the very day of her arrival, we called in desperation on the Rev. James Hart, pastor of the Unitarian Church. "You can have my church," he said. "Even if Jesus Christ came to town I'd open the doors to him."

Mrs. Russell spoke: an intense little Britisher with Views. She talked about women in industry. She talked about inadequate protection of maternity, about birth control and sex education. She did not take off her clothes. She did not take a bath in public. Her table manners, we found, were excellent, despite the gloomy forebodings of President Frank. During

her stay here, Mrs. Russell was invited to dinner by a university fraternity. The project was summarily squelched by the dean of men. Some weeks later, Gilda Gray, eminent shimmy artiste, appeared at a local theater. She did not take a bath in public, though judging from her stage appearance she seemed to have such a sanitary ambition in mind. Gilda, after her vaudeville act in which she heaved dramatic thighs, was entertained without reproof at dinner by another university fraternity, and thus one article in the campus credo of liberalism is that motions are less dangerous than notions.

The Russell episode had one salutary effect. The Eastern press and the favorite liberal godheads of Dr. Frank spanked him so soundly that he never again invoked censorship or felt publicly alarmed about bath tubs. On the contrary, perhaps to rehabilitate himself, he fought a noble fight against the heresy-hunter, Chapple, and took up the cudgels for Max Otto, atheist professor of philosophy, a man suspected by the Catholic-Lutheran Wisconsin cow-belt, thoroughly hated by the local divines, and thoroughly loved by his own students. Save for the Dora Russell about-face, and perhaps on account of it, Dr. Frank has been consistent in his espousal of academic freedom.

V

On other major issues, however, he has exhibited the most astounding legerdemain. In the matter of his long and loud advocacy of wealth distribution he reversed himself so completely that his alienation of the progressives became complete and permanent. In dozens of his addresses Dr. Frank has pounded away at the notion that capitalism can be saved only by spreading the national butter more evenly

over the national bread. This is his chief conclusion in that pretentious compendium, "Thunder and Dawn." As recently as April 16, 1932, in an address to the American Academy of Political and Social Science, at Philadelphia, he said: "A too exclusive concern with the interests of big men has stalled the economic machine. The key to a renewed economic life is the realization that the income of the little men will ultimately decide the poverty or prosperity of the economic order. Economic statesmanship must not rest until it *increases generally the lower incomes of the little men.*" (Italics mine.)

The time came to put this theory into practice. The depression did not vitally affect Wisconsin's public payroll until 1931. State employes, including the university faculty, faced salary reductions. In January, 1932, several months before State wages were reduced, Governor Phil La Follette slashed his \$7,500 salary 20%. Citizens then looked to Dr. Frank, greatest vocal liberal of the State. Dr. Frank remained mum. He was the highest-paid official in the employ of the State. He received \$18,000 in straight pay, free rental of a \$90,000 house, free use of furniture appraised at \$23,000, an allowance of \$2,200 in cash for house services, the free use of a \$3,500 Lincoln automobile, and \$2,400 in cash for "entertainment expenses."

In addition, during the fat years, Frank received as high as \$20,000 annual revenue for syndicating a daily newspaper column. It combined Coolidge caution and Frank Crane uplift with Glenn Frank's genius for lush verbiage. This \$20,000 literary bonus was earned on university time, leading one critic to comment: "Sweet are the uses of a varsity."

A committee, including Dr. Frank and dominated by him, drew up the follow-

ing schedule of faculty salary cuts which was later adopted by the Board of Regents:

<i>Present Salary</i>	<i>Cut in Percent</i>
\$500 or less	12%
1,000 " "	14
1,500 " "	15
2,000 " "	15.5
3,000 " "	16
4,000 " "	16.75
5,000 " "	17.2
6,000 " "	17.83
7,000 " "	18.28
8,000 " "	18.87
9,000 " "	19.33
10,000 " "	19.9
20,000 " "	20

In the committee there was one dissenting voice, that of Regent Harold M. Wilkie, who vigorously denounced the president for placing an unbearable burden on low-salaried help, which constitutes the bulk of the university personnel. In a careful and lengthy analysis of the schedule, Regent Wilkie wrote in the minority report:

If an instructor receiving \$1,500 a year must take a cut of 15% on his entire salary, it does not seem to me that one who receives a salary of \$10,000 should take a waiver of only 19.9%, a difference of only 4.9%. . . . This schedule is really not a graduated schedule. It rises very slowly in the upper brackets, and at \$1,000 it already reaches 14%. Its real character, however, is not apparent without study.

The injustice of the schedule was greatly increased by the fact that many low-salaried instructors and assistants had already been reduced from full to two-thirds time. This, despite some allowance made under a complex committee provision, makes a total salary cut in some of the lower brackets of from 22.5 to 26.66%, which is greater than the percentage of reduction in the pay of the president him-

self! For neither the president, nor any of the highly paid professors, had, of course, been put on two-thirds time.

Announcement of the pay-cut schedule created tumult on the campus. Madison is a high-priced city, especially in house rentals, and hundreds of instructors with families found the wolf squatting on the door-mat. Instructor Jones, reduced from \$2,000 in 1930 to \$1,202 in 1933, and poor little Scholar Smith, with his \$30 a month pittance cut to \$26.40, not even a subsistence level for a cotton-picker, looked with no great love at Dr. Frank in his rent-free mansion, retaining even after his cut the comfortable balance of around \$16,000, plus accessories. Such a shout of revolt battered the president's doors that he at length made an astonishing defense of the pay-cut. He contended that the employees in the upper brackets of the pay schedule were the "key men," the lecturers whose prestige attracted students.

"Who are the so-called little fellows?" he asked. "For the most part they are instructors or assistants who are being paid a living wage while they have the privilege of studying for their doctor's degree."

VI

Thus Glenn Frank's apostasy to his own verbalizations has been complete. He came as the great iconoclast, the friend of the lowly instructor. He had suggested the "virtual scrapping of the lecture system." He wound up with his "key men," whose high salaries he preserved. He came as the great "redistributor of wealth," and only a year ago had made his eloquent plea for "the little men." But when his winged words came home to roost, he refashioned a phrase of his own bright coinage into a token of deprecation: "Who are the so-called little fellows!"

After all, who are they? Everything but the friends and followers of their president. It is not without just cause that he has been characterized by one of them as "Glenn Frank: the Great Gliberal."

It is not alone the about-face of the president in a major issue that has caused the present real revolt on the campus of the University of Wisconsin. It is also a growing awareness of his lack of scholarship or thoroughness in any art save the art of eloquence and the art of making that eloquence pass for sincerity and erudition. He believes himself to be a "New Encyclopedist," and resents the fact that journalistic annotators have no high academic standing. "The New Encyclopedists," he writes in "Thunder and Dawn," "will labor under a handicap unless the scholars are willing to recognize the function of interpretation as not inferior to the function of investigation. That they have not so recognized it is one of the major sins of the scholar-mind."

To prove his claim for recognition, he quotes Count Hermann Keyserling, himself a stuffed portfolio of pretentiousness: "He who catches the drift of a matter in the content of a phrase is absolutely superior to the one who needs laborious argumentation." This is Glenn Frank's subtle defense of Glenn Frank. Unhappily, his supposed gift for "catching the drift of a matter" and substituting a feeling of knowledge for knowledge itself, has led him repeatedly to make an imposing but authentic ass of himself.

Last year, for example, the United States Senate finance committee held hearings on "The Investigation of Economic Problems." Dr. Frank presented himself on February 25 as a voluntary witness. Before going he invited sundry professors of economics and political science and finance to dinner, one at a time, pumped them, got

the drift of their expert opinions, then voyaged to Washington with a prepared address, in which each recommendation was submitted as the solemn and considered view—not of Professors X, Y and Z—but of Dr. Glenn Frank.

"We could, in my judgment," he told the committee, according to the official minutes of the meeting, "greatly increase both the technical sensitivity and the social responsibility of our credit and currency system by placing all banking institutions in the United States under legal compulsion to join the Federal Reserve system."

Question by Senator Harrison: "Do you suggest that as a permanent or as an emergency measure?"

Answer by Dr. Frank: "I suggest that as permanent."

Question by Senator Watson: "Do you think there ought to be changes in the Federal Reserve system?"

Humiliating admission by Dr. Frank before hurrying on with his manuscript: "I doubt that I am equipped to discuss with you in detail in any authoritative way the detailed operation of the Federal Reserve system."

In short, Frank, the New Encyclopedist, had dogmatically urged that all banks join the Reserve system, permanently, apparently knowing very little what the devil the system was all about, thus exposing himself as a drift-catcher rather unhappily adrift.

Again, in 1932, the university celebrated the centennial of the death of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. It was an imposing affair. Those participating included the German Ambassador, Governor LaFollette, and Dr. Frank. On the morning of the event, Dr. Frank's secretary called an eminent faculty scholar for "information" about Goethe. The eminent scholar courteously referred her to the Encyclopedia

Britannica. Whether or not Dr. Frank accepted the suggestion, he was still busily writing his speech when he took his seat with the notables on the platform. His address was a masterpiece of the ready-made, and might have fitted with equal distinction Walt Whitman, Shakespeare, or Gunga Din. Its effect, unluckily, was ruined when Dr. Frank pronounced the poet's second name, Wolfgang, in a way that vaguely and disturbingly associated Goethe with Al Capone and the Paris Apaches.

There is little wonder, then, that scholars, as Dr. Frank complains, look with distrust at the New Encyclopedist. The "function of interpretation," which he illustrates in that massive *mélange*, "Thunder and Dawn," is a mere exercise in quotation gathering, unredeemed by special knowledge in a single scientific field, and uncapped by any save the most politically safe and philosophically banal conclusions. In all that he writes, despite Olympian overtones and the obligato of thundering citations from a hundred books, Glenn Frank remains a Pollyanna piping in a daisy patch.

He emerged in this rôle quite poetically only last May, when, in an address to a high-school band convention, he spoke on the effect of beauty on the social life of a nation. He told of one day looking out of his window and watching two garbage collectors gathering refuse in the alley. One of them, he said, found a bunch of not-quite-withered yellow tulips on top of a trash bin and carefully salvaged the bouquet.

"As I watched this garbage collector reaching for the yellow tulips," Dr. Frank said, "I felt that as long as there is something in men that will make them search for beauty, even in garbage cans, it is safe to assume that if given the chance, they

would rather search for yellow tulips than for the red firebrands of war. I thought I saw, as I watched this garbage collector, how revolutionists are made. A revolutionist is a garbage collector who has never found yellow tulips in his wagon."

One has read more profound analyses of the revolutionary movement, perhaps, but never one so daintily floral. It may be the lack of tulips in garbage cans that is causing the growing, if almost inarticulate, revolt on the campus. Inarticulate, first, because professors and instructors are timid folk, like the rest of us, and do not wish to jeopardize their jobs. And, second, because they have been given to understand that a too harsh criticism of Dr. Frank is not good policy. On one occasion, when the local press was full of contributed letters and articles attacking Frankonian principles, Dr. Frank summoned a number of instructors suspected of these heresies and told them that published criticism was "bad for the university." One could argue, with equal weight, that published criticism of the President of the United States is bad for the United States, and thus keep in office, in perpetuity, such eminent engineers as Hoover.

VII

Despite delicate censorship, however, the revolt is gaining. President Frank has lost the loyalty of the instructors by his stand on the salary question. He has forfeited the respect of the faculty scholars, of whom there are many and who still make the university great, by his transparent pretensions to learning. He has lost the fealty of the LaFollettes and all liberals, and he has buried the radicals in a garbage wagon.

He has even, which is unique in the history of University of Wisconsin presi-

dents, been ridiculed by the students, who less and less are impressed by his spellbindery. In 1927 the *Badger*, formal annual of the junior class, was prefaced by a portrait of the new president, and this ornate dedication:

Because he so nearly fulfils his own prophecy of the Leader of the New Renaissance who shall combine a Bacon's devotion to science with a Roosevelt's power of popular appeal—matching the "Evangelism of Superstition" with an "Evangelism of Scholarship"—it is to Glenn Frank—the Man—on the dawn of his arrival at the University of Wisconsin, that we confidently dedicate this forty-first volume of the 1927 *Badger*.

In the *Badger* of 1933, in an editorial appraisal, Dr. Frank is described as "the wily president," the "peerless leader," the "middle-aged youth," the "somewhat superior being whom his students joked about and then listened to intently when he spoke."

This is the present status of Dr. Glenn Frank. In his facing of campus issues he betrays the lack of a fixed guiding principle, and strives to win by his elastic promises the support of all factions, though he is shifting more and more to the right, where most of his sympathies and friends abide. He is guilty, despite his social charm, of errors in tact, and in his administration is often not "realistic" or "statesmanlike," though these two words are his favorites and recur with maddening repetitiousness in his writings.

A great German scholar came to Madison, an exchange professor. On his arrival, he presented himself formally to President Frank. On his departure, at the end of the semester, not having seen or spoken with Frank or having been invited to dinner at the president's house during the whole interval, he again called at Frank's office

for a formal farewell. The president shook hands vaguely with the German scholar. "Ah, yes, of course, Professor X. So glad you came in. Miss Wilkinson, will you please bring me a copy of my book." When "Thunder and Dawn" was placed on the table, President Frank inscribed in it: "To Professor X.—For his provocative ministry." The great German scholar came out in a daze. "I thought," he said, exhibiting the book, "that I knew a little of your language. But what is this—'for his provocative ministry'!"

During the time-hallowed freshman welcome, the president absented himself to take his son from democratic Wisconsin to an exclusive boys' school in the East. . . . Each day his shining Lincoln and his chauffeur deposit him at the entrance to his university quarters. . . . The Franks entertain lavishly, but rarely members of the faculty, especially in the "lower brackets." They entertain and are entertained by such financial and business leaders as Rufus Dawes, Henry Field and the McCormicks of Chicago, and the millionaire Falks of Milwaukee. . . .

It is suspected that Frank nurses high political ambitions, that he even would like to be President of the United States, and that these contacts will aid him on his way. Wisconsin would not be sorry to see him go, though his logical departure would be back to his earliest profession. As a university president, Frank says, he is a journalist on parole. As a journalist he was a Billy Sunday evangelist on parole. His parole has been a failure in both instances, and Glenn Frank should serve out his sentence on the sawdust trail. For, as one professor put it after hearing a particularly sonorous, emotional, and illogical baccalaureate sermon of the president, "there is Methodism in his madness."

MOTHERHOOD—THIRD CLASS

BY ANN RIVINGTON

MY BABY was born in a city hospital. I went there with no false expectations of luxury or coddling, with no fond hopes of ease or comfort even. But a certain adequate minimum of care I did consider my right, and the right of the fifty-odd women with whom I shared my nine days' experience as a public ward. We were the mothers of citizens, fulfilling our duty, as most of us had been taught to believe—our supreme duty to the state. The state, in turn, had its responsibility towards us. The extent of this responsibility I soon discovered.

Memories of my first two days in the hospital are a little vague and sketchy. The first twenty-four hours I was absorbed in my own cumulative pain. After the birth was over, I was too greatly exhausted for a time to notice much. But from the very beginning, in the intervals of rest from pain, there were things that made me wonder, things that aroused my anger.

Why, for example, was I left lying in the emergency room more than half an hour before I was examined? If everybody had been busy, I could have accepted the situation without a thought. But all the while two internes and three nurses sat in the room eating ice-cream and gossiping, while I lay in pain and uncertainty.

Why were we all dressed in such hideous dingy brown wrappers? For what reason were we being so punished? Any woman knows that much less hideous patterns are just as cheap.

Why were women in labor given boiled beans, stale bread, and coffee for dinner?

How was it possible for the nurses to behave with such callous indifference, sometimes with such cruelty? Again and again, I was shocked by conduct I never could have believed possible if I had not witnessed it. For example, every woman but one who gave birth during my twenty-four hours in the labor room was forced to get out of bed and walk down the corridor to the delivery room in the last fearful and agonizing moments of labor. That one was taken on a stretcher only because her baby already had started to be born. The nurse, sitting in the corridor reading a popular magazine, was deaf to her cries for help until another woman, also in severe labor, dragged herself out of bed and went to the door to make known the urgency of the situation. Then the poor mother, gasping and screaming, holding back her baby's head with her own hand, was slapped in the face because she was unable to lift herself onto the stretcher without help.

I found out later that all the nurses were not so brutal. Two of them even made a show of kindness on occasion. But this one incident remains in my mind as representative of a general attitude. On the other hand, the few internes with whom I came in contact were generally humane. Except for the actual delivery, however, it is nurses rather than doctors who control the well-being of the patients.

My own delivery is merely incidental in this narrative, which deals with general conditions endured by mothers in one of our nation's large modern charity hospitals. However, at least one phase of that incident is of importance. When I entered the hospital my bodily measurements were not taken. I was allowed to endure labor for more than twenty-four hours, the late, agonizing stages of labor for three and a half hours, allowed to reach a serious state of exhaustion, before it was determined that my body was too narrowly built for me to give natural birth. It was only after this long, needless and dangerous torment that my baby was taken with instruments.

The maternity ward should have been a pleasant place. It was a large room, bright, airy, freshly painted a soft green. It was built to accommodate twenty beds; when I was there, it contained thirty-eight. There were twelve to fifteen more beds in the solarium, a room intended, as I suppose, for convalescent mothers on their first day walking about. A fine screened porch was occupied mostly by soiled mattresses out for an airing. It contained a few hard straight chairs, where women sat for a while the evening before they left the hospital. The entire care of the ward was in the hands of three nurses during the day, and two at night.

II

The first memory of my lying-in is one of raging thirst. I did not wake until after breakfast was over, and so I got no coffee. Patients who had been under ether could not be permitted to drink cool water for at least twelve hours, so I was forced to wait for the tea and bean soup which constituted my lunch—the first liquid to enter my mouth since the night before.

Tea and bean soup struck me as a queer

meal with which to start my convalescence. Later I learned that in this place nearly all the meals were queer. They started, always, with two slices of stale bread, smeared with a little butter. The bread was supposed to be part of the meal, but we were so hungry that since it was brought first we usually ate it first.

For breakfast we always had coffee and a bowl of thin watery gruel, with a little sugar and skimmed milk mixed in. The only change was from oatmeal to cornmeal, from cornmeal to farina, and back to oatmeal again.

Lunch was the so-called heavy meal of the day. Even at lunch time I always found myself following the advice of the health fiend to "leave the table hungry." Once only there seemed to be a change. After we had finished our cream of corn soup, plates were passed around stacked with boiled codfish, pickled beets and potatoes. My mouth watered, but when I tasted the fish I understood. It was half rotten. That same evening we were served the most indigestible meal of the whole nine days: the same codfish, creamed on toast, with watermelon and iced tea! But we were so hungry that we ate the mess.

Supposedly, there was milk for those who did not drink coffee or tea—that is, there was skimmed milk. Even this had to be wheedled out of the nurses. They would tell us that the milk was all gone, and later come around with a pitcherful for those who steadfastly refused anything else. The nurses circulated the story that milk was not good for nursing mothers, that hot tea would benefit them more. Many believed it.

The bad and insufficient diet could have been supplemented, greatly to our benefit, by gifts from relatives and friends. Such gifts were constantly being received, but everything except oranges was confiscated

by the nurses. There was some beneficent rule against their taking oranges. One afternoon, a visitor smuggled in some ripe pears and grapes in a brief case. The recipient was "raided" the next morning, and had the pleasure of munching dry bread while the nurses ate her fruit, meantime discussing the lamb chops and salad they expected for lunch. We were given no salad, and only dried fruits, except for the watermelon.

My first day in the ward, I was confronted with a serious problem. How could I get a glass of water? Most of the women had bottles of water standing on their bedside tables, but I was left out somehow. No less than six times I asked a passing nurse for a drink. I was systematically ignored. One stopped at last. She told me, "One of the mothers will give it to you." Already I had noticed a few women of the ward tottering about with food trays and carrying babies at nursing time. I called one of them over and made my want known.

"I ain't carrying no more water," she told me. "My husband's coming to get me, and I'm through." I did not blame her. The woman in the bed next to mine shared her bottle with me after that.

III

As days followed one another, I grew strong enough to take interest in the buzzing life of the ward and to become acquainted with other women. I found that I was not the only one to resent conditions there. Occasionally, someone rebelled. There was, for example, the case of the young Irish girl and the bed-pan. I myself had been left lying on one for an hour and a quarter my first day, because I had the temerity to ask for it at an odd time; so I knew how to sympathise with her.

She had been given a large dose of cascara the night before. Our diet made such medicaments commonly necessary. At a quarter to two in the afternoon, she first asked for a bed-pan. Visiting hours began at three. It was not until half past two that the pan was brought to her, and when three o'clock came, the nurse had not yet taken it away. Instead, a screen was placed around the girl's bed, and she was told that as punishment for the trouble she had caused she might wait till five o'clock, when all the guests were gone. Ten minutes later, her husband arrived, and she quietly invited him inside the screen. It was not long before the nurse came back and removed both pan and screen.

Another cause of rebellion was the lack of sanitation. The hospital, of course, made great pretenses to germ-proof cleanliness. In most respects the pretenses were empty. I could never understand the value, for example, of purifying thermometers with alcohol and then giving us food on tin dishes from which we could rub a black film of grease with our napkins; or of scrubbing the floor with lysol solution and making us put our feet into old, ragged and filthy slippers in order to walk around.

The thing that angered me most was the evident lack of cleanliness in the care of the babies. Mine always had a sour smell and a wet diaper when it was brought for me to nurse. Quite often the diaper was actually soiled and almost dry again. One day I noticed a rip in the tiny shirt. It was three days and nights before that shirt was changed for another. The yellow blankets in which the babies were wrapped became stiff and foul before clean ones were substituted.

Many mothers suffered from another cause. Their breasts would become en-

gorged with milk, and the use of a breast-pump was necessary. In such cases, a large electric pump was used. Any breast-pump is more or less painful, but this contrivance was a real form of torture, especially when operated fast. It always was run at top speed, because the nurses resented the trouble they were put to and tried to finish as soon as possible. So it was that the ward was enlivened every few hours, especially in the evening, by the tormented moans of some woman being relieved of her milk. Once I overheard the nurse scolding such an unfortunate whose bed was close to mine.

"Keep quiet, can't you?" said the nurse. "It serves you right for eating so much."

The nurses were cynical and cruel to everyone in the ward, but I noticed that foreigners, Negroes, and the openly rebellious were treated worst of all. On my third day, a Mexican woman was brought to the bed next to mine. Her name was Antonia, and her plump, red-brown baby was called Tony. She spoke only a few words of English, but her smile was open and delightful. We communicated with each other almost freely by a system of signs and shrugs. The nurses constantly ordered her around and picked on her because she did not understand them. I became her interpreter and defender.

A young Negress in a cot at the foot of my bed received far worse treatment. In addition to the regular beds, a double line of such cots extended the length of the ward. Most of them were occupied by Negro women. This particular girl was placed so near me that I could observe her and converse with her at my pleasure. I noticed that the nurse who was supposed to cleanse her body would scarcely touch her. She was forced to handle her own bed-pan, though it was against the rules for her to do so. One day she complained.

"You're a smart nigger, aren't you?" said the nurse. "You're dirty anyhow. All the filth comes from your part of town."

The girl answered pluckily, "I ain't bein' smart. You treat us like dogs around here, but we're human, that's all."

"I'll call Dr. X—," the nurse threatened.

"All right. Go ahead and call him. He ain't no better'n anybody."

The doctor was not called. But from that moment the girl was singled out for special unkindness and neglect.

"They don't wash me at all no more," she confided to me, "but you know what I do? I sneak out of bed and wash myself, late at night. I can't stand to be dirty."

As the days wore on, I began to see other abuses. I had understood that women were given ten days, and if necessary two weeks, in the hospital. This, I had supposed, implied care for that length of time. I found that most of the women got out of bed on the seventh evening after childbirth. A few who were very weak were given one day more. On the ninth morning, or at latest the tenth, the patients left the hospital. During the interval they were not permitted to regain their strength by the easy stages essential to healthy recovery. They were set to work immediately, carrying water, trays, babies, and, during the periods between these duties, folding diapers or rolling bandage. Indeed, the diapers were brought to us even before we were able to sit up in bed. On any rebel the nurse vented such withering sarcasm that only a very courageous soul could withstand it.

The night I was supposed to get up, one of the baby nurses stacked a large bundle of diapers at the foot of my bed. She was the oldest nurse in the ward, stooped and white-haired, with a prim and righteous face.

"I'm not folding diapers tonight," I said.

"What!" She could not have heard aright.

"I'm not folding diapers tonight. I have to get up in a little while." She stood and stared at me.

"Come on. Get busy. You have to work for your baby around here."

I laid the diapers on the chair by the bed. The regular nurse came down the ward taking temperatures. When the old woman came back I had a thermometer in my mouth.

"Where are those diapers?" I pointed at the chair.

"Why didn't you fold them?" Gleeefully, I pointed at the thermometer in my mouth and shook my head.

"What's your name?" Again I shook my head. How could I speak?

"WHAT'S YOUR NAME?" I had a happy idea. I pointed at the foot of my bed, where a little framed label was hanging: name, religion, and so forth. She read it and departed in great anger. Later, the head nurse came down to lecture me.

"Are you the one who refused to fold diapers?"

"Yes." I was just getting out of bed. I put my feet on the floor and promptly fainted. Of the diapers I heard no more.

IV

Later that evening, a friend of mine, a woman doctor, came up to see me. I was in bed again, and feeling better.

"Well, how do you like it here?" she asked.

"Terrible. Unbelievable. The way they treat these poor women! Forced labor, even!" I launched into a tirade against everything and everybody, especially the nurses and the food. She listened quietly.

"You ask too many questions. You won't be popular around here."

"But how can they be like that?" I demanded. "It isn't human."

She bent over me and almost whispered, "You must remember, it's pull gets them their jobs—political pull. And anyhow, you're paupers, you know, from their point of view, and they have to give you a menial kind of service. They must prove their superiority to themselves by being nasty."

"But the food," I continued. "What about the food? Fresh fruit and vegetables are so cheap at this time of year."

"Dear child, there's more rake-off on canned and dried foods."

"How long have you known about all this?"

"Oh, years and years." She sighed wearily.

I was amazed. "But you're a liberal, intelligent woman. Why haven't you exposed it, then?"

"My dear, you are naïve. I, too, must earn a living."

The next day I was not bothered a great deal with work. I fainted again, and I think the nurses were frightened. But I saw the other women dragging themselves around obediently.

"Why do you do it?" I asked one of them.

"Somebody else carried water for me," she said. "I don't want to be mean. And anyway, if I put up a row, it would spoil my milk."

"But don't you see, if we all got together and refused to work, they'd just have to get another nurse. Everybody'd be better off." I was trying to promote a strike. But just here the trouble lay. We couldn't all get together. Today's convalescents and tomorrow's, we were constantly changing. We rarely had the op-

portunity to talk to one another until we were out of bed. Then, in a day, we would be going home. And we were so weak.

That afternoon I helped to carry babies. I had been grateful before, when my own was brought by another mother instead of by a nurse. The nurses were so rough and careless, letting tiny heads dangle. I found a certain satisfaction in picking out little black babies and carrying them with tender care. Yet, all the while, I knew that mine was a feeble gesture.

The next morning I had terrible pains in my back. I was dizzy. Others were in a worse state. One woman had a slight hemorrhage, but she carefully concealed the traces of it and staggered around with rouge on her pasty face. She was afraid that she would have to stay longer if the

nurses knew. We were all obsessed with a mad desire to get away. With passionate eagerness we watched the slowly revolving hands of the clock in the corridor. We stripped our beds and made them up for incoming patients. That, too, was a "duty." We washed ourselves and made up our faces carefully. We sat on the porch, talking a little feverishly.

The telephone rang.

"Mothers, go into the nursery and dress your babies," the head nurse sang out.

At last! Escape at last! The nightmare was over. The head nurse laughed as we went out. "See you next year, girls," she said cynically.

In anger, I stopped and looked at her. "No, you won't. My next baby's going to be born at home."

PENNSYLVANIA STATION

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

THEY seemed to bring with them the smell of the snow falling in Seventh Avenue. Or perhaps the other people who had entered before them had done it, bringing it with them in their lungs and exhaling it, filling the arcade with a stale chill like that which might lie unwinded and spent upon the cold plains of infinity itself. In it the bright and serried shop-windows had a fixed and insomniac glare like the eyes of people drugged with coffee, sitting up with a strange corpse.

In the rotunda, where the people appeared as small and intent as ants, the smell and sense of snow still lingered, though high now among the steel girders, spent and vitiated too and filled here with a weary and ceaseless murmuring, like the voices of pilgrims upon the infinite plain, like the voices of all the travelers who had ever passed through it quiring and ceaseless as lost children.

They went on toward the smoking room. It was the old man who looked in the door. "All right," he said. He looked sixty, though he was probably some age like forty-eight or fifty-two or fifty-eight. He wore a long overcoat with a collar which had once been fur, and a cap with earflaps like the caricature of an up-State farmer. His shoes were not mates. "There ain't many here yet. It will be some time now." While they stood there three other men came and looked into the smoking room with that same air not quite diffident and not quite furtive, with faces and

garments that seemed to give off that same effluvium of soup kitchens and Salvation Army homes. They entered; the old man led the way toward the rear of the room, among the heavy, solid benches on which still more men of all ages sat in attitudes of thought or repose and looking as transient as scarecrows blown by a departed wind upon a series of rock ledges. The old man chose a bench and sat down, making room for the young man beside him. "I used to think that if you sat somewhere about the middle, he might skip you. But I found out that it don't make much difference where you sit."

"Nor where you lie, either," the young man said. He wore an army overcoat, new, and a pair of yellow army brogans of the sort that can be bought from so-called army stores for a dollar or so. He had not shaved in some time. "And it don't make a hell of a lot of difference whether you are breathing or not while you are lying there. I wish I had a cigarette. I have got used to not eating but be damned if I don't hate to get used to not smoking."

"Sure now," the old man said. "I wish I had a cigarette to give you. I ain't used tobacco myself since I went to Florida. That was funny: I hadn't smoked in ten years, yet as soon as I got back to New York, that was the first thing I thought about. Isn't that funny?"

"Yes," the young man said. "Especially if you never had any tobacco when you thought about wanting it again."

"Wanting it and not having it couldn't have worried me then," the old man said. "I was all right then. Until I—" He settled himself. Into his face came that rapt expression of the talkative old, without heat or bewilderment or rancor. "What confused me was I thought all the time that the burying money was all right. As soon as I found out about Danny's trouble I come right back to New York —"

II

"Who is this Danny, anyway?" the young man said.

"Didn't I tell you? He's Sister's boy. There wasn't any of us left but Sister and Danny and me. Yet I was the weakly one. The one they all thought wouldn't live. I was give up to die twice before I was fifteen, yet I outlived them all. Outlived all eight of them when Sister died three years ago. That was why I went to Florida to live. Because I thought I couldn't stand the winters here. Yet I have stood three of them now since Sister died. But sometimes it looks like a man can stand just about anything if he don't believe he can stand it. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know," the young man said. "Which trouble was this?"

"Which?"

"Which trouble was Danny in now?"

"Don't get me wrong about Danny. He wasn't bad; just wild, like any young fellow. But not bad."

"All right," the young man said. "It wasn't any trouble then."

"No. He's a good boy. He's in Chicago now. Got a good job now. The lawyer in Jacksonville got it for him right after I come back to New York. I didn't know he had it until I tried to wire him that Sister was dead. Then I found that he was in Chicago, with a good job. He sent Sister a

wreath of flowers that must have cost two hundred dollars. Sent it by air; that cost something, too. He couldn't come himself because he had just got the job and his boss was out of town and he couldn't get away. He was a good boy. That was why when that trouble come up about that woman on the floor below that accused him of stealing the clothes off her clothes-line, that I told Sister I would send him the railroad fare to Jacksonville, where I could look after him. Get him clean away from them low-life boys around the saloons and such. I come all the way from Florida to see about him. That was how I happened to go with Sister to see Mr. Pinckski, before she ever begun to pay on the coffin. She wanted me to go with her. Because you know how an old woman is. Only she wasn't old, even if her and me had outlived all the other seven. But you know how an old woman seems to get comfort out of knowing she will be buried right in case there isn't any of her kin there to 'tend to it. I guess maybe that keeps a lot of them going.

"And especially with Danny already too busy to see if she was buried at all, himself."

The old man, his mouth already shaped for further speech, paused and looked at the young man. "What?"

"I say, if getting into the ground at last don't keep some of them going, I don't know what it is that does."

"Oh. Maybe so. That ain't never worried me. I guess because I was already give up to die twice before I was fifteen. Like now every time a winter gets through, I just say to myself, 'Well I'll declare. Here I am again.' That was why I went to Florida: because of the winters here. I hadn't been back until I got Sister's letter about Danny, and I didn't stay long then. And if I hadn't got the letter about Danny,

maybe I wouldn't ever have come back. But I come back, and that was when she took me with her to see Mr. Pinckski before she begun to pay on the coffin, for me to see if it was all right like Mr. Pinckski said. He told her how the insurance companies would charge her interest all the time. He showed us with the pencil and paper how if she paid her money to the insurance companies it would be the same as if she worked six minutes longer every night and give the money for the extra six minutes to the insurance company. But Sister said she wouldn't mind that, just six minutes, because at three or four o'clock in the morning six minutes wouldn't —"

"Three or four o'clock in the morning?"

"She scrubbed in them tall buildings down about Wall Street somewhere. Her and some other ladies. They would help one another night about, so they could get done at the same time and come home on the subway together. So Mr. Pinckski showed us with the pencil and paper how if she lived fifteen years longer say for instance Mr. Pinckski said, it would be the same as if she worked three years and eighty-five days without getting any pay for it. Like for three years and eighty-five days she would be working for the insurance companies for nothing. Like instead of living fifteen years, she would actually live only eleven years and two hundred and eight days. Sister stood there for a while, holding her purse under her shawl. Then she said, 'If I was paying the insurance companies to bury me instead of you, I would have to live three years and eighty-five days more before I could afford to die?'"

"'Well,' Mr. Pinckski said, like he didn't know what to say. 'Why yes. Put it that way, then. You would work for the insurance companies three years and eighty-five days and not get any pay for it.'"

"'It ain't the work I mind,' Sister said. 'It ain't the working.' Then she took the first half a dollar out of her purse and put it down on Mr. Pinckski's desk."

III

Now and then, with a long and fading reverberation, a subway train passed under their feet. Perhaps they thought momentarily of two green eyes tunneling violently through the earth without apparent propulsion or guidance, as though of their own unparalleled violence creating, like spaced beads on a string, lighted niches in whose wan and fleeting glare human figures like corpses set momentarily on end in a violated grave-yard leaned in one streaming and rigid direction and flicked away.

"Because I was a weak child. They give me up to die twice before I was fifteen. There was an insurance agent sold me a policy once, worried at me until I said all right, I would take it. Then they examined me and the only policy they would give me was a thousand dollars at the rate of fifty years old. And me just twenty-seven then. I was the third one of eight, yet when Sister died three years ago I had out-lived them all. So when we got that trouble of Danny's about the woman that said he stole the clothes fixed up, Sister could —"

"How did you get it fixed up?"

"We paid the money to the man that his job was to look after the boys that Danny run with. The alderman knew Danny and the other boys. It was all right then. So Sister could go on paying the fifty cents to Mr. Pinckski every week. Because we fixed it up for me to send the railroad fare for Danny as soon as I could, so he could be in Florida where I could look out for him. And I went back to

Jacksonville and Sister could pay Mr. Pinckski the fifty cents without worrying. Each Sunday morning when her and the other ladies got through, they would go home by Mr. Pinckski's and wake him up and Sister would give him the fifty cents.

"He never minded what time it was because Sister was a good customer. He told her it would be all right, whatever time she got there, to wake him up and pay him. So sometimes it would be as late as four o'clock, especially if they had had a parade or something and the buildings messed up with confetti and maybe flags. Maybe four times a year the lady that lived next door to Sister would write me a letter telling me how much Sister had paid to Mr. Pinckski and that Danny was getting along fine, behaving and not running around with them tough boys any more. So when I could I sent Danny the railroad fare to Florida. I never expected to hear about the money.

"That was what confused me. Sister could read some. She could read the church weekly fine that the priest gave her, but she never was much for writing. She said if she could just happen to find a pencil the size of a broom handle that she could use both hands on, that she could write fine. But regular pencils were too small for her. She said she couldn't feel like she had anything in her hand. So I never expected to hear about the money. I just sent it and then I fixed up with the landlady where I was living for a place for Danny, just thinking that some day soon Danny would just come walking in with his suit-case. The landlady kept the room a week for me, and then a man come in to rent it, so there wasn't anything she could do but give me the refusal of it.

"That wasn't no more than fair, after she had already kept it open a week for

me. So I begun to pay for the room and when Danny didn't come I thought maybe something had come up, with the hard winter and all, and Sister needed the money worse than to send Danny to Florida on it, or maybe she thought he was too young yet. So after three months I let the room go. Every three or four months I would get the letter from the lady next door to Sister, about how every Sunday morning Sister and the other ladies would go to Mr. Pinckski and pay him the fifty cents. After fifty-two weeks, Mr. Pinckski set the coffin aside, with her name cut on a steel plate and nailed onto the coffin, her full name: Mrs. Margaret Noonan Gihon.

"It was a cheap coffin at first, just a wooden box, but after she had paid the second fifty-two half a dollars he took the name plate off of it and nailed it onto a better coffin, letting her pick it out herself in case she died that year. And after the third fifty-two half a dollars he let her pick out a still finer one, and the next year one with gold handles on it. He would let her come in and look at it whenever she wanted and bring whoever she wanted with her, to see the coffin and her name cut in the steel plate and nailed onto it. Even at four o'clock in the morning he would come down in his night-shirt and unlock the door and turn the light on for Sister and the other ladies to go back and look at the coffin.

"Each year it got to be a better coffin, with Mr. Pinckski showing the other ladies with the pencil and paper how Sister would have the coffin paid out soon and then she would just be paying on the gold handles and the lining. He let her pick out the lining too that she wanted and when the lady next door wrote me the next letter, Sister sent me a sample of the lining and a picture of the handles. Sister

drew the picture, but she never could use a pencil because she always said the handle was too small for her to hold, though she could read the church weekly the priest gave her, because she said the Lord illuminated it for her."

"Is that so," the young man said. "Jesus, I wish I either had a smoke or I would quit thinking about it."

"Yes. And a sample of the lining. But I couldn't tell much about it except that it suited Sister and that she liked it how Mr. Pinckski would let her bring in the other ladies to look at the trimmings and help her make up her mind. Because Mr. Pinckski said he would trust her because he didn't believe she would go and die on him to hurt his business like some did, and him not charging her a cent of interest like the insurance companies would charge. All she had to do was just to stop there every Sunday morning and pay him the half a dollar."

"Is that so?" the young man said. "He must be in the poor-house now."

"What?" The old man looked at the young man, his expression fixed. "Who in the poor-house now?"

IV

"Where was Danny all this time? Still doing his settlement work?"

"Yes. He worked whenever he could get a job. But a high-spirited young fellow, without nobody but a widow woman mother, without no father to learn him how you have to give and take in this world. That was why I wanted him down in Florida with me."

Now his arrested expression faded; he went easily into narration again with a kind of physical and unlistening joy, like a checked and long-broken horse slacked off again.

"That was what got me confused. I had already sent the money for him to come to Jacksonville on and when I never heard about it I just thought maybe Sister needed it with the hard winter and all or maybe she thought Danny was too young, like women will. And then about eight months after I let the room go I had a funny letter from the lady that lived next door to Sister. It said how Mr. Pinckski had moved the plate onto the next coffin and it said how glad Sister was that Danny was doing so well and she knew I would take good care of him because he was a good boy, beside being all Sister had. Like Danny was already in Florida, all the time.

"But I never knew he was there until I got the wire from him. It come from Augustine, not any piece away; I never found out until Sister died how Mrs. Zilich, that's the lady next door to her, that wrote the letters for Sister, had written me that Danny was coming to Florida the day he left, the day after the money come. Mrs. Zilich told how she had written the letter for Sister and give it to Danny himself to mail the night before he left. I never got it. I reckon Danny never mailed it. I reckon, being a young, high-spirited boy, he decided he wanted to strike out himself and show us what he could do without any help from us, like I did when I come to Florida.

"Mrs. Zilich said she thought of course Danny was with me and that she thought at the time it was funny that when I would write to Sister I never mentioned Danny. So when she would read the letters to Sister she would put in something about Danny was all right and doing fine. So when I got the wire from Danny in Augustine I telephoned Mrs. Zilich in New York. It cost eleven dollars. I told her that Danny was in a little trouble, not serious, and for her to not tell Sister it

was serious trouble, to just tell her that we would need some money. Because I had sent money for Danny to come to Florida on and I had paid the three months for the room and I had just paid the premium on my insurance, and so the lawyer looked at Danny and Danny sitting there on the cot in the cell without no collar on and Danny said, 'Where would I get any money,' only it was jack he called it.

"And the lawyer said, 'Where would you get it?' and Danny said, 'Just set me down back home for ten minutes. I'll show you.' 'Seventy-five bucks,' he says, telling me that was all of it. Then the lawyer says that was neither here nor there and so I telephoned to Mrs. Zilich and told her to tell Sister to go to Mr. Pinckski and ask him to let her take back some of the coffin money; he could put the name plate back on the coffin she had last year or maybe the year before, and as soon as I could get some money on my insurance policy I would pay Mr. Pinckski back and some interest too. I telephoned from the jail, but I didn't say where I was telephoning from; I just said we would need some money quick."

"What was he in for this time?" the young man said.

"He wasn't in jail the other time, about them clothes off that line. That woman was lying about him. After we paid the money, she admitted she was probably mistaken."

"All right," the young man said. "What was he in for?"

"They called it grand larceny and killing a policeman. They framed him, them others did that didn't like him. He was just wild. That was all. He was a good boy. When Sister died he couldn't come to the funeral. But he sent a wreath that must have cost \$200 if it cost a cent. By air mail, with the high postage in the . . ."

His voice died away; he looked at the young man with a kind of pleased astonishment. "I'll declare I made a joke. But I didn't mean —"

"Sure. I know you didn't mean to make a joke. What about the jail?"

"The lawyer was already there when I got there. Some friends had sent the lawyer to help him. And he swore to me on his mother's name that he wasn't even there when the cop got shot. He was in Orlando at the time. He showed me a ticket from Orlando to Waycross that he had bought and missed the train; that was how he happened to have it with him. It had the date punched in it, the same night the policeman got killed, showing that Danny wasn't even there and that them other boys had framed him. He was mad. The lawyer said how he would see the friends that had sent him to help Danny and get them to help. 'By God they better,' Danny said. 'If they think I'm going to take this laying down they better —'

"Then the lawyer got him quiet again, like he did when Danny was talking about that money the man he worked for or something had held out on him back in New York. And so I telephoned Mrs. Zilich, so as not to worry Sister, and told her to go to Mr. Pinckski. Two days later I got the telegram from Mrs. Zilich. I guess Mrs. Zilich hadn't never sent a telegram before and so she didn't know she had ten words without counting the address because it just said You and Danny come home quick Mrs. Sophie Zilich New York.

"I couldn't make nothing out of it and we talked it over and the lawyer said I better go and see, that he would take care of Danny till I got back. So we fixed up a letter from Danny to Sister, for Mrs. Zilich to read to her, about how Danny was all right and getting along fine —"

V

At that moment there entered the room a man in the uniform of the railway company. As he entered, from about him somewhere—behind, above—a voice came. Though it spoke human speech it did not sound like a human voice, since it was too big to have emerged from known man and it had a quality at once booming, cold, and forlorn, as though it were not interested in nor listening to what it said.

"There," the old man said.

He and the young man turned and looked back across the benches, as most of the other heads had done, as though they were all dummies moved by a single wire. The man in uniform advanced slowly into the room, moving along the first bench. As he did so the men on that bench and on the others began to rise and depart, passing the man in uniform as though he were not there; he too moving on into the room as if it were empty. "I guess we'll have to move."

"Hell," the young man said. "Let him come in and ask for them. They pay him to do it."

"He caught me the other night. The second time, too."

"What about that? This time won't make but three. What did you do then?"

"Oh yes," the old man said. "I knew that was the only thing to do, after that telegram. Mrs. Zilich wouldn't have spent the money to telegraph without good reason. I didn't know what she had told Sister. I just knew that Mrs. Zilich thought there wasn't time to write a letter and that she was trying to save money on the telegram, not knowing she had ten words and the man at the telegraph office not telling her better. So I didn't know what was wrong. I never suspicioned it at all. That was what confused me, you see."

He turned and looked back again toward the man in uniform moving from bench to bench while just before him the men in mismatched garments, with that identical neatness of indigence, with that identical air of patient and indomitable forlornness, rose and moved toward the exit in a monstrous and outrageous analogy to flying fish before the advancing prow of a ship.

"What confused you?" the young man said.

"Mrs. Zilich told me. I left Danny in the jail. (Them friends that sent him the lawyer got him out the next day. When I heard from him again, he was already in Chicago, with a good job; he sent that wreath. I didn't know he was even gone from the jail until I tried to get word to him about Sister), and I come on to New York. I had just enough money for that, and Mrs. Zilich met me at the station and told me. At this station right here. It was snowing that night, too. She was waiting at the top of the steps.

"Where's Sister?" I said. 'She didn't come with you?'

"What is it now?' Mrs. Zilich said. 'You don't need to tell me he is just sick.'

"Did you tell Sister he ain't just sick?' I said. 'I didn't have to,' Mrs. Zilich said. 'I didn't have time to, even if I would have.' She told about how it was cold that night and so she waited up for Sister, keeping the fire going and a pot of coffee ready, and how she waited till Sister had took off her coat and shawl and was beginning to get warm, setting there with a cup of coffee; then Mrs. Zilich said, 'Your brother telephoned from Florida.' That's all she had time to say. She never even had to tell Sister how I said for her to go to Mr. Pinckski, because Sister said right off, 'He will want that money.' Just what I had said, you see.

"Mrs. Zilich noticed it too. 'Maybe it's because you are kin, both kin to that—' Then she stopped and said, 'Oh, I ain't going to say anything about him. Don't worry. The time to do that is past now.' Then she told me how she said to Sister, 'You can stop there on the way down this afternoon and see Mr. Pinckski.' But Sister was already putting on her coat and shawl again and her not an hour home from work and it snowing. She wouldn't wait."

"She had to take back the coffin money, did she?" the young man said.

"Yes. Mrs. Zilich said that her and Sister went to Mr. Pinckski and woke him up. And he told them that Sister had already taken the money back."

"What?" the young man said. "Already?"

"Yes. He said how Danny had come to him about a year back, with a note from Sister saying to give Danny the money that she had paid in to Mr. Pinckski and that Mr. Pinckski did it. And Sister standing there with her hands inside her shawl, not looking at anything until Mrs. Zilich said, 'A note? Mrs. Gihon never sent you a note because she can't write,' and Mr. Pinckski said, 'Should I know if she can't write or not when her own son brings me a note signed with her name?' and Mrs. Zilich says, 'Let's see it.'

"Sister hadn't said anything at all, like she wasn't even there, and Mr. Pinckski showed them the note. I saw it too. It said, 'Received of Mr. Pinckski a hundred and thirty dollars being the full amount deposited with him less interest. Mrs. Margaret N. Gihon.' And Mrs. Zilich said how she thought about that hundred and thirty dollars and she thought how Sister had paid twenty-six dollars a year for five years and seven months, and she said, 'Interest? What interest?,' and Mr. Pinckski

said, 'For taking the name off the coffin,' because that made the coffin second handed. And Mrs. Zilich said that Sister turned and went toward the door. 'Wait,' Mrs. Zilich said. 'We're going to stay right here until you get that money. There's something funny about this because you can't write to sign a note.' But Sister just went on toward the door until Mrs. Zilich said, 'Wait, Margaret.' And then Sister said, 'I signed it.'"

VI

The voice of the man in uniform could be heard now as he worked slowly toward them: "Tickets. Tickets. Show your tickets."

"I guess it's hard enough to know what a single woman will do," the old man said. "But a widow woman with just one child. I didn't know she could write, either. I guess she picked it up cleaning up them offices every night. Anyway, Mr. Pinckski showed me the note, how she admitted she signed it, and he explained to me how the difference was; that he had to charge to protect himself in case the coffins ever were refused and become second hand; that some folks was mighty particular about having a brand new coffin."

"He had put the plate with Sister's name on it back onto the cheap coffin that she started off with, so she was still all right for a coffin, even if it never had any handles and lining. I never said anything about that; that twenty-six dollars she had paid in since she give the money to Danny wouldn't have helped any; I had already spent that much getting back to see about the money, and anyway, Sister still had a coffin —"

The voice of the man in uniform was quite near now, with a quality methodi-

cal, monotonous, and implacable: "Tickets. Tickets. Show your tickets. All without railroad tickets."

The young man rose. "I'll be seeing you," he said. The old man rose too. Beyond the man in uniform the room was almost empty.

"I guess it's about time," the old man said. He followed the young man into the rotunda. There was an airplane in it, motionless, squatting, with a still, beetling look like a huge bug preserved in alcohol. There was a placard beside it, about how it had flown over mountains and vast wastes of snow.

"They might have tried it over New York," the young man said. "It would have been closer."

"Yes," the old man said. "It costs more, though. But I guess that's fair, since it is faster. When Sister died, Danny sent a wreath of flowers by air. It must have cost two hundred dollars. The wreath did, I mean. I don't know what it cost to send it by air."

Then they both looked up the ramp and through the arcade, toward the doors on Seventh Avenue. Beyond the doors lay a thick, moribund light that seemed to fill the arcade with the smell of snow and of cold, so that for a while longer they

seemed to stand in the grip of a dreadful reluctance and inertia.

"So they went on back home," the old man said. "Mrs. Zilich said how Sister was already shaking and she got Sister to bed. And that night Sister had a fever and Mrs. Zilich sent for the doctor and the doctor looked at Sister and told Mrs. Zilich she had better telegraph if there was anybody to telegraph to. When I got home Sister didn't know me. The priest was already there, and we never could tell if she knew anything or not, not even when we read the letter from Danny that we had fixed up in the jail, about how he was all right. The priest read it to her, but we couldn't tell if she heard him or not. That night she died."

"Is that so," the young man said, looking up the ramp. He moved. "I'm going to the Grand Central."

Again the old man moved, with that same unwearying alacrity. "I guess that's the best thing to do. We might have a good while there." He looked up at the clock; he said with pleased surprise: "Half past one already. And a half an hour to get there. And if we're lucky, we'll have two hours before he comes along. Maybe three. That'll be five o'clock. Then it will be only two hours more till daylight."

WHY WOMEN BECOME HOBOES

BY WALTER C. RECKLESS

THERE are important differences in the status of homeless women as compared with that of homeless men. In the first place, women, unlike men, have no hobo lore and tradition. They are for the most part novices at an unattached transient existence. In the second place, men can be transient and homeless with greater ease than women—not because of biological and psychological differences between the sexes so much as because of sociological conditions. Ours is still largely a man's world, the freedom of the road notwithstanding. In the third place, homeless men in the United States have a culture and a society of their own. They have their hobohemias and jungles, which constitute a form of communal life with accepted practices and activities. Women have not had time to build up their own communal homeless life. Certainly a hobohemia and a jungle make life bearable, if not attractive, to men. Lastly, homeless men go the limit to get by—bread lines, if necessary. But down and out women resist the humiliation of the bread line. They have no philosophy for its graceful acceptance. As a matter of fact, they have never accepted public or private charity to any great extent as individuals, but rather as members of families.

Herein lies the answer to the question why it is that we seldom find women in bread lines. As one observer, a woman, has put it: "They half starve themselves.

But they do not go to bread lines, nor do they eat in soup kitchens. Any one who has marveled because there are no women in bread lines should realize that it is not because there are no hungry women. It is because they believe that any public parade of poverty is degrading." The same observer, in the February, 1933, issue of the *Review of Reviews*, claimed that many unattached and unemployed girls in New York City rode the subways all night and rested in lounges and rest rooms during the day.

But in admitting that men have the advantage over women in an unattached state, there is no reason to assume that homeless women cannot bring themselves to make adjustments to life on the road, in the box cars, flop houses, in Shantytowns—in general, to the life of a bum or hobo. And neither is there any reason to suppose that the migratory homeless woman will not invade hobohemia and the jungles just as women generally have encroached upon all the other original provinces of men. The indications are that women are making pretty good hoboies as hoboies go.

A sociologist recently made a study of the case of a thirty-seven-year-old woman hobo, who applied for shelter and transportation to one of the newly created Federal transient bureaus. The essential parts of her story as she told it may be used to give some insight into the conditions of life on the road for such women,

the adjustments they make to them, and the extent to which they become demoralized.

Mrs. Metzger, as we shall call her, was a native American, though both her parents were born in Germany. She had been out of work for two and a half years before she hit the road. She had worked steadily for five years previous to her unemployment. Before that she had been married. After four years of married life she separated from her husband, who had not merely infected her, but had also placed too great demands on her. Prior to her marriage she had been engaged for eight years in semi-skilled work. Hers was an uneventful childhood. She was the daughter of a blacksmith; she reached the eighth grade of public school, and went to work early in life. As a young girl her behavior was apparently normal. According to her story, she never ran away from home and was not a sex delinquent. She was proud of the fact that she came to her husband "the purest woman he ever had."

The reasons she gave for hitting the road were that her savings were gone, that she could live cheaper on the road, that she wanted to travel, never having seen much of the country, that she wanted to be free of her lover and terminate her affair with him (this was her only affair during separation and prior to her road experience), and that she wanted to be rid of the people who bothered her about her religion (she was a Seventh Day Adventist). While all the reasons may not have been given, it is clear that a combination of factors rather than any single factor led her to take to the road. These complexities are seldom taken into account by those who insist that unemployment is almost the sole reason why women become hoboes. In Mrs. Metzger's

case, for example, the lack of sustaining funds drove her to the belief that with nothing left she could make a better go of life on the road than in a rooming house. But this belief was only one of several factors which impelled her to start moving.

II

With a suit-case and a bundle she started on a Southern swing from Washington, D. C., riding the rails, picking up rides in trucks, walking the highways. The swing continued from Tampa, Florida, to Meridian, Mississippi, to Baton Rouge, Fort Worth, Yuma, Los Angeles, back to Fort Worth, then to Little Rock, Memphis, and Nashville. She never had a female companion on the road. She has slept in the open, starved for days, ridden in box cars with as many as fifty men, camped out at night alone and with men. She has been attacked and raped on several occasions and has given in on several more. She has asked for food, clothes, and a chance to wash. She has shared food and money with men. But she has never begged for money, never stood in bread lines, and never taken money for sex.

In fact, she draws the line at begging, prostitution, and drinking. At these points, demoralization meets strong resistance. She keeps up her religion, takes what comes without complaint, feels that the Federal and State government agencies are doing all they can, does not fear hunger, and strives to bathe and wash as often as possible. She has been in fair health, with the exception of a case of malaria and a slight cold, and has never thought of suicide. All told, she has enjoyed her experiences. But let the lady hobo speak for herself in excerpts from the interviews the sociologist had with her:

"It was a mile or so to the railroad yards from where I was rooming. I walked there and met a special agent. He said where are you going. I said I didn't know—on the road. He told me I couldn't get a train that night but if I would wait at a certain place the train would stop there at seven o'clock [in the morning]. No, he made no advances to me. The agents have their own girls; the men on the road don't. So later on I was joined by two white boys and two colored fellows. We got on the train and were headed for North Carolina. We rode all that day. When the train stopped one of the white men wanted me to go to the woods and stay with him at some camp. He told me he would find some work for me to do. [She implied hustling.] Two other white boys got on the train at the first division stop. The colored men got off and so did the white man that made the advances. We rode to Salisbury—that was the second division, and we stayed on. The detective knocked on the door but we stayed on. And he locked us in for punishment, I guess. We got scared, locked in.

"So the boys yelled out that the lady was fainting and he unlocked the door and told us to beat it quick. We walked a half mile to a store and bought some coffee. The shopkeeper's wife gave us milk and sugar and I gave her a scarf I had because she was so nice to us. You know on the road you eat mostly buns and crackers. We camped out that night. Tried to get a freight but the agent caught us. One boy got in, but me and the other one were run off. We two walked all night on the road. I bought the food. He was out of funds. We had weenies the next day. That evening we stopped at a house and got a bale of milk—yes, a bale—that's what the lady called it, and she gave us two pieces of the Sunday cake and four

biscuits. We slept in the school house that night. They kept it open. Yes, he made some advances to me but I discouraged him—he was so young. . . .

"I was lying alone on the side of the road and two officers came by in a car, and they said you come on and they took me to a restaurant in a town, and the restaurant man asked a fellow to give me a ride. He did. He drove a truck and he took me all through South Carolina, Georgia and down to Florida. [How long did it take?] Twelve hours. [What, that long?] Let me see. We started at seven in the morning and got to Tampa at four in the morning. How many hours is that? [Twenty-one, the interviewer replied.] He left me out on the road. The mosquitoes bit me awful bad and a man came along and saw how I was all bit up, and he found a camp for me to stay in. I stayed there a week. He brought me meals every day and took me out for rides. Yes, he was real nice. I gave in to him a little. He was an influential citizen—not a hobo. He showed me all around Florida. He was married and not in love with his wife. He was about forty-five. . . .

"[She is now out of Baton Rouge, Louisiana.] So a truck came along and the man drove me all the way into Texas, past Abilene, past Ranger and Dallas, and then we turned on a side road and went back toward Abilene. Yes, he made love to me. He took me nearly to his house and told me where a spring was. He wanted to be real social, although he was home. Two Indians came along in a car the next day—a Ford. They saw me bathing—washing. They stopped and fixed breakfast. And so we rode off. The one got off somewhere, but I rode on with the other. He showed me the town. Yes, he made love to me. He was pretty nice. I liked him. Yes, I like Indians. He cooked

good meals and we had watermelons. I was with him four days. Then he put me on the road to Forth Worth. I got to Fort Worth and went out to the railroad yards. The boys said it was easy to ride around Fort Worth, just so you didn't meet Texas Slim. He is the special agent. I got on a freight—a lot of other men were on. We rode all the way to Yuma [Arizona].

...

"When we got to Yuma two fellows said they gave away ripe cantaloupes at the packing house. I stayed there a week—under a bridge. Two boys and I. Some more men came. And some Indians, too. [Well, weren't you afraid of so many men near you at night?] Some men are always near me and protect me—like some countries have a protectorate. One of the two boys left and the other stayed on. The bridge was near the prison camp. I stayed on a week longer with another man. He was forty. No intimacy between us. He said I must like the Indians and accused me of being friendly with the Indians, and I wasn't and so he repulsed me—that's why I had nothing to do with him. Then I left Yuma on a freight—fifty or so men were on the car with me. No, no ganging. There would always be a man or so who would protect me. . . .

"Once on the road a man attacked me on a box car and then he got off. He was the watchman in the yards. He said he would hit me in the head if I didn't give in. I fought him but he took me by the neck and threw me down on the floor of the car. Another time on a lumber car—there had been forty or fifty men on board. But they all got off and I went to sleep. And when I awoke a man was putting his blanket over me. I saw what he was up to and told him to stop, but he did not understand. I discovered he was a Mexican. I ran from him and he chased me all over

the car. I saw another man on the car who was asleep. I pulled his cover off and woke him up and he protected me.

"Another time a man said to me if you don't give in, you have no business on the road. He said it was his car [evidently the box car] and he would put me off. But then a cowboy chimed in and took up for me. He said he forgets this is the West. He better leave you alone. [How did you avoid pregnancy on the road?] I am sterile. The doctors said after my operation I would always be sterile. No, I never got diseased [venereal] on the road. No, I never caught any bugs. The men were all clean. I don't want them to bother me. I am not afraid of them. [But] there is always a certain fear. Men on the road never have a woman and when there is a woman they always come around every time. It ain't the looks of me but it's just because I'm a woman. . . .

"Yes, I am real happy on the road. I don't want any assaults, but outside of that I have been real happy. [What is the most pleasant thing that happened to you?] When I was real hungry and have someone give you something to eat. [Anything else?] It is pleasant to go from town to town. All my thirty-seven years I have never traveled. [Did you ever catch a train while in motion?] Twice, while running. A man grabbed me each time and pulled me on and threw my baggage on. [Can you make it in a box car by yourself?] Yes, I can jump up there. But it's hard to push the doors back. A girl mighty near has to have a man to do that. Even men have to have help. . . . [What did you do with all the time you had on the road?] We talked mostly. [What else?] Read. [Read what?] Books. [What books?] The Bible. Poems. [What poems?] 'Paradise Lost.' [What else?] I have a book of poems—a collection of

them. Anybody who is romantic likes poetry. Oh, I love it. I save poems out of newspapers and memorize them. [Well, what is your favorite poem?] 'Hiawatha.' That sounds funny doesn't it. But I like Indian lore and that's why I like 'Hiawatha.'"

III

In the course of the interviews our lady hobo made some very revealing statements in regard to certain special questions propounded by the examining sociologist.

Q. What's the toughest experience you had on the road?

A. When I can't find any water and want to get clean. When I am real pushed, I go to a house and ask if I can wash.

Q. Is this feeling tougher than hunger?

A. Yes, being dirty means more to me than being hungry.

Q. Does hunger make you despondent?

A. No, hunger doesn't, but you are always glad to get something to eat. You don't stay hungry after the second day anyhow.

Q. What's the most dangerous thing on the road?

A. People don't realize the dangers in falling off trains and how the cars can throw you.

Q. Do you think you have lost anything mentally or physically by going on the road?

A. No, I think it has been more of a gain. My mind is more developed.

Q. Why don't you travel in knickers?

A. I only used them once and gave them away. I would rather travel in a dress. All other women I see on the road wear knickers or pants. I like dresses. They [other hobo women] wear pants so they won't be molested and pass off for men in getting on and off trains.

Q. Are you a religious person?

A. I am a Seventh Day Adventist. I have my Bible and song books along with me. I go to church once in a while. I guess you think it's funny that I am a religious

person. Well, the pot can't call the kettle black. You can't throw stones—that's what the Lord said. He gave you that example. You have to put up on the road with certain things and you got to give in when forced. But that doesn't mean I don't keep up my religion.

As to what the future has in store for our lady hobo, an excerpt from one of the interviews with her gives some very important clues.

[What are you going to do?] I'm undecided. I can go back East [to her sister's]. I can entertain people with travel talk now. I haven't anything in mind to do. Yes, I was heading for home [on her swing back East]. I'm going [home] on my own accord. They [the Transient Bureau] are not forcing me. Yes, I'll be glad to see them [sister's family] again. They always treated me nice. If I don't like it at home with my sister, I can still go on the road again. [Will it be too dull for you at home now?] Maybe. I might get the *Wanderlust* again. . . . Maybe they will be glad to have me there [at home]. She [the sister] likes me pretty well. I can always go again. [Where to?] Oh, anywhere I like to go. [Would you ever try to get a job again?] If I am at home, I will stop bumming. But I won't try to get a job if it means walking your shoes off.

In the case analysis which the sociologist turned over to the transient bureau there is this comment—really a prediction about her future: "She likes the independence of the road and the sense of power she gets from making a go of life on the road. I believe she is proud of herself and thinks that she is a much superior person to the one she was previously. She indicated that she is willing to go home but that she is likely to get the *Wanderlust* again. She also indicated that she was not going to walk the soles of her shoes off looking for work. She seems to have the notion that the road is now her career—something on which she can fall back,

something at which she had made a success. The chances are very favorable therefore that she will continue in a semi-transient state and that she might later become a chronic transient."

While it is unwise to be unduly impressed by a single case, and particularly by one in which many of the details are doubtful because of lack of verification, it is quite likely that one of the many social pathologies which will result from the present depression is the growth of a chronic female hobo class. We have had female hitch-hikers and women transients before the depression, but never so many as the present crisis has produced.

A recent official canvass revealed one homeless woman to every eighteen homeless men. About 20% of the homeless women are either completely unsheltered or provide their own shelter in shanty towns. The report also disclosed that homeless women have a much greater proportion of their number under twenty-one years of age than the homeless men (20% as compared with 8%); while the homeless men have a higher proportion forty-five years of age and over than the homeless women (39% as compared with 26%).

The reason for this differential in age distribution is that women, in contrast to men, have not as yet arrived at the state where they form a great army of chronic middle-aged bums and hoboes. Approximately one-third of the non-family homeless men and women, according

to the same report, was found to be transient.

The extent of demoralization among unemployed and homeless women is almost wholly a matter of conjecture. No reliable statistics are available which indicate how great a proportion of them has suffered complete or partial loss of morale. However, such facts as we have lead one to believe that the relationship between unemployment and vagrancy, suicide, shoplifting, and prostitution is probably not so direct as the public thinks. The widespread notions that poverty is the major cause of crime and that unemployment is the main explanation of hoboing have never been substantiated by individual case studies.

A recent check with the workers of the social service department of the Chicago Women's Court indicates that out of the cases referred to them during the last twelve months only one in ten showed signs of grave economic distress. This was determined by the fact that the girls—prostitutes, shoplifters, and the like—pressed the workers for immediate relief. Only a small percentage of the cases in the Chicago Women's Court is referred to the social service department. The great majority of these girls are so situated that they can "make a go of it" without such help. The same workers claimed that, so far as they have observed, the girls who enter prostitution as the last resort in economic desperation are not successful in the life and are soon weeded out.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

A DISGUSTED and pessimistic citizen of San Diego unburdens himself in the advertising columns of the *Union* thereof:

NO REPEAL FOR ME

Wishing to move to North Carolina, where the voters know what is what, I am offering my San Diego property for anything I can get. If you who believe John Barleycorn's return means better times, will look at my Lot "C" in Block 118, MISSION BEACH (on the ocean front), also my house at 2964 DATE ST. (only half a block from No. 2 car line), also my house at 2827 MADISON AVE. (completely furnished with the best of everything), and will make me an offer, we can do business mighty quick and have no commission to pay. Will sell all three of these properties for less than the price of one, and for good measure will throw in several vacant lots (all clear and all good) in other parts of the city. All I want is enough cash so I can go. GEO. W. NORMAN, Owner, 1045 E. St. Franklin 4913.

NEW JERSEY

WHOLESOME amusements of the élite of Montclair, as disclosed to the world by the Newark *Call*:

Is a ponyshoe a horseshoe? The judges said yes, so the foursome comprising Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Whitfield, Miss Harriet Voldenauer and John Scholderer won first prize in the Montclair Lions Club's scavenger hunt last night.

Amid much merriment seven foursomes set out at nine o'clock from the home of Dr. Harold R. Gelhaar, 30 the Fairway, Upper Montclair, in quest of twenty treasures. The winning team was back at the house with all the items in fifty-seven

minutes. The men got trays suitable for serving beer, etc. The women received vanity boxes for first prize.

The list of treasures comprised a foreign stamp, 1916 penny, horseshoe, restaurant menu, Montclair *Times* of November 17, copy of reading matter on any safety poster erected by Montclair Lions Club, copy of Montclair Lions Club constitution, four acorns, bird's feather, roll of green toilet paper, signature of local theater manager who is a Montclair Lion, fourth verse of Star Spangled Banner or copy of same, New York bus schedule, names of comedies playing at each of three Montclair movies, picture of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, 1932 automobile license plate, count of lamp posts in Midland Avenue between Chestnut Street and Watchung Avenue, copy of inscription of bronze dedication plaque on stone in Anderson Park, and the women had to return wearing hair ribbons, the men wearing bow ties.

Three of the teams slipped up in one place or another. The Reep-Forrester combination brought back a poster instead of a copy thereof. The Lyons-Bliss-Harris-Blow group, unable to find a copy of the fourth verse of the Star Spangled Banner, insisted there was no such animal, but were quickly overruled, while the Cresbaugh-Spinelli-Surall alliance brought back the names of the feature pictures at the Montclair movies instead of names of the comedies. When called for their error, they insisted the feature pictures were comedies.

It was the lot of Mr. and Mrs. T. Scoville Snyder and Dr. and Mrs. Harold Colburn to phrase the rules and then pass judgment upon all disputes, time the contestants, etc. The prize for creating the greatest disturbance, had there been one, probably would have gone to Mr. and Mrs. Schlegel and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, who rang doorbells on all four sides of Anderson Park before finding a citizen

who could direct them to the bronze dedication plaque.

All teams had to be back in Dr. Gelhaar's attractively decorated cellar before eleven; all were. When the prizes had been awarded to Mr. Whitfield, president of the Lions Club, and his winning teammates, other games were thought of and the Lions made merry until early morning.

NEW YORK

CARD of thanks of a Lockport statesman, in the *Union-Sun and Journal* of the same fortunate town:

APPRECIATION

My Friends, I have loved you in life and shall not forget you after death.

ALDERMAN
O'SHAUGHNESSY

ADVERTISEMENT in the Greenwich Village
Chat:

P O E T

will compose on order:

Obituary verse

Love poem

Congratulatory verse

Political songs

Also will perform any other kind of hard labor.

JACK SELLERS
107 W. 3RD ST., N. Y. CITY

INTELLECTUAL recreations of the military ladies of Auburn, as reported by the *Citizen-Advertiser* of that town:

A regular meeting of Major Louis B. Lawon Auxiliary No. 79, United Spanish War Veterans, was held Thursday evening, in Pythian Hall. . . . Following the regular meeting a session of fun and frolic was held by the Military Order of Lizards, with Mrs. Charlotte Kissick, Gila Monster, presiding.

Mrs. Winifred O'Mara of Oswego, the Grand Gila Monster of the State of New York was present and addressed the Lizards.

Plans were made for the December meeting when Mrs. Deborah Zeigenbalg

of New York City, department president of the New York State Auxiliaries and past Supreme Gila Monster, Military Order of Lizards, will inspect the local unit. A special program has been arranged in her honor.

HAWAII

THE complete contents of the society column in a recent issue of the Honolulu *Advertiser*:

Two big spectacles, the World's Fair at Chicago, and the Grand Canyon, will be viewed by Miss Florence K. Devereaux, who sails Saturday on the *Lurline* for a six weeks' visit on the mainland.

Miss Florence K. Devereaux will leave Saturday on the *Lurline* for Chicago. She expects to visit the World's Fair, returning home within about six weeks by way of the Grand Canyon.

Mrs. W. E. Devereaux, who has been traveling in the East for the past three months, is expected to leave for home soon.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

FROM the London *Herald*:

"I thought the United States was part of the British Empire," said Mrs. Rose Chalk, a fruiterer, of Central-parade, Hadleigh, who was fined £1 at Southend for having displayed apples for sale without showing the country of origin.

It was stated that United States apples were labelled "Empire fruit."

CARD of greeting in the *Morgenpost*, a Yiddish daily of Riga, the jewel of Latvia:

THE BEST WISHES, AND A HAPPY
NEW-YEAR,

TO AUR CHILDRENS, AUR SISTERS,
SISTERS-IN-LOW,

BROTHER-IN-LOW, BROTHER, AND
NEPHEWS.

SEND

FREIDA MANTUS *with daughter*.

ERUCHIM MANTUS *with family*.

BORISS ROSS *with family*.

MR. JUSTICE CARDOZO

BY JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD

A GENTLE, modest man sits on the extreme left of the Chief Justice of the United States. As he listens intently to the arguments of counsel, he radiates an atmosphere of benevolence and wisdom. Everyone in the austere courtroom, judge or lawyer, pays him the homage of warm good-will and admiration bordering on awe. Confidence in the just decision dispels doubt. It is a feeling which could only be directed towards a man whose great talents in the law had been heralded far and wide before his accession to the highest tribunal. Liberals and conservatives both see something to applaud in the record and attainments of Mr. Justice Cardozo: for humanity and honor and fair play, woven into the law through the loom of a prodigious learning, an understanding of modern human needs, and a striking power of expression, leave their mark even upon lawyers who are primarily concerned with furthering a client's dubious wants.

The American judiciary has seldom been graced with the presence of a man who combines the talents of philosopher, poet, and lawyer. Lawyers, by their very training, tend to emphasize precedent and glorify the past, and judges who are merely lawyers often fail to relate the law to the life around them, and become a hindrance rather than an aid to social development. They tend, moreover, to write their archaic views in a stuffy and heavy style, not clear even to a profession well

initiated in abracadabra, and making an inexact science seem still more intangible. Thus darkness reigns, and the heavy hand of the past falls upon the laymen who are groping for light and progress. This can only be dispelled by judges who are able to see history and custom as a means rather than an end, who can relate past decisions to the needs of today and tomorrow, who see the law as the servant instead of the master of man, and who can make their views both clear and convincing.

In this latter and far rarer group, the name of Benjamin Nathan Cardozo shines forth. By his comprehensive and understanding approach to man's troubles, and by his philosophic awareness of the functions of a judge, he is able to bring order out of the confusion which attends the solution of litigants' claims. His philosophy is a practical one, as a judge's philosophy ought to be. Metaphysical subtleties and abstractions for their own sake have no place in it. It consists in looking at life in the large to find the guiding principle for the decision of the narrow problem before him; in appraising the merits of logic with a full awareness of its pitfalls; in seeing history as a liberating rather than a paralyzing force; in promoting symmetry and uniformity in the law only where such uniformity does not lead to unjust consequences; in a willingness to permit experimentation and change when the beaten path falls into decay. His eye is

ever on the social utility of a rule of law: if an ancient precedent blocks progress, it should be cast aside. If a narrow interpretation of a constitutional restriction blocks a legislative attempt to further the social welfare, it should not be tolerated.

Property has its place under the protecting wing of the law, but property can be justified only by the social functions it fulfills, and it must yield to regulation in the public good. Governmental oppression, however, whether of the person or of the mind, must not be allowed. It is a question in every case of balancing the interests involved in such a way that the spirit of justice and democracy will not be violated. Such, in brief, are the broad tenets of the philosophy of the man who put them into practise for eighteen years on the Court of Appeals, the highest court of New York State, during which time he succeeded in elevating that bench, in 1914 in the throes of a reactionary era, to its present high and leading position among the tribunals of the world.

He came to the Court of Appeals in 1914 by the same route that he came to the United States Supreme Court in 1932—by the path of pure merit, demanded and acclaimed by those in authority who saw in him the makings of the ideal judge. Twenty years of practise at the bar, spent largely in the higher realms of arguing complex law points in appellate courts, had convinced both Governor and judges of his fitness for the task. When a vacancy on the bench occurred, Governor Glynn asked the judges to name their choice. They unanimously requested Cardozo. And although Cardozo's only public office had been that of trial judge in New York City for a few weeks, although most Court of Appeals judges are recruited from the intermediate appeals court, the Appellate Division, he was given the appointment.

At the age of forty-four he started the judicial career which was to lead to high achievements. Politically a Democrat, he was elected by both Democrats and Republicans at the 1917 election for the regular term, and in 1926 judges who were both political opponents and his seniors in years of service stepped willingly aside so that Cardozo could be elevated to the position of Chief Judge. The son of Judge Albert Cardozo had come far. For both talent and character were needed to free the junior Cardozo from the stains which his father had placed upon him, especially in his profession of the law. When the young Cardozo was a small child, his father had been driven from the bench in New York City because of his misdeeds in giving judicial aid to the corrupt and ruthless practises of Boss Tweed and his Tammany henchmen. Fortunately, the boy inherited the ability of his father without his father's failings.

II

Though his whole life has been that of the law in its scholarly aspects, away from the rough and tumble of direct contact with quarreling litigants and witnesses, there is little that is academic or pedantic about him. Possessed of an intellect capable of piercing through a maze of facts to the heart of a problem, guiding a philosophic outlook in the channels of judicial usefulness, and expressing himself in moving phrases, he has been able to achieve results of statesmanship which could come to most judges, even social-minded judges, only after long years in the practical world of affairs. The cloistered scholar, looking at life from his ivory tower, becomes, through an inward grace all his own, a master-hand at controlling the practical affairs of life. It seldom happens.

Yet from the beginning Cardozo gave evidence of his superior aptitude. While still a student at Columbia University, of which institution he is now a trustee, he wrote, as was commonly acknowledged, the most powerful English of any student there. He was graduated with high honors; he mastered the study of such law as could be digested by the primitive law-school methods in vogue in the nineties. Shy and diffident as a young lawyer arguing his first case before the august Court of Appeals, he yet performed the job in such a way that the judges singled him out after the argument and congratulated him on his able presentation of the case. The way was paved for his steady rise to the heights that his talents merited. And his modesty went with him.

As a judge, Cardozo has had ample opportunity to mold the law to fit his conception of human needs. Whether the problem is one of private law, in which the rights and duties of individuals must be adjusted regardless of government, or one of public law, in which the hand of government guides the respective claims, it must be solved, if it is a problem at all, by the creative work of judges. The notion that judges do not make the law, but merely find the right precedent or statute to apply, is a mistaken one, and one that is readily exploded by a study of Judge Cardozo's decisions. Frequently no precedents exist, or if they do, they are faulty in the light of modern needs.

Consider the Buick case in 1916, in which Cardozo wrote an opinion revolutionizing the ancient law, causing a Federal court of appeals to change their own previous decision to the contrary, and stamping Cardozo as a creative jurist of the first rank. The purchaser of a defective automobile had sued the manufacturer to recover damages for injuries

sustained when the car collapsed. The purchaser had not bought the car directly from the manufacturer, however, but from a dealer. He had had no contractual relations with the Buick Company, and the company argued in defense of the suit that it was not liable to him, even though it had been careless in the making of this particular car. "Privity of contract" was claimed to be necessary to sustain the action, and the nearest precedent, the case of an English stage-coach years before, bore out the company's contention.

But Cardozo was not satisfied that justice would be achieved by adhering to this rule. It was unrelated to the needs of the modern day. The company had been negligent. It had set in motion a vehicle which, if improperly made, would cause damage to life and limb. It knew it would be used by the ultimate buyer and not by the intermediate dealer. Why should the dealer insulate the company and protect it from liability in the face of common sense? He held the company liable:

The maker of this car supplied it for the use of purchasers from the dealer. The dealer was indeed the one person of whom it might be said with some approach to certainty that by him the car would not be used. Yet the defendant would have us say that he was the one person whom it was under a legal duty to protect. The law does not lead us to so inconsequent a conclusion. Precedents drawn from the days of travel by stage-coach do not fit the conditions of travel today. The principle that the danger must be imminent does not change, but the things subject to the principle do change. They are whatever the needs of life in a developing civilization require them to be.

As precedent must yield to human needs, so too must extreme logic. Writing in "The Growth of the Law," the second of his three small but influential books analyzing the work of judges, he said:

Judges march at times to pitiless conclusions under the prod of a remorseless logic which is supposed to leave them no alternative. They deplore the sacrificial rite. They perform it, none the less, with averted gaze, convinced as they plunge the knife that they obey the bidding of their office. The victim is offered up to the gods of jurisprudence on the altar of regularity.

This was a direct reference to the spring-board case of 1921, in which Judge Cardozo cast the deciding vote against the application of such "remorseless logic," and in which he wrote the opinion of the court.

Along the banks of the Harlem River in the summer-time it was customary for boys to enjoy themselves. Someone had placed a diving-board in the rocks of the New York Central Railroad's right of way. A boy, poised for a dive on the end of the board, which extended out over the water, had been swept to his death by the falling of high-tension electric wires, carelessly attached to the company's near-by pole. When his family sued the railroad, the railroad argued that the boy was a mere trespasser on their property, and hence they owed no duty to him to be careful. They were liable only for an intentional injury to trespassers. And in one sense, the diving-board, a fixture in the rocks, was as much the company's "land" as the road-bed was. It was, in a deciding sense, the lower court held; the boy's mother could get no damages.

But Cardozo thought otherwise. Why concentrate on the private ownership of the board, and neglect the public ownership of the surrounding spaces of water and air? The boy was a bather in the public waters. Balanced on the tip of the board when disaster came, he was still as directly over the water as if he had been in a boat or on a vertical pole at that same spot. Why not take the realistic and the

obviously just view, instead of the narrow and artificially logical view? The company's duty of care in the storage of destructive forces was held to apply to this victim, and the suit for recovery was allowed.

III

In the two cases above, no statute existed. The judges made the law in one case and remade it in the other. But even where statutes must be applied and interpreted, there is plenty of room for constructive judicial energy. Suppose the New York death statute limits a recovery for wrongful death to an accident happening within the territorial confines of New York State. Suppose, then, a resident of New York, driving his car on business in Massachusetts, is run over by a negligently driven truck of the Standard Oil Company, and death follows. His wife cannot sue the company under the New York act. Can she, however, bring suit in New York under the Massachusetts death act?

Yes, said Cardozo, she can. She is entitled to recompense for the loss which another's carelessness has caused. She lives in New York and naturally brings suit in the local courts. Let her assert her rights under the statute of another State, as long as that statute does not violate the public policy of the local law. There is no such violation here; both States have adopted a system of rewarding dependents for the death of their family heads (a system unknown to the common law); and the fact that the New York legislature has been short-sighted in its statutory restrictions is a good reason to apply rather than refuse another statute which covers her plight. And such a decision not only achieves justice to the particular claimant, but it serves to promote comity and good-will between

States. Cardozo welcoming a Massachusetts law in the New York court is a spectacle to be applauded by people not concerned with the details of the highway crash here involved.

Now suppose a statute of great public benefit is ambiguous in its terms. The New York Workmen's Compensation Law, in its effort to protect the victims of industrial accidents during their period of disability, provides that "compensation or benefits due shall be exempt from all claims of creditors." Does this mean that a workman is protected from a forced assignment of his award only before it is paid to him, or does it protect him also after the money is in his possession? This question was raised when one creditor obtained a court order directing the payment to him of money which the State Industrial Commission had given to an injured laborer and which had been deposited in the latter's bank. "Compensation due," in the lower court's opinion, meant, strictly, compensation owing but yet unpaid. Hence a creditor could seize it the minute it was turned over. Judge Cardozo wasted no time in reversing this narrow construction of the statute and in upholding the right of the workman to keep his award:

So narrow a construction thwarts the purpose of the statute. The Workmen's Compensation Law was framed to supply an injured workman with a substitute for wages during the whole or at least a part of the term of disability. He was to be saved from becoming one of the derelicts of society, a fragment of human wreckage. He was to have enough to sustain him in a fashion measurably consistent with his former habits of life during the trying days of readjustment. The cost of such support becomes a charge upon the industry without regard to fault. Rehabilitation of the man, not payment of his ancient debts, is the theme of the statute, and its animating motive.

This broad and humane support of the idea underlying workmen's compensation is reflected in Cardozo's many decisions overthrowing the objection of employers that the injury recompensed did not "arise out of and in the course of the employment." If a workman is injured as the result of horseplay between fellow-workmen in the factory, he is entitled to an award. If a night watchman is shot by a policeman pursuing burglars, his dependents can win compensation, although the crime was not committed within the territory commonly covered by the watchman. If a mill superintendent is killed by a blow from an irate workman whom he has discharged, his family can recover under the act, although the fight took place outside the factory gate and after the close of the day's work. One unique case involved the commandeering of a car by a police officer who was chasing a fugitive. A collision ensued, and the chauffeur was killed. Cardozo held that he had not abandoned his employment and that his dependents were entitled to death benefits:

The duty goes back to the days of the hue and cry. . . . The horse has yielded to the motor car as an instrument of pursuit and flight. Still, as in the days of Edward I, the citizenry may be called upon to enforce the justice of the State, not faintly and with lagging steps, but honestly and bravely and with whatever implements and facilities are convenient and at hand.

Judge Cardozo has played an important part in the determination of criminal problems. He is not sentimental about evil-doers. His duty as an appellate judge is to see that the accused gets a fair trial, that his constitutional rights are not violated, that proper evidence is admitted, and that the trial judge charges the jury correctly on the law. When these demands are complied with, the complaints of crim-

inals who point to immaterial flaws in indictments and raise technical objections to the admission of testimony leave him unmoved. He voted in 1927 to send Ruth Snyder to the electric chair, as he voted in 1915 to electrocute police lieutenant Charles Becker. They had received a fair trial, and they deserved their fate. It is not for the judges to object to capital punishment, for that is a matter in the control of the legislature.

But that his innate humanity prevents him from relishing the law's exaction of an eye for an eye is seen in his moving speech in 1928 before the New York Academy of Medicine, wherein he pleaded for a greater coöperation between the two professions of law and medicine to the end that a scientific study of the criminal mind would serve to relate punishment more accurately to the needs of the individual offender:

I have faith that a century or less from now, our descendants will look back upon the penal system of today with the same surprise and horror that fill our minds when we are told that only about a century ago, one hundred and sixty crimes were visited under English law with the punishment of death, and that in 1801 a child of thirteen was hanged at Tyburn for the larceny of a spoon. . . .

Perhaps the whole business of the retention of the death penalty will seem to the next generation, as it seems to many even now, an anachronism too discordant to be suffered, mocking with grim reproach all our clamorous professions of the sanctity of life.

Sometimes convictions are obtained at too high a price. The third degree brutality of the police in extorting confessions will not be tolerated by Judge Cardozo. Physical violence, so abhorrent to the peaceful scholar, has frequently been the cause of a rebuke and a judgment ordering a new trial. And Cardozo appreciates

the complexities of human emotion which often move men to make themselves defendants in criminal courts. The Caruso case is a good example of this. There an illiterate Italian laborer had been convicted of murder for having stabbed the doctor whom he had summoned to attend his sick son. The doctor had injected a diphtheria anti-toxin into the boy, but the ignorant father thought the doctor's needle had killed him. In a helpless fury he attacked the doctor with a knife which did its deadly work. The jury, goaded by a zealous prosecutor, called it murder. But on appeal to Cardozo's court, the human factors were considered, the defendant's action was held to be due to sudden impulse rather than premeditation, and the case was sent back for a retrial for the lighter offense of manslaughter.

IV

If the legislature sees fit to make certain conduct criminal in violation of constitutional rights, Judge Cardozo is prompt to object. He has a high regard for the right of free speech, as his dissent in the case of Benjamin Gitlow attests. Gitlow had been convicted under the Criminal Anarchy Act (a reminder of the fear which gripped lawmakers after McKinley's assassination) for publishing an inflammatory pamphlet deriding the capitalistic system and glorifying the merits of a Communist régime. The tract produced no harmful results, no violence ensued because of it. Yet Gitlow's conviction and sentence were approved in 1922 by a majority of the high court judges who felt the publication was sufficiently criminal if it tended to arouse discontent with American institutions. Judge Cardozo, mindful of the origin and growth of those institutions and of the guarantees of personal liberty in the Bill

of Rights, heartily disagreed with this illiberal holding. Writing later in "The Paradoxes of Legal Science," he quoted with approval the statement of another philosopher, Baruch Spinoza, who, like his own ancestors, had been driven from Portugal by the Inquisition: "They are the true disturbers of the state who in a free commonwealth refuse that liberty of opinion which cannot be repressed."

His zeal for free thought is equalled by his readiness to aid all under dogs in their struggles against oppression and sharp practise. In several notable labor decisions he led the court in paving the way for a greater equality of bargaining between employers and employes. In marked contrast to the views of the United States Supreme Court are the New York decisions favoring non-violent activities of strikers, frowning on the "yellow dog" contract (now outlawed by a Federal statute overthrowing a Supreme Court decision), and lifting injunctions which the lower courts had laid against the use of boycotting language on pickets' placards, unaccompanied by criminal conduct.

As laboring men are protected by the law, so are people dependent upon others standing in a fiduciary relation to them, and so are wives left destitute by deserting husbands. A sensitive conscience and a high regard for moral values marks Cardozo's decisions in these matters. A trustee, having control of another's interests, must serve those interests without a thought of selfish gain at their expense. Partners, agents, and corporate directors, in their relation to beneficiaries, have

a duty to act in accordance with the highest standards which a man of the most delicate conscience and the nicest sense of honor might impose upon himself. In such cases, to enforce adherence to those standards becomes the duty of the judge.

So, too, a high level of personal conduct in the more intimate affairs of the home is demanded, and any breach or departure spells disaster. When technical objections were raised to allowing a wife to get money which an absconding husband had left in a bank, Judge Cardozo thrust them aside and ordered the bank to pay her. "The law does not stand upon punctilios if there is a starving wife at home." Confronted with many problems in domestic relations, this shy bachelor brings to their solution a sympathetic understanding of human frailty. He has a devout regard for family solidarity and the sanctity of the home, a sentimentality so often found in men of the Jewish race.

When Fannie Mirizio first brought her blighted romance to the attention of the judges, she was turned away. Her husband had promised her a religious wedding in the Catholic faith, but after the civil ceremony he failed to keep his word. Fannie then refused to live with him, and later sued for separation. A majority of the court (Cardozo not sitting) decided she was under a duty to live with her husband despite her religious scruples, and denied her plea. Thus instructed on the law, Fannie offered to rejoin her husband. This was five years after the trouble started, and the husband refused to take her back.

Fannie sued again, and Judge Cardozo led the court in granting her a decree of separation and support:

There are duties too for the deserted spouse as well as the deserter. One who is chargeable with fault contributing to the breach may not stand back indifferent, refusing the concessions to be expected of gentleness and honor. . . . No doubt the interval has been a long one between marriage and submission. But if the time has been long, the defendant could have made it short. There has never been a day in

all these years when he might not have had the plaintiff as his own if he had done what a man of honor and a gentleman should have been prompt and glad to do.

Cardozo's notable contributions in the important field of constitutional law have been marked by a democratic and enlightened viewpoint. At the time of his advent on the bench, the court was still suffering from public disapproval of the Ives decision, invalidating the Workmen's Compensation Law of 1910, the pioneer American law of its kind. Property was under the protection of judges who heeded the due process clause of the Federal Constitution; and the state's police power, the power to regulate private property for the public welfare, was in the discard. To Cardozo goes much of the credit for changing this judicial attitude and for setting up a new and progressive order.

When a new compensation law was enacted in 1914, it was promptly sustained. A law prohibiting night work for women in factories was sustained in the face of a prior decision of the Court of Appeals which annulled an identical statute. Overthrowing a holding of one's own court is an unusual event, but one accomplished frankly by judges who can be made to see that social needs demand a social-minded and flexible interpretation of constitutional limitations. Cardozo himself wrote a notable opinion in 1915 overruling another outworn decision and upholding the law which made transfers of merchandise in bulk fraudulent against creditors:

The needs of successive generations may make restrictions imperative today which were vain and capricious to the vision of times past. Back of this legislation, which to a majority of the judges who decided *Wright v. Hart* seemed arbitrary and purposeless, there must have been a real need. We can see this now, though it may have been obscure before.

V

From that early day to this, there is not a single instance of the Court of Appeals annulling social welfare legislation. The spirit of *laissez faire* is gone. Labor laws, zoning laws, laws for the arbitration of business disputes, emergency rent laws, laws requiring licenses of people in a position to work public oppression, such as real estate brokers, theatre-ticket brokers, and milk dealers, have all been sustained as worthy legislative efforts to further the general welfare. Cardozo's court even approved of the price-fixing feature of the theatre-ticket broker statute, in flat contradiction of the United States Supreme Court's view that price-fixing is taboo. And long after Cardozo had left the New York bench, his colleagues reflected the influence of his social thought by deciding, in a 1933 opinion, significant in connection with the constitutionality of the national recovery program, that the legislature was well within its power in setting up a Milk Control Board to fix the prices at which milk could be sold to consumers.

When the legislature passed a law which compelled 10% of the cattle owners in any district to submit their cattle to a tuberculin test whenever 90% agreed to it, Judge Cardozo wrote the opinion sustaining the law as a valid health measure, over the objection of a rambunctious individualist:

Small use would there be in stimulating the many within a township to a care of the public health, if one or a few wise-acres or obstructionists could make the labor vain. More and more, in its social engineering, the law is looking to coöperative effort by those within an industry as a force for social good. It is harnessing the power that is latent within groups as it is harnessing the power in wind and fall and stream.

And when the legislature turned its attention to the even greater affliction of city dwellers, by enacting the housing laws of 1920, to take care of the shortage of city roofs, Cardozo joined his fellows in upholding the law—even though the law, forbidding the ejection of tenants and fixing the rents to be charged, was a clear invasion of the landlords' property and contract rights. But the emergency justified the interference of government, just as the emergency of the present depression may justify the inroads of the N.R.A. At least, Cardozo's vote in the determination of that question may safely be predicted. A later legislature enacted a new tenement house law for New York City under the euphonious name of the Multiple Dwelling Act. This was objected to by landlords who did not care to go to the expense of providing the decent living conditions required; and it was objected to on the ground that the act was an interference with the right of the city authorities to control housing under the Home Rule provision of the State constitution. Cardozo met this contention with an answer that came from his heart:

The Multiple Dwelling Act is aimed at many evils, but most of all it is a measure to eradicate the slum. It seeks to bring about conditions whereby healthy children shall be born, and healthy men and women reared, in the dwellings of the great metropolis. To have such men and women is not a city concern merely. It is the concern of the whole State. Here is to be bred the citizenry with which the State must do its work in the years that are to come. The end to be achieved is more than the avoidance of pestilence or contagion. The end to be achieved is the quality of men and women. If the moral and physical fibre of its manhood and its womanhood is not a State concern, the question is, what is? Till now the voice of the courts has not faltered for an answer.

Probably the most significant of all Cardozo's opinions, in its revelation of his feeling for democracy, is his burning dissent in the soldiers' bonus case. He does not often dissent; because of his leadership he does not have to. Nor does he always approve of the actions of the legislature, for the legislature is not always concerned with matters of social justice. But here the legislature had passed an act giving a small bonus to war veterans, with the direct and overwhelming approval of the people themselves. The proposition had been submitted to the voters, who said yes by a vote of over two to one. And yet the majority of the judges saw fit to disregard this action, and they did it by a narrow construction of the State constitution. The constitution provided that no State funds should be given or loaned to individuals. But as Cardozo pointed out, the purpose of this provision was to prevent the hazarding of public money in aid of private business enterprise. It was not meant to prevent the reward of public servants:

I pass to the question whether the legislature might reasonably hold that men who in greatly serving had also greatly suffered, gained thereby a claim to reparation for their suffering. I mean, of course, a claim in justice or equity or morals or honor. Great achievement and great sacrifice have been meagrely rewarded. The perils of battle, the hardships of camp and trench, may be poorly paid at any price; few will assert that they are recompensed at the rate of a dollar a day.

We err when we envisage the soldier's relation to the government in the category of contract. Contract in the true sense there is none, but service conscripted by the sovereign, and even though not conscripted, rewarded at its will. That is why payment of the wage does not always satisfy the conscience that there has been payment of the debt. The constitution does not silence these mutterings of spiritual

disquiet when sacrifice unevenly distributed oppresses those who profit by it with the sense of a burden undischarged. . . .

The public credit is not pledged by the legislature alone. The pledge is invalid unless ratified by the vote of the electors. I find little opportunity here for the charlatan or the cheat. Something more than a bizarre and shadowy pretense, some service stirring the deep currents of public gratitude and loyalty, will be needed before these protecting dykes and dams are overcome and flooded.

VI

Justice Holmes resigned from the Supreme Court in January, 1932. President Hoover, under the pressure of public and professional opinion, and under the more direct insistence of New York's humanitarian Senator, Robert F. Wagner, appointed Judge Cardozo to fill his place. In doing so, as Zechariah Chafee says, he "ignored geography and made history." For both the South and the West had legitimate claims to the appointment, and New York State already had two judges on the high court, Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Stone. Cardozo took his seat on March 14, 1932, and immediately proceeded to carry out the promise of his eighteen years' work on the New York bench.

The first case in which he took part found him aligned with a minority of four (with Brandeis, Stone, and Roberts) in dissent from an opinion which held that no Federal income tax could be levied on a private oil company which had leased part of the Oklahoma lands that had been dedicated to public school purposes. The State received, for its school fund, a share of the company's royalties. To the majority of the judges, this made the lands an instrumentality of the State government which could not be taxed by the Federal

government. But to Cardozo, the lands were operated by a private company for its private gain, and its income should be subject to tax. The spectacle of business interests escaping governmental toll altogether is not one to be applauded by a democratic and liberal judge.

The liberal judges are not always in the minority in the present line-up of the court. It usually depends on which side of the particular case Hughes and Roberts happen to be on. Cardozo wrote a notable opinion in the Texas Negro vote case, heading a bare majority over the heated dissent of the Tennessee fundamentalist, McReynolds. There a Texas statute had empowered the State Executive Committee of the Democratic Party to prescribe the qualifications of voters at the party primaries. The committee, of course, disqualified all Negroes. Cardozo held that the committee was as much an agent of the State government as the legislature itself, and that this official State action was a direct violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, protecting the Negro in the exercise of his political rights. Judge Cardozo wrote the opinion of a four to two majority refusing to vacate the packers' consent decree of 1920, wherein the packers (Swift & Company, *et al.*) were forbidden to deal in foodstuffs not related to the meat industry. The court was convinced that the old ruthless methods of driving weaker competitors out of business, violating the spirit of the Sherman Act, still prevailed.

Size and past aggressions induced the fear in 1920 that the defendants, if permitted to deal in groceries, would drive their rivals to the wall. Size and past aggressions leave the fear unmoved today.

When judges in the District of Columbia trial courts objected to having their

salaries reduced, the Supreme Court, in an opinion by the arch-conservative, Sutherland, upheld their contention. They were Federal judges, protected by the constitutional fiat that the salaries of Federal jurists should not be diminished during their term of office. Cardozo was one of three dissenters, pointing out that the District of Columbia was a unique territory, that its judges performed functions analogous to State judges, that they, like other men and affairs in the District, were solely under the control of Congress, and Congress could reduce their pay if it saw fit. The majesty of office should bow before the people's needs.

With Brandeis and Stone, Cardozo dissented in the Florida chain-store case. The Florida legislature had taxed chain-stores by grading the tax in accordance with the number of stores found in the various counties. To a majority of the judges this was an arbitrary and unreasonable classification. But to Judge Cardozo the crossing of county lines in the effort to expand business and deal with new communities furnished a perfectly valid basis for taxation. Once again, business must yield to regulation in the public good, and legis-

lators must not be unduly hampered by property-conscious judges.

The American people may well be proud of Justice Holmes's successor. Like his predecessor, he is a great judge because he brings to bear upon a judge's work the mental equipment to probe depths beyond the reach of lesser men. Both are essentially realists. Both know that the mighty power of a Supreme Court judge is wielded best when wielded to promote rather than destroy the social experiments performed in the legislative laboratories of State and nation. Both know the worth of the Bill of Rights in the hands of judges alert against governmental oppression. But Holmes's Olympian aloofness from the affairs of man is foreign to Cardozo. The strain of high idealism which Justice Holmes displayed only in defense of free thought runs through Cardozo's every opinion.

And it is this human warmth and color which may bring the United States Supreme Court, in the years that are to come, to a position of leadership in democratic thought, even as it brought the New York Court of Appeals to the same high and welcome standing.

I SELL BLOOD

BY CHARLES V. NEMO

TO ME the most horrible thing about selling blood is the long, tedious wait for a call. Neither the physical pain of the operation nor the mental anguish at this sort of existence approaches in intensity the maddening suspense of sitting, hour after hour, beside a telephone, day after day, waiting for it to ring. The instrument became a coiled rattlesnake to me; fascinated, I waited for it to strike.

When I was giving blood for the Donor Bureau the waits were nightmares. Especially since, lacking a 'phone where I was staying, I had been forced to give the number of a booth at the Y. M. C. A. Every morning before nine I would dash the six blocks from my room to the Y and arrive there breathless, fearful that I was late, and had missed the call. The donor is required to take the message personally, and is summarily dropped from the list if he is not at the 'phone during the hours he has given. For a man who has been stalling his landlady for weeks, praying for a call, that would be economic suicide.

The vicious thing about this system was that I had no inkling as to when I would be called. Once it occurred the day after I had been passed by the doctor; another time it was three weeks late, and when it finally came I was a fit subject for the psychopathic ward.

Of course, at Clark's I had a vague idea as to when my turn would come by my position on the list he kept posted. But the three days I spent there before I was

sent on my first call were far from enjoyable.

I became an inmate of Lou Clark's establishment about six months after I began to sell blood. Clark's was then the last stronghold of the old-time professional donors, men who had been selling blood ever since the perfection of the direct transfusion created a demand for it. Most of them sold blood for the same reasons many women become prostitutes; it was the easiest way to live, one which called for no intelligence, experience, training, or expenditure of energy, yet gave them freedom from the exacting drudgery of eight hours a day, six days a week. A slight stab in the arm, fifteen minutes of discomfort, and they earned fifty dollars.

The depression, however, brought into existence a new generation of donors, a host of unemployed, desperate men forced to sell their blood because it was the only way left to them to earn an honest dollar. I was one of these.

When I joined the blood fraternity the old lax days of unrestricted bloodletting were past. A paternal Board of Health had stepped in and was enforcing regulations guarding the physical condition of the donor as well as the frequency with which he might give transfusions. It was high time; by 1930 there were more than 1500 professional donors registered in New York City alone.

I first heard of Clark's at the Donor Bureau, the largest blood agents in New

York, where six months previously I had been inducted into the mysteries of the profession. Lou Clark had already achieved the stature of a Paul Bunyan among donors. No one knows how many transfusions he has given, how many gallons of blood have been sucked from his veins. Incredible feats are attributed to him: eleven transfusions in one month; three within twenty-four hours; a single donation of three pints. There are many more such stories, all apparently well authenticated. A little more far-sighted than the rest, he had graduated from the ranks, and with the aid of his wife was now running a small agency in Brooklyn, supplying donors to local hospitals. It was said, too, that he had devious ways of getting around the Board of Health restrictions, that one might get several calls a month if one could be trusted to keep mum.

So I went to see him. His office, in the basement of a respectable brownstone building, had the appearance of a well-ordered doctor's reception room. Clark himself was nothing like the picture I had of him. Big and beefy, with a manner faintly reminiscent of the medical profession, he leaned back in his swivel chair, picking his teeth with a yellow pencil, which he removed just long enough to question me as to my motives for leaving the Bureau.

I told him that in ten weeks I had made exactly \$45. There were so many men on the list that I sometimes had to wait three weeks for a call, in addition to the customary month's rest between cases. My landlady, however, a very impatient soul, refused to wait. He nodded sympathetically, and examined my Board of Health book, a folder resembling a passport and containing the record of my examinations, blood tests, and transfusions.

"Most my donors live right here on the premises," he said. "It makes it kinda easy to get them when I need them in a hurry." He paused, and, as I nodded, continued: "I guess we can give you a room for about five dollars a week. If you fall behind, we'll carry you over until your next case."

I told him that would be all right.

"I get 20%, you know," he added casually.

I was a little startled at this; the Donor Bureau took only 10% of my fee as their commission. However, I decided that it would be worth the extra charge if I could get a call more often, so we shook hands on the bargain.

II

The next morning I moved my belongings into Clark's de luxe rooming-house. His wife, a plump, pleasant woman, showed me to my room. It was even smaller than the cheap one I had occupied in Manhattan, and furnished with ascetic simplicity—a bed, small table, and stiff wooden chair. The bath-room, which I shared with five others, was at the end of the hall.

Mrs. Clark brought in my towels, and turned back the covers of the bed to show me how clean it was. I had been told that she, too, used to give blood in the old days. She was very friendly, and informed me that I need not hesitate to ask her for anything I wanted. "We are all just one big family here, you know," she said, smiling sweetly, and closing the door, left me with that Pollyanna thought. I learned later that she had an eye for young men, when Lou wasn't around.

After unpacking I went downstairs to the "reading-room" where Mrs. Clark had told me I would find the rest of her roomers. Seven or eight men were there, play-

ing cards or checkers. They barely glanced at me as I entered; one of them, however, reading a paper in the corner, looked up and nodded.

The room, long and narrow, adjoined the office, and in the first proud days of this old house had evidently been a hall. Under the new régime, a number of chairs lining the walls, an old decrepit sofa with easy chair to match, and two unwieldy Grand Rapids tables littered with magazines transformed it into a salon of sorts. Large steel engravings in heavy gilt frames, featuring "The Stag at Bay", "The Breaking of Home Ties", and other cheerful subjects enlivened the walls. The room was badly ventilated, a small window at the rear letting out on the court.

While I was surveying this lavish lay-out Clark walked in, and the men, looking up from their games, greeted him. Suddenly it struck me how much this place resembled an old-time whore-house. Instead of selling our bodies, we sold blood. It amused me to reflect what a fine madame the corpulent Clark would make, especially if, as the old adage had it, a madame is generally a retired harlot.

He caught my eye and nodded to the door. When we were in his office he asked if I had any money. I had several dollars, but thinking an advance would make him more anxious to send me out on a call, I said no. He pulled a card from a cubbyhole in the desk and handed it to me. It was a meal ticket.

"This is good at the Greek's, on the corner," he said. "You can pay for it when you get your call. By the way, you'd better go over to Proctor's Hospital before five o'clock and get a physical exam. Ask for Dr. Johns. I guess I forgot to tell you about that. You gotta get an exam before each transfusion, just like you did at the Bureau. There's a dollar charge for it."

That was not so good. At the Bureau the commission included free clinic. Lou was playing the game for all it was worth. First a 20% commission, then five dollars a week for a room; he was certainly getting a rake-off on those meal tickets, and now, to top it off, he was charging me a dollar clinic fee.

I was about to protest, but he went on persuasively, "I know you didn't have to pay that at the Bureau, but they've got their own doctors, and I haven't. You'll find we treat you better, anyway. For one thing, you won't have to wait so long between calls."

"How about the Board of Health book?" I asked. The date of examination and transfusions are noted there.

"Oh, there are ways of getting around that," he said, winking. "Leave it to me. Just get your O. K. from the doctor." He turned back to his desk.

That same afternoon I went to Proctor's. A technician in the laboratory took my blood count, and after the most cursory of examinations the doctor okayed my book. I later learned that he was an interne, and received a meagre monthly fee from Clark for these examinations.

On my return I showed Lou my book. "All right," he said, "just sit around; I'll get you out as soon as I can. We're pretty busy in your group now."

I went back to the "reading-room." The same men seemed to be in precisely the same positions that I had left them in that morning. My friend behind the newspaper nodded to me again, so after glancing through the pile of magazines and selecting one I sat down beside him.

"You're new here, aren't you?" he asked, dropping his paper. I nodded. He was short, heavy-set, about forty, I guessed quickly.

"Been givin' long?"

"About six months," I replied.

He grinned. "I been at it nine years. Take a look at that," rolling up his left sleeve. His arm, at the elbow, was pock-marked with little white dots, hundreds of them, one crowding the other. "They have a pretty tough time getting into that vein now," he said almost proudly. "I kin remember when Lou an' me an' a coupla others was the only ones in the racket." He sighed reminiscently. "Them was the good days. We often got as much as a hundred a pint. An' tips!" He leaned over, becoming confidential. "One time I gave 800 to some rich old guy. After it was over he took a ring off his finger an' gave it to me. 'This is for you,' he says, 'an' thanks.' Ya coulda knocked me over. It was a big sparkler, too. I took it to a hock shop, an' got fifty bucks on it."

I asked him what had happened to it. He grinned sheepishly. "Lost it in a crap game." He told me about some other cases he'd been called on, one of them up in Connecticut. After the transfusion they asked him what he usually was paid. "I was takin' all I could get," he said, nudging me. "So I told them that depended on the hospital. I guessed a hundred was about right. They gave me two fifties, two twenties, an' a five. An' when I got to the desk to sign the release, the woman's husband was there, makin' a payment, I guess. He shook hands, an' thanked me. 'This is for you,' he says, shovin' a little envelope in my hand. When I got outside and opened it, there was twenty bucks in it. Not bad for a day's work, eh?"

I agreed with him.

"Them was the days you could make money," he said. He would have talked all night if I hadn't said I was hungry.

"You goin' down to the Greek's?" he asked. I nodded. "Wait a minute, and I'll go with you."

While waiting for him I studied the faces of the five or six men in the room. All were much older than I; none under thirty, certainly, and three looked closer to forty. It was a warm day, and they had their coats off and shirt sleeves rolled up. I noticed tattoos on the arms of two of them. Shipping had been pretty slow the past two years. Most of the others looked alike to me, professional donors, old hands at the game. Nothing like the line-up for clinic at the Bureau, where you would find an artist, an engineer, and a number of college students, besides the general run of out-of-work fellows, like myself.

My new friend came down the stairs and said to one of the checker players, "If Lou wants me, I'm at the Greasy Spoon."

As we walked down the street together I asked casually, "What do you do for a living, usually?"

He grinned sardonically, and I suddenly felt very foolish. "The same as you, I guess," he said.

That held me until we got to the corner. "Here we are," he said. "By the way, my name's Collins. They call me Joe." I told him mine, and we solemnly shook hands before pushing open the door of the coffee-pot.

The food wasn't bad for that sort of place, tasteless, but warm. The coffee, though, was bitter, loaded with chicory. Joe kept up a heavy line of kidding with the frowzy blonde behind the counter; joked about a date some night.

"Sure," she said, "I need some new blood around, for a change." She laughed, and looked at me as if I should have enjoyed the joke too, so I grinned. Joe introduced me, and she shook her head sympathetically. "Another bleeder, eh?"

After the Greek behind the cash register had halted the process of cleaning his nails long enough to punch our meal tick-

ets, and we were walking back, Joe said: "Ya don't wanta take Helen serious. She kids a lot." I wondered if he ever thought about the business.

Back at the house Joe got into a conversation with someone else, and when one of the checker players quit I slid in and played a couple of games, just to kill time. Clark came in, picking his teeth, and watched a short while, then went back to the rear of the house, where he and his wife lived.

It was getting dark, and some one turned on the lights. I decided to go for a short walk before turning in, so, nodding to Joe, who was talking rings around his helpless companion, I strolled out.

When I got back a penny-ante game was in full swing, with nine men participating, and about seven looking on. In one corner a foursome was playing pinocle. I decided that Lou Clark's establishment must consist of about thirty donors in all. The game was getting pretty hot by the time I went to bed, and the limit had been raised to a dime. I thought I understood why Lou's donors were generally in debt to him.

III

The long wait started the next day. The way Lou worked, in theory, at least, was to list his donors on four sheets of paper, according to the blood-group to which they belonged. The top man was given the first call out. Sometimes he was not around, and if it was an emergency anyone in his group might be sent. I learned, too, that Clark often saved choice cases for favorites.

Donors are divided into four groups, according to blood type. There are three systems of classification in general use: the International, Jansky, and Moss systems.

The first is a letter system, the other two are number systems. Thus I belong to Group O, International, or Group I, Jansky, or Group IV, Moss. The last system is the most popular in this country, and it was according to this that we were listed at Clark's, although our books give all three.

Group IV (Moss) donors are known as "universal," since their blood, in an emergency, is suitable for transfusion to recipients in any group, whereas the intermingling of other groups is dangerous and may result in death for the patient. As there is more demand for donors of this type, I didn't have to wait as long for a call as some of the others.

At Clark's life moved in an easy orbit. Most of the men arose about ten o'clock. Between that hour and eleven the Greek's had the appearance of a donors' convention. Swinging open the door any morning one might hear the shout, "two on the blood special," the Greek, in a jocular mood, having so designated the hotcakes and sausages which were in great demand by the brotherhood. No one seemed to object.

They usually spent the day playing checkers, or cribbage, or listening to the ball game on the radio. There were four men who, day after day, sat at the same table every afternoon and evening playing pinocle for ten cents a hundred. Occasionally one of them would be out on a call, and they would recruit another player, or play three-handed, but I do not recollect one day during the entire time I was at Clark's that this game, fascinating in its regularity, failed to materialize.

Evenings were passed playing poker, listening to the radio, or taking in an occasional movie. Few of the men spent much time outside the house.

One could get liquor from a speakeasy

around the corner, and there was generally a bottle about. It was an ironclad rule, however, that no one with liquor on his breath might answer a call. Clark did not wish to discredit himself with the authorities in the hospitals. But that did not prevent him from getting a cut from the bootlegger on every bottle sold to his donors. Indeed, you could get a certain amount on tick, and have it charged up to your next call.

For a long time I was the object of universal suspicion. A newcomer, the old-timers resented me as a representative of those "temporary donors" who were encroaching upon their business. After several months, however, they loosened up, and gradually accepted me as a protégé of Collins's. I learned to know them well, and like them. They were generous, open-handed, genuinely unaffected. If they did not suspect you were pumping them they would tell you all about themselves with the naïveté of children, pleased to be able to talk about something that interested you. They lived in a little world of their own, cut off from the rest except when their professional duties took them out, and seemed quite satisfied with this sort of existence. There were but three themes that ran through their entire conversation: themselves, women, and blood. They hated the Bureau, which they regarded as a force for the regimentation of the profession, much as they had hated and rebelled against organized society, which had attempted to regulate their lives in the world outside.

IV

After three days of waiting I finally was sent on a case at County Hospital. I remember this case particularly because it was an example of that sort of inefficient

bungling and carelessness that I have found to be characteristic of municipal hospitals. Without a single exception transfusions in private hospitals have been quicker, less painful, more efficient, and more considerate of the donor than in those operated by the city. There is less experimentation in the operating-room; internes are not permitted to practice on the donor.

I had a premonition while I was washing up beside the doctors who were to perform the operation. They were both young internes, and apparently had never before made a transfusion. They questioned me minutely about the number of cases I had been to, the reasons that led me to sell blood, my usual occupation, and so forth, evincing all the unhealthy curiosity of a young novice about to embark on his first adventure with a prostitute.

Under the supervision of an elderly surgeon, they were to use the apparatus known as the "modified Unger," a single glass tube holding twenty cubic centimeters, to which is attached a suction plunger. A thumb-screw at the top is manipulated to direct the flow of blood. The tube has two outlets; as the plunger is drawn out the suction draws the blood from the donor, until the tube is full. The thumb-screw is reversed, and the plunger, as it is pushed in, forces the stream into the vein of the recipient. Attached to each outlet is a length of rubber tubing, tipped with a needle $1\frac{1}{3}$ inches long, a thin one for the recipient, a somewhat thicker one for the donor.

The most difficult part of the operation lies in introducing the needle into the vein. The arm must be grasped firmly, the needle pointed toward the heart and introduced in a slantwise fashion, so that it penetrates the vein, but does not pierce the other side. As the wall of the vein is

quite hard, a little pressure is necessary to insert the needle.

As soon as the apparatus had been clamped to the board upon which our arms—mine and the patient's—rested, one of the internes adjusted the tourniquet about my arm, and, without waiting for his colleague, began probing for the vein. Although my veins are superficial, it took him three attempts to find one with the needle, and then he found difficulty in penetrating the wall. The attending surgeon advised him to use a little pressure. He did, and broke through the other side. He tried another vein, with a like result. The surgeon was furious, and the nervous interne could not reach the new vein. After four more attempts he finally succeeded.

Meanwhile the other interne had discovered that the recipient, a boy of about seventeen, had well-concealed veins, and he was forced to cut away the flesh to expose one. After twenty minutes of laborious scraping he was finally ready to introduce the needle. In his clumsy efforts to escape the censure that had befallen his companion he, too, pierced the vein, and was forced to begin again.

During all this time I lay there, a needle in my arm, blood seeping away from the punctures and staining the sheets. A local anesthetic prevented me from feeling pain, but my arm, constricted by the tourniquet for more than an hour, throbbed and felt numb. The interne, too, held the needle at an angle that bruised the vein.

At last all was ready, and the other needle in place, when it was discovered that air was entering into the apparatus, and they took time out to change the rubber tubing. The supervising surgeon paced back and forth, disgusted with the clumsiness of the sweating internes, and the patient began to moan. Suddenly one

of the nurses pointed out that my doctor, in his anxiety to avoid piercing the vein, had not inserted the needle sufficiently far, and it had slipped out, thus permitting the air to filter in. Throwing up his hands in despair, the surgeon walked out of the room as the interne punctured my arm several more times.

Before the transfusion was completed I had been on the table about two hours for a simple operation that should have taken no more than fifteen minutes. They used only a pint of my blood, but I sat up to discover the sheets a scarlet welter; I had lost so much blood, in addition to that which was transfused, that it had penetrated the outer sheets and stained the white hospital garments I wore beneath.

My arm was a mass of punctures from shoulder to wrist. I later counted thirteen separate and distinct cuts. Where the veins had been pierced blood welled in beneath the skin and produced discolored swellings. The anesthetic was beginning to wear off, and my arm throbbed with pain.

My interne informed me that this hospital had discontinued the well-established custom of giving the donor several ounces of prescription whiskey after a transfusion. During the entire operation I had not once protested, but this was the last straw, and in no uncertain terms I declared myself. So they invited me to their rooms, where they proceeded to get me thoroughly drunk on personal liquor as a tacit apology for the orgy of carving. We parted friends, although my arm, sheathed in bandages from shoulder to wrist, was so stiff and sore that I could not bear to touch it for days afterwards.

Lou collected \$45 for the transfusion (city hospitals got a special rate on a pint), and after taking his cut, deducting a month's rent, and paying for the meal ticket, handed me exactly \$11. Half of that

immediately went for another meal ticket, and within a week I was again completely broke.

I took it easy for a couple of days, just sat around the house and talked to Collins, who was still waiting for a call. I learned a lot about blood-giving in the old days from him. One day I asked him how many transfusions he had given altogether. He leaned over, impressively. "You know," he said, almost in awe, "I've been keeping track of them, ever since I first started. The next one will make 297."

I was startled. Two hundred and ninety-seven times this man's veins had been pierced. If he gave a pint of blood each time, in nine years he had given almost 150 quarts. I could visualize 37 brimming gallons of blood, all in a row, and shuddered, but he did not notice, and continued talking. Blood, blood, blood, that was all he talked about. Somewhat nauseated, I made some excuse and escaped into the open air, to walk down my growing horror of this vampirish business.

V

Collins, according to his story, was one of the first professional donors in this country. He had begun giving blood in Detroit for Dr. Brines, nationally noted for his experiments with direct transfusion. Back and forth across this country the man had drifted, working occasionally, but generally finding some place where he could sell blood, and so make a living. He had given blood in Chicago, in Los Angeles, in San Francisco, and then came east to Baltimore. Donors at the Johns Hopkins are limited to a quart a year, so he moved on to Philadelphia, where there was a shortage of donors after the police force became tired of being heroes for a day by volunteering blood.

"When I first came to New York the town was wide open for donors," he told me. "There was just a few professionals, though some of the hospital orderlies picked up a few dollars on the side. These were the happy hunting grounds then. I could pick up four cases a month easy. Why, I was registered at half a dozen hospitals, under a different name in each place, an' gave blood for all of them. That was before the Bureau."

He dated the evil days the profession had fallen into with the advent of the Donor Bureau in 1928, and felt keenly the unfairness of a system that permitted a middleman to take part of a donor's fee every time he gave blood.

"Blood money, that's what it is," he would say heatedly, "blood money, taken from suckers like us. We give the blood, and they get a cut. Why, it's got so we can't sell blood without cutting in some agent." Clark, of course, always came in for his share of these tirades.

It was from Collins that I found out how that impresario of blood evaded the Board of Health regulations. It seems that he had a number of extra books on hand, each issued under a different name, with a blank space for the photograph, which he inserted at need. Another method was to use ink eradicator, or tear pages from the book so that it would be impossible to discover how recently the donor had given his last transfusion.

The last method was the one he put into use when, two weeks after my first call, I was given another, also for 500 cubic centimeters. In three months I had received seven calls, all but one of them for the customary pint. A little ink-eradicator, and presto—my book showed no trace of a previous transfusion.

One case was especially lucrative. A prominent official was seriously ill, and I

was required to remain at the hospital day and night, prepared to give a transfusion at any hour. When the operation was finally made it failed to save the man's life. I was paid ten dollars a day for the six days I had waited, in addition to the usual price for the transfusion. I had to give Clark his usual 20%, of the entire sum although I did not feel he was entitled to any of the money I had earned waiting.

It was soon after this that I learned that the dollar clinic fee was a graft that was usually exacted only from newcomers. Collins put me wise to that, and after a heated argument Clark agreed to exempt me from its payment.

Thus life went on for six months in the Clark ménage. Most of the days were spent in the stuffy sitting room waiting for a call. For diversion there was the occasional card game, or a movie. My savings were practically nil, since I had been forced to buy clothes that winter, in addition to the usual expenses. We were in the middle of the depression, and after a few abortive attempts at a job I gave it up as futile, and resigned myself to making a living from my blood.

VI

One day in February we entered the lobby to find a notice on the bulletin board advising us of a meeting that evening in the "reading-room." This was rather unusual, and excited a great deal of speculation. Especially since Clark was not about to solve the riddle.

The room was filled with donors when Clark entered, carrying a handful of printed leaflets. Without a word he distributed them to us. They had been put up by the Donor Bureau, and contained instructions to donors. Most of us had seen them before, and wondered what the

game was. We found out soon enough. On the last page was a new schedule of rates. The first statement read: "The donor will be paid at the rate of \$7 per hundred cubic centimeters." (The old rate at the Bureau was \$9.) Followed this table:

200 c.c. or less.....	\$14.00
250 c.c.....	17.50
300 c.c.....	21.00
360 c.c.....	25.20
400 c.c.....	28.00
450 c.c.....	31.50
500 c.c.....	35.00, etc.

A hush spread over the room, then a number of angry voices broke out demanding: "How d'ya get that way?"

"Well," said Clark, wearily, "I got nothing to do with it. Blame the Bureau."

"How much are you getting out of it?" came a chorus of voices.

Clark faced them squarely. "The same as the Donor Bureau now," he said, "six dollars a call, regardless of amount of blood taken."

There was a roar of protest at this. The donors were taking a cut, the hospitals were saving money, but the Donor Bureau was getting a larger fee than before. Where, under the old schedule, the donor received a minimum of \$25 for a half pint or less, under the new he could get as little as \$14, while the agent was assured of \$6, or 30% of the entire fee. The donor took a cut of \$10 a pint, but the Bureau gained a dollar by this new rate, and the percentage rose in its favor as the amount the donor received decreased. Even at Clark's, with his 20% deducted, we had received \$40 a pint.

The agent tried to make himself heard over the tumult. As far as he was concerned this meant a loss to him. He had been getting \$10 a pint in commissions; only a small percentage of his cases had brought him less than \$6, which was all

he would get henceforth, even for a pint. Most of the donors declared then and there that they would refuse to give blood if the rates were lowered. Clark shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

There was no card-playing that evening. Groups of angry donors dominated the room. Resentment against the Donor Bureau flared up. First, by cutting their fees to 10% when other agents were getting twice that, the Bureau had driven the others to the wall. Now that they had a stranglehold on the blood business, they lowered donors' fees, but raised their percentage at the same time.

"Vampires, that's what they are," Collins shouted, "livin' off our blood."

Serious as it was, they laughed and named him and several others to go to the Board of Health the next day and protest against the new rates.

The committee never got anywhere near the Commissioner. A secretary put them off with promises of investigation. The papers next day carried stories of hospital orderlies striking and refusing to accept the new rates, but the Donor Bureau supplied donors in their place, and that was that.

As far as I was concerned, this was all the impetus I needed. I had become sick of the business, anyway. The next morning I packed my bags and settled accounts with Clark, who had vainly attempted to dissuade us from leaving. Most of the others were going, too.

I found Collins awaiting me on the

steps outside, and, bags in hand, we walked down the street together. "What are you goin' to do, Slim?" he asked.

"I'm tired of the racket," I told him. "I'm going to make another stab at a real job. Where you bound for?"

"Guess I'll go down to Philly," he said. "I useta be sweet on a woman who runs a boardin' house there, an' I guess she'll put me up a while. Why don't you come with me?"

I hesitated a moment. There was exactly \$15 in my pocket, and I had no idea where more was coming from when that was gone. But it was a nice brisk day, and the sun was shining, and the air felt fine in my lungs.

"Thanks a lot, Joe," I said warmly, extending my hand, "but I'm through with the racket."

"Well," said he, shaking hands, "maybe you're right. Good luck, Slim." We separated at the corner.

I suddenly felt very sentimental about Lou Clark's house, and the six months I had spent there, and turned to take a last look. A youngish fellow with a newspaper under his arm brushed by me. I recalled that Clark had placed an ad in the "help wanted" sections of the papers—"Blood donors, strong healthy men, 160 lbs. or over, to give blood, \$7 per hundred ccs."—and watched the man go down the street, peering at the numbers on the houses, then disappear into Lou Clark's. Smiling to myself, I picked up my bags and headed for the subway to Manhattan.

AMENDING THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION

BY HOWARD LEE McBAIN

WITHIN the calendar year 1933 two amendments were added to the Constitution of the United States. One of these abolished "lame duck" Congresses by changing the dates of the convening of Congress and of the inauguration of the President; the second repealed national Prohibition. The event of amending the Constitution—never a common experience—is not without special significance at this time. For since last March 4 our politico-economic structure has been undergoing swift, novel, and radical changes. Already the old Constitution finds itself groaning with the strain of stretching its terms to meet the new order. It may well be that at no distant date other amendments may have to be proposed to square the letter of the Constitution with already existing or coming events. It seems worthwhile, therefore, to take a new look at an old subject—the process by which the Constitution may be formally amended.

For a long time the difficulty of the amending process has been the subject of criticism. As everyone knows, an amendment must be proposed by a two-thirds vote of the members of each house of Congress—not two-thirds of the total membership, but of the members present at the time the vote is taken. Thereafter the proposal must be ratified by the legislatures or by conventions in three-fourths of the States as one or the other mode of ratification may be determined by Con-

gress. This sounds formidable. It is. But what most people do not appear to know is that if history be taken as our guide, its formidableness consists in the two-thirds vote of the houses of Congress rather than in the extraordinary majority of the States that is required for ratification.

Literally hundreds of amendments have been introduced into one or the other or both houses of Congress. A few of them have run the gauntlet of one house but not of the other. Only twenty-six in all have run the gauntlet of both, and twelve of these were proposed at one time by the first Congress that assembled after the Constitution went into effect. Since 1789, therefore, a period of 145 years, only fourteen proposed amendments have passed the two houses of Congress, and three of these were of Civil War origin. It is thus evident that the big hurdle for amendments is the two-thirds vote. The difficulty that inheres in the ratifying process does not appear to have had any inhibiting effect upon Congress. Indeed, the contrary is probably true, since on doubtful proposals Congress would more readily pass the buck to the States, knowing how easily any proposal can be defeated by the action or inaction of a few of them.

I wonder, for example, how many members of the last Congress, in spite of the apparent mandate of the election of November, 1932, voted to support the Prohibition repeal amendment with the covert

thought and hope that it would have difficult sledding in at least the minimum thirteen States that could have prevented its ratification. Certainly few people thought in early 1933 that it would sweep the States as it did.

To emphasize the obstacle of the two-thirds vote is not, of course, to minimize the obstacle of ratification in three-fourths of the States. It is impossible to say how large this latter obstacle would have proved had Congress been more prolific with proposals. Yet the fate which proposed amendments have met at the hands of the States is not without interest. Of the twenty-six amendments proposed by Congress only five have failed of ratification. Two of these were among the original twelve amendments submitted in 1789. Both were inconsequential, one relating to the apportionment of representatives and the other to the compensation of members of Congress.

Likewise inconsequential was a proposed amendment of 1810 relating to titles of nobility. The fourth amendment which failed of ratification was one which on the very threshold of the Civil War sought to prohibit the abolition of slavery. The war killed its consideration. The fifth and last instance of failure to ratify was the child labor amendment proposed in 1924. It thus appears that only two amendments of any importance were ever defeated by the States, and one of these was a futile attempt to stem the tide of abolition at the peak of its flow.

Moreover, the States have usually acted with rapidity, especially when it is considered that few State legislatures meet annually and that they do not convene at any uniform time. The first ten amendments were under consideration by the States for less than two years. The eleventh, relating to suits against the

States, required nearly four years for its adoption. The twelfth, dealing with the matter of electing the President and Vice-President, was ratified in nine months. The thirteenth, abolishing slavery, in ten months. The fourteenth, designed to protect the Negroes, in two years. The fifteenth, giving Negroes the right to vote, in one year. The sixteenth, authorizing income taxes, in three and a half years. The seventeenth, providing popular election of United States Senators, in one year. The famous eighteenth, in thirteen months. The nineteenth, providing woman suffrage, in fourteen months. The twentieth, abolishing "lame duck" Congresses, in one year. The twenty-first, repealing the eighteenth, holds the record of ratification in eight months, despite the fact that the procedure calling for ratification by State conventions required action not only by State legislatures but also by the voters and lastly by the elected conventions.

Another point of interest in this connection is that no proposed amendment has ever been positively turned down by one-fourth or more of the States. On the contrary, the necessary three-fourths have simply failed to ratify. Defeat has come by inaction rather than action. Theoretically, the five unratified amendments are still before the States for their approval. Indeed, it may happen that revived interest in the subject of child labor may yet result in the ratification of that amendment, though this appears unlikely.

The rapidity with which most proposed amendments have been ratified by the States, thus indicating wide approval, is in itself perhaps a commentary on the reluctance of Congress to submit amendments. Consider the facts in respect of those which have been ratified in the last twenty years. The Federal income tax amendment proposed in 1909 had been actively agi-

tated ever since the Supreme Court in 1895 had put the stamp of invalidity upon that form of taxation by Congress. For fourteen years Congress failed to propose the necessary amendment. Popular election of United States Senators had been urged for a generation or more and two-thirds of the House of Representatives had more than once approved a proposal to that end before the Senate finally yielded to public pressure in 1912. Indeed, a national constitutional convention was threatened if the Senate continued its obstinacy.

While the Prohibition amendment and the woman suffrage amendment were not many years actually on the tapis before they were swept into the Constitution, it must be remembered that both propositions were unquestionably accelerated by the World War, and that support for them had been gathering strength by the steadily increasing roster of States that had adopted them as State policies. The evil of the "lame duck" Congress, curable only by process of amendment, had been the subject of popular complaint and demand for reform over a very long period of time. The repeal of national Prohibition, though it had advocates for a decade or more, was agitated as a serious possibility for a shorter period of time than was any other amendment of the modern era. Probably never before in our history was there such a swift change of popular sentiment on a contentious public issue. The very Congress that proposed it would not have dreamed of proposing it a year earlier than it did.

Before 1913 commentators had for a long time been saying that the Constitution of the United States was for practical purposes unamendable. History seemed to bear them out. In that year, however, the ratification of the income tax amendment broke the spell of inertia and proved the

falseness of their criticism. Advocates of other amendments were heartened, and, as we have seen, five such were added in the next score of years. It seems clear nevertheless that, except in the event of some wide and sudden wave of public opinion, as in the case of sentiment for Prohibition repeal, it requires years of agitation and effort and apparently large popular demand to squeeze a proposal for amendment through the halls of Congress. This was true even of the child labor amendment, which to date has been defeated by the inaction of a sufficient number of States, perhaps proving thereby that public support was not as strong and general as many had supposed.

II

Should the amending process be made easier? The question might be and has in fact often been phrased thus: Should the amending process be democratized? The answer depends upon a larger number of considerations than are commonly advanced.

It is child's play to cite extreme figures of possibilities in denunciation of the present process. One-third plus one of the Senators can block any proposal to amend the Constitution. This would be thirty-three out of the ninety-six Senators, provided every Senator were present and voted. If these thirty-three chanced to be from the most sparsely settled States, they might represent only about 7% of the population of the Union. That is a ridiculously low representative percentage in which to vest such powers of obstruction.

But the fact is that Senators do not combine to vote on constitutional amendments in accordance with the census reports from their respective States. I suppose one might conceive of a proposed amendment in

which the weight of the small States would be marshaled in opposition, but it would be highly exceptional in character. Despite the fact that the smaller States are much over-weighted in the United States Senate, some of the most conservative and reactionary of our Senators have come out of them. This goes to prove, if proof were necessary, that relative population figures are not a definitive factor in votes on constitutional amendments. In the election and the viewpoint of Senators sectional interests unquestionably play a part, but the comparative population of the several States has little relation to this except that most of the smaller States are predominately agricultural, Delaware and Rhode Island being conspicuous exceptions. In the votes of Senators numbers of dollars are sometimes more controlling than numbers of heads—by which I do not mean to imply bribery or corruption but merely an economic bent.

In the requirement of a two-thirds vote in the House of Representatives little complaint can be made of population inequalities since State quotas in the House are based on population. But the fact is that a two-thirds vote is difficult to get on any important matter in any non-homogeneous assembly. And certainly our houses of Congress, whatever the appearances and fictions of our two-party system, are sufficiently heterogeneous in character.

The answer to the question whether the two-thirds requirement should be reduced, say, to an ordinary majority appears to depend upon one's opinion as to how quickly responsive the Constitution should be to popular views of the moment. I can think of a lot of foolish amendments that have been introduced into Congress which luckily never got through.

In considering any proposal to ease the amending process it may be well to recall

an historical fact or two. For example, from the era of Jacksonian democracy the doctrine impregnated our political philosophy for many years that a government was democratic in proportion to the number of officials that were chosen by popular vote. This doctrine, as applied, drove our State and local governments not only into administrative chaos but also into the almost unbreakable grip of machine politics. While it held sway amendment after amendment was introduced in one or the other house of Congress providing for the popular election of members of the President's Cabinet, of United States judges, and of a variety of Federal local officers, such as postmasters, district attorneys, customs officers, etc. Fortunately, the Federal government was saved this catastrophe and probably was saved by reason of the difficulty of the two-thirds vote. The appointive system has undoubted evils, but popular election would have been unthinkable worse. Ultimately the States and cities were impelled to retrace their steps in this matter.

Or to go back no further than 1912, Colonel Roosevelt apparently would at that time, if he could, have put through an amendment for the recall of judicial decisions, than which nothing could have been sillier, though no doubt the agitation on this whole subject of the recall of judicial decisions and of judges was wholesome in directing the attention of a good many judges to the seriousness of their public trust, and to the fact that the changing spirit of the times would not brook a too rigid Bourbonism on their part.

While I can recall these and other examples of foolish proposals that were forestalled, I cannot, on the other hand, think of any amendment which, having enlisted genuine and widespread interest and support, and having sustained that interest

and support over a number of years, has been finally stifled by Congress. It is all a question of time. As matters now stand, a proposal for amendment cannot ordinarily be got through Congress unless a lot of people have done a lot of hard work in its behalf through a long number of years. If the requirement for proposal were reduced from a two-thirds to an ordinary majority this work would probably be lessened and the time shortened. For example, the Eighteenth Amendment was voted favorably by a majority of the House of Representatives as early as 1914; it mustered two-thirds only in 1918, in the midst of our participation in the war.

III

There are two points, however, that ought to be noted in connection with the consideration of any proposal to change in this respect the method by which the Constitution may be amended. In a country as large and diversified as is the United States the formation of positive public opinion on a national scale is difficult. The result is the formation of high-powered propaganda groups which in actual membership represent a small minority of the people. In our politics we are accustomed to the pressure of such groups. Their activities are widely denounced, especially, of course, by those who are opposed to their particular policies.

The Anti-Saloon League is probably the best example in recent history. The Women's Suffrage organization, of a wholly different character, was another. The wets have repeatedly declared that the Anti-Saloon League represented a minority of the people, even at the high point of its influence. Whether this was true or not it would be impossible to prove. Certainly there were large numbers of per-

sons who adhered to belief in national Prohibition, whatever their relation to the League. The point is, however, that to reduce the majority required for the proposal of a constitutional amendment would manifestly increase the power of these fighting organizations. That should be recognized.

The second point to be observed is one that very few people appear to know. It is that the difficulty of the amending process seems often to have little to do with the number of amendments that actually triumph under it. This could be illustrated by reference to the actual practice of amendment under certain European constitutions. But we need go no further for illustration than our own States. A majority of the State constitutions require a two-thirds or three-fifths vote of the two houses of the legislature for the submission of an amendment to a vote of the people. Louisiana and Utah are two of these States. Contrast the results. The constitution of the former has been amended considerably over a hundred times in the twenty years of its existence. The constitution of the latter has been amended less than twenty times in the nearly forty years of its existence. The constitutions of about one-fourth of the States require that proposals before submission to the people shall be passed by two successive legislatures. New York and Iowa are in this group. The constitution of the former has been amended thirty-odd times in the nearly forty years of its existence; that of the latter fewer than a score of times in a period of seventy-five years.

Though these figures are by no means conclusive, they at least illustrate that there are factors of importance other than the difficulty of amendment that determine the frequency of amendment. If we

look only at the mathematics of the process, a two-thirds majority ought to be as easy to secure in Washington as in Baton Rouge. But it has not been. Nor would it be certain that the requirement of a simple majority in Congress would result in a marked increase in the number of amendments proposed. Votes are often cast in Congress, as elsewhere, in the light of results that are known or closely guessed in advance of roll calls. The affirmative vote of a member under a two-thirds requirement might easily, in certain circumstances, become a negative vote under a bare majority requirement.

Let us look now at the requirement of ratification by the States. In spite of the fact that the States have failed to ratify only five of the twenty-six amendments that have been submitted to them by Congress, here again it is easy to cite extreme possibilities. One-fourth plus one of the States, that is, thirteen, can by mere inaction defeat any proposed amendment. If these thirteen States be those having the smallest populations, this means that fewer than 5% of the people of the country can defeat any proposed amendment. That seems absurdly small. Its possibility was greatly and naturally feared by those who promoted the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. But the point may again be made that it would have to be a very exceptional amendment that would unite in opposition only the smallest States in the Union.

Even so, in the last analysis both the proposal and the ratification of amendments is based upon an equality of the States, for each State has two Senators and each State has one ratifying vote. Considering the vast inequalities among the States in the matter of population as well as differences in economic and social interests, this extraordinary ratifying major-

ity is certainly open to grave criticism. Ratification by a majority of the States containing a majority of the people would seem to be sufficient. But one has to attack the existing plan largely on grounds of theory, for the reason that there has been so little actual opposition in practice. The three-fourths vote has usually not been difficult to obtain, because proposals have seldom come out of Congress until the country as a whole has been thoroughly worked up to receive them.

IV

In one most important respect democratization of the ratifying process has at length been achieved. The Prohibition repeal amendment was submitted not to State legislatures but to conventions elected in the several States for the sole and specific purpose of passing upon the proposal. This in effect amounted to a referendum to the people of the several States, though not, of course, a referendum to the people of the country as a unit. The vote was still by States. The referendum resulted from the fact that these conventions in the nature of things could not be deliberative assemblies. They could be nothing more than rubber stamps of the voters' will.

There was nothing to debate. National Prohibition had been discussed so freely and furiously throughout its short and inglorious existence that practically every numskull in the land was either for or against it. In most of the States the entire convention was elected on a Statewide ticket, there being a set of wet candidates and a set of dry candidates. The voters could scarcely have had the proposition put before them in a more direct "yes or no" fashion.

While this plan of submission to State

conventions was before Congress a host of objections were raised: The State legislatures might not make provision for the call of conventions. Governors might not call special sessions for this purpose. The plan would be expensive. It would delay the whole procedure. As usual, also, the legalists found grave difficulties: There were no precedents except the State conventions that ratified the original Constitution back in 1787-88. Did the Constitution authorize or require that Congress prescribe the time, place, manner, and all the other paraphernalia of procedure by which these conventions should be brought into being? Or were all these matters left by the Constitution to the determination of the State legislatures?

Such were some of the bogies that raised their heads. They were definitely answered by swift-falling facts. Congress left all these matters to the State legislatures. Governors called State legislatures in special session where that was necessary. State legislatures provided for the call of conventions. Except for a very few matters, including the nomination of candidates, the ordinary election machinery of the State was employed. The voters voted and the conventions rubber-stamped. Precedents were established and a good many questions were answered, for the most part most sensibly.

It may well be that the dries will attempt to upset the amendment by raising technical points in regard to ratification in this or that State. Of this the wets cannot complain. Certainly they raised every conceivable and a number of inconceivable points against the Eighteenth Amend-

ment. But if they attempt this the dries are as doomed to failure as were the wets. There is not a chance in the world that the Twenty-first Amendment will be upset by the Supreme Court because of the manner of its adoption.

More important than that, it is scarcely to be believed that, having once tried this method of ratification with undreamed of success, Congress will ever again resort to the method of proposing that an amendment be ratified by submission to State legislatures. The evils of that method, whatever the virtues of its practical simplicity, have so often been pointed out that they no longer call for comment. I think we may now regard that method as one of the dead letters of the Constitution. In highly significant degree, therefore, the amending process has been democratized.

There remains only the possible abolition of the two-thirds vote in the Senate and the House and the even more desirable provision that ratification shall require a vote of a majority of the people of the country as a whole as well as a majority in a majority of the States. The latter requirement would probably be advisable not only as a sop to State equality but also because of the preponderant concentration of population in certain of the larger industrial States. Such a change can be brought about only by amending the amending article itself, which has often been proposed. If it is ever accomplished, the useless conventions should doubtless be dispensed with and the respective powers of Congress and the State legislatures over the conduct of such referenda should be clarified in the newly phrased article.

SPORT IN MINIATURE

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

LAST year there were sold in the United States alone twenty million bats, or as the table-tennis nuts prefer to call them, paddles. That makes approximately one for every six inhabitants. Did you get yours?

If not, there must be something wrong. Because everyone is playing the game. College boys in gymnasiums and fraternity houses, taxi drivers in Broadway pool parlors during their spare moments, families in the cellar behind the new oil heater, even the movie colony at Hollywood is competing earnestly and feverishly. Today it is one of America's major sports.

But the interesting thing about Ping-Pong (Reg. by Parker Bros. in U. S. Patent Office) is not its infernal ubiquity, but the fact that today the game is nothing more or less than American sport in miniature. A typical and delightful example of our genius for seizing an amusing pastime, popularizing it, selling it to the sporting millions, organizing it, over-organizing it, and finally turning it from a game which a few ordinary people enjoy playing, into a first class racket.

A racket? Yes, certainly, like football, baseball, golf, tennis, and other high grade American sports, Ping-Pong (Reg. in U. S. Patent Office by Parker Bros.) is a racket today. With absolutely everything that a really modern up-to-date sporting racket should have, including an Association (the American Ping-Pong Association), a national championship with a

broadcast of the final rounds, champions male and female, an authoritative ranking list, a magazine—as usual, “the official organ of the Association”—a Rules Committee, which will doubtless soon succeed in making the game as unintelligible as inter-collegiate football, and all the impedimenta which seem to attach themselves to athletics in this land. Including, of course, our old friend the amateur-professional question, for it is hinted that more than one of the celebrities of the game is “assisted” in his efforts to promote good clean sport.

Originated by a London sporting goods dealer named Hamley in the late nineties, it was a quiet pastime, a sort of fad for parlors like mah jong or backgammon during many years. Following the war came a revival of the sport abroad. The thing grew rapidly; probably because of the poisonous climate it was a good game for winter both in England and on the continent; tournaments and championships were held, and one meeting was conducted in the Crystal Palace outside London with hundreds of entrants. But the thing did not catch hold here for some years, and it was not until 1925 or 1926 that it began to be played much in this country, due possibly to the fact that Parker Brothers of Salem, Mass., games manufacturers, had bought the American copyright to the name. Controlling the sole right to make and sell equipment, they had managed to keep prices at such

a level that it was an expensive proposition for the individual.

Sport in miniature. Watch it grow. Already, you observe, Big Business is creeping in. Over a long period of years the Parker Brothers spent considerable sums in promoting the game, and when the turn came and the sport grew out of the fad class, they naturally enough felt they were entitled to some of the rewards. But in order to get the rewards they could hardly afford to sell tables at a price that would put them within reach of the homeowner in the suburb, and this so irked some of our younger citizens along the lower East Side of Manhattan, who lacked means to purchase official tables at over \$40 apiece, that they began to manufacture their own equipment and went ahead as best they could. Before long these youngsters from the Y's and Boys Clubs along the East Side were so good that they were trimming everyone. When the first national championship was held back in 1930 it attracted 360 entries, and an outsider from the East Side Boys Club, Marcus Schussheim by name, was the winner.

II

By this time the game had become a real American sporting racket. If there are shamateur athletes in golf, tennis, and the bigger sports, so they are to be found in Ping-Pong. (Reg. in U. S. Patent Office by Parker Bros.) Yes, it is sport in miniature. Charges and counter-charges flew back and forth. On one side you are told that the champions tried to hold the manufacturers up for cash; on the other hand you are informed that they demanded he use their equipment. Who is right is hard to say, nor does it make any particular difference. Whatever the reason,

or wherever the right lay, the actual result was that the East Side Boys Clubs and the various Y's throughout Manhattan began turning out champions in mass production. Before long an entirely new association was formed, called the New York Table Tennis Association, using outlaw equipment made by other firms. Today there is a bitter war on between the two bodies, families are divided and the best of friends won't speak to each other.

Yes, it's all pretty funny. Each gang plays precisely the same game, in exactly the same way, under what are really the identical rules, with everything alike except the name. Let me explain. If you play Ping-Pong (Reg. by Parker Bros. in U. S. Patent Office) you must use a Parker table, serve with a Parker paddle, and play with an official—which means a Parker—ball. If you don't you play table tennis. Or maybe it's Table Tennis. Now, is that clear? No? Very well, then, put it another way: if you use Parker Brothers equipment you are playing, whether you meant to or not, Ping-Pong. (Reg. by Parker Bros. in U. S. Patent Office.) So that in a contest in which both opponents used Parker Brothers paddles, they would be playing Ping-Pong. (And I'll ask you to take the rest of it for granted from now on.) Whereas if neither players used Parker Brothers paddles they would be playing Table Tennis. If one did and the other didn't, they would be playing . . . well, I don't know exactly, figure this one out for yourself.

Imagine this. It was the Parker Brothers who donated the Parker Cup for Intercity competition between New York and Chicago, and also the Parker Brothers who generously gave another trophy named curiously enough the Parker Cup, mere coincidence that, for the national championships. Before long there will probably

be a Parker Cup for international competition along the lines of the Davis Cup, with every nation in the world coming to grips over the little green tables. (Parker Brothers, of course). Then alas we can no longer call it sport in miniature.

Naturally you will appreciate that it is Ping-Pong (etc.) which shelters, so to speak, the highbrows of the art. None other than the distinguished Sidney Lenz himself is President of the American Ping-Pong Association, a well deserved honor incidentally, for he is a crack at this young man's game. Bill Tilden, whose name used to be in the papers years ago in connection with literary efforts, Ellie Vines, another writer of repute, Frank Hunter, Vinnie Richards, and Lester Stoeften are all adepts. Fred Perry, the Young Londoner so inconsiderate as to take our national tennis championship back to London with him last fall, captured the world table tennis title in Budapest in 1929 by defeating a Hungarian with an unspellable name.

Frank Shields, Sidney Wood, and several members of the Davis Cup team, are first-class players, although as a rule tennis stars do not excel at the game because their wrists are not flexible enough. Bobby Jones, Chick Evans, Johnny Lehman, Harry Cooper are famous golfing stars who enjoy Ping-Pong (etc.), while among the real he-men who play are Fritz Chrisler, coach of the Princeton eleven, Harry Kipke of Michigan, and A. A. Stagg. Babe Ruth, Charlie Root of the Cubs, and Micky Cochrane of the Athletics are baseball stars who play, while Johnny Weismuller, Maureen Orcutt, and Granny Rice are top-notch experts. Harold Lloyd is chairman of the Pacific Coast Ping-Pong Association, which includes Ginger Rogers, Conrad Nagel, Fay Wray, Nancy Carroll, Lew Ayres, and Howard Deitz.

It would be nice to be able to enumerate

an equally imposing list of big shots who enjoy Table Tennis, but this is impossible. Its cohorts, being recruited mostly from the East Side of Manhattan and the South Side of Chicago, are named Bernbaum, Schiff, Schussheim, and Lipschitz.

The Table Tennis crowd lack neither playing ability nor energy, and at present the United States Table Tennis Association is in process of gestation, with branches in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. The Ping-Pong (etc.) crowd, being older and possibly more experienced, are already well organized and consolidating their position. The rivalry between the two camps is intense, and if authority, prestige, and financial support are in the Ping-Pong (etc.) camp, the Table Tennis gang can hardly be said to miss many opportunities.

Last winter the bright minds of the crowd went to Gimbel's and sold them on the idea of staging a National Tennis Championship, with admission charged, prizes, and all the rest of it. The tournament actually turned out to be a success, with a large gallery present every evening of the week, although they were competing with a big stamp show under the same roof. Naturally it was not long before the other bunch got to work, and the Metropolitan Ping-Pong (etc.) championships were held in the grand manner in the ballroom of the hotel New Yorker. All would have been well had not a ringer crept in. This person, in the shape of Sol Schiff, a red-haired lad of fourteen from the East Side Boys Club, practically stole the show.

However, he had his troubles. Observe how far we are getting from anything resembling sport, and how the thing degenerates more and more into a racket. Before many rounds the sponsors of the tournament discovered that an enemy was in their midst, and decided to make quick

work of the invader. One of their experts was drawn against him, and this gentleman in serving managed to dent the ball so that it fell flat without bouncing. For most of the first game, to the intense amusement of the audience, Sol was swiping the air.

At last, however, he realized what was up, proceeded to emulate his adversary's methods, and catching up on a 4-14 lead went on to win the game and match to the cheers of his enthusiastic partisans. His later victory in the finals did not cause those who had sponsored the tournament to jump up and down with joy.

III

Today Ping-Pong (etc.) is a real American game. Sport in miniature. All the usual sporting clinchés are used by its devotees, all the current banalities regarding its beneficent effect upon the health, manners, and morals of mankind are dragged forth, all the inanities which our athletics seem inevitably to attract are poured out upon it. Ping-Pong (etc.) is "character building," it is "scientific," it is a "fine, vigorous form of exercise." Now its sponsors are frantically engaged in proving that it is no prissy sport; but strenuous athletics requiring the physique of Tunney and the stamina of Tilden.

Your crack player carries around as many paddles as a tennis champion does racquets, and although paddles are still made of sand paper pasted on wood as in the good old days, the kind most favored are those of pebbly rubber which enables cut and spin to be administered to the ball. In Ping-Pong there is no regulation about the size of the paddle, nor about the ball except that it must be the "Official Association Ping-Pong Ball, so branded."

The table in both games is the same

size, nine feet by five, made of five-ply wood. In Table Tennis the rules state it must be thirty inches above the floor, and each game specifies a sixty-six-inch net. The Ping-Pong (etc.) crowd are content with the official ball; not so the Table Tennis outfit, who demand that the weight of the ball range from 2-25th to 2-27th of an ounce, and that it yield a bounce of eight to nine inches when dropped from a height of twelve inches. The football rules committee could hardly better hair-splitting of this kind.

The scoring is the same in both sports: twenty-one points constitute a game, and in championship matches the best of five games prevails. If both players make twenty points the one winning two points in succession is victorious. Doubles as well as singles is played, curiously in the former each man on a side must hit the ball in turn.

This involves getting off one's partner's feet and demands the same qualities necessary to go from Wall Street to the Grand Central Station during the evening rush hour.

Estimates—not from the commercial sponsors, needless to say—are that five millions play the two games in this country alone. There are millions playing abroad, and the Japanese Ping-Pong Association has over 200,000 registered members. In this country there are tournaments all winter in every big city. Recently the Chicago *American* started a novice competition which attracted over a thousand entries.

As a game it is displacing pool and billiards, and in some parlors they have removed the rim from billiard tables to adapt them for table tennis. Coleman Clark, who was national singles champion in 1932, is authority for the statement that the sport is played in attics, hotels, roof

gardens, playgrounds, Y's, ocean liners, clubs, office buildings, porches, cellars, homes, and speakeasies. Wind spoils the flight of the ball and as a rule important tournaments are held indoors in halls, armories, or places where there are no drafts and where there is ample room behind the tables for the crack player to manipulate his shots.

Indeed, Yoshio Fushimi, the Japanese star, stands ten to fifteen feet back of the playing surface.

The crack realizes that only a clean life, conscientious training, and attention to business will bring him to the top, so he concentrates upon the game with the devotion of a Bobby Jones or a Tilden. He won't play with anything but his own particular bat that he carries around in a mahogany press. This bat he usually protects further by a specially constructed leather case.

In his own house or club he probably also has a newly invented doohickey which looks like a small butterfly net on the end of a three-foot stick. This enables him to pick up the elusive bouncing celluloid ball from the floor without that continuous stooping and fumbling under the table which renders the sport so exasperating to us rabbits.

What is the main difference between ourselves and the cracks? Well, the cracks as a rule stand well back of the table, whereas the dub stands close up and scoops every shot on the half volley. Placed well to the rear of the table the champion returns the hardest hit drives with a chop, or a topspin stroke in which he hits over the ball, thus causing it to rise and drop in the opposing court. The dub has one service, seldom effective; the crack has three or four all made with spin, a twist or a bounce which leaves the average player fanning the air.

IV

If you don't believe a championship Ping-Pong tournament is a serious affair, listen to Mr. Clark, who lost twelve pounds in the 1932 meeting in which he emerged victorious after a terrific fight:

I think I have had my share of thrills. One could scarcely drive a Ford ambulance up and down the battle front for fifteen months during the World War without feeling a thrill or two along his spinal column. Be that as it may, I shall recall as long as I live the delicious buzzing in my ears on the night of April 16, 1932, as my Interfraternity Club teammates swarmed over the barricades in the magnificent grand ballroom of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, formed a circle about me and sang as they never sang before, the inspiring University of Illinois song which opens with the refrain "Hail to the Orange." Nor shall I soon forget how proud I felt as stately George Swinerton Parker, donor of the Parker Cup, perpetual symbol of ping-pong supremacy, presented it to me with a gracious speech. Sidney Lenz was there, too, clasping my hand in his friendly way. Then there was Conrad Nagel, Nancy Carroll, Johnny Weismuller and a sea of smiling faces. Flashlights boomed, little boys pushed ping-pong balls under my nose to autograph, and everything was pink. It was hard to believe that I had won ping-pong's highest award, the National Championship of the United States.

Mr. Clark is thirty-five years old, a graduate of the University of Chicago, where he was a member of the football and basketball teams, and has won more major ping-pong championships than any other person.

Nowadays a national championship is an affair which demands work and preparation months in advance. Tournament committees, publicity committees, and other committees function weeks before the great moment arrives. The 1932 cham-

pionships in the Waldorf attracted several thousand spectators every night of the week, all space about the tables was jammed, and the boxes crowded with on-lookers in evening clothes. On the floor were fourteen tables in two parallel rows of seven, a high net separating the two lines, a number over each table, and a number on the back of every contestant in order that they might be identified.

As in the Davis Cup matches, every contest was properly umpired, while the Parker Cup, perpetual symbol and so forth, was high on a raised platform at one end of the room where the referee and his assistants sat in state. And in their newly pressed evening clothes. Round about the corridors was exactly the same feverish atmosphere that is to be found surrounding an international golf or tennis championship, except that the location was a grand palace hotel instead of a stadium at

Forest Hills or a green plain outside Garden City.

Nowadays a big tournament will not only clear expenses, but leave a nice little balance over for the treasury of the Association. In fact, says Mr. Clark, on the opening of the 1933 championships held at the Palmer House, Chicago, they actually had more paid admissions than on the first afternoon of one of the major tennis championships at West Side. This notwithstanding the fact that the ping-pong tournament began on the day of the bank holiday last March. Like its older brothers, Ping-Pong (etc.) is now Big Business, and likely to become more so. Look for news of it this winter in the press. Step by step you can trace its development from the unpretentious thing our fathers knew forty years ago; from a pastime to a craze, an athletic contest, a business, and finally a racket. American sport in miniature.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Metallurgy

WHAT CAN WE DO WITH MUSCLE SHOALS?

BY RICHARD HOADLEY TINGLEY

SENATOR Norris is nothing if not persistent. For years he pestered Congress with his bill to take Muscle Shoals out of the doldrums of inactivity and to put it on a profitable working basis under government control. The bill finally passed both houses of Congress; and then President Hoover vetoed it. But Mr. Norris did not despair. He bided his time. Though a Republican, he came out strongly for President Roosevelt in 1932, and as a reward his bill is now on the statute books, and the government is pledged to the ownership and operation of the huge Tennessee River power project.

But what is the government going to do with it? Mr. Roosevelt doesn't know. Neither does Senator Norris. Nobody seems to know. Some critics have called Muscle Shoals a "white elephant"; but is it? The people of Utah think not.

There is an ultimate power capacity at Muscle Shoals, including the Wilson Dam and the whole Tennessee River development, of nearly 3,000,000,000 kilowatt hours annually. Of the eighteen power units to be installed at the Wilson Dam there are eight in place ready to operate. These eight, working at full time, can generate about 1,700,000,000 kilowatt hours of energy a year. The cost of these eight units, exclusive of navigation locks, has been nearly \$50,000,000. All the eighteen units, exclusive of navigation locks, have

approximately 3,800,000,000 kilowatt hours of energy annually. The ultimate cost of the entire project will probably be in excess of \$125,000,000.

But how are the aforementioned eight units to be set to work at once? And what about the other ten? Utah has come forward with an answer to both questions.

The answer is alunite.

According to Bulletin 620 K of the United States Geological Survey, pure alunite is a volcanic substance containing 37% aluminum oxide, the base of commercial aluminum, 21% sulfate of potash, the base of potash fertilizer, 38.6% sulfuric acid, and smaller amounts of caustic potash, potash alum, soda alum, ammonia alum, alundum, and other commercially valuable substances.

But let us go back to Utah. In the Tushar Mountains of Marysville, some 200 miles south of Salt Lake City, there are between 20 and 30,000,000 tons of pure alunite, the only deposit of any considerable size in the world. It is valued at from \$500,000,000 to \$600,000,000.

The people of Utah have petitioned President Roosevelt that he authorize the use of the existing units of power at Muscle Shoals for reducing alunite to its component parts. They are willing to ship a thousand tons of the substance from Utah to Muscle Shoals for try-out purposes, without expense to the government except mining and transportation costs. The petition has been signed by many men and associations of prominence in Utah: the Salt Lake City Chamber of

Commerce, the Marysville Town Board, the Piute and Sevier County Commissioners, the Sixth District Judge and District Attorney, the Association of Civic Clubs of ten counties, Secretary of War Dern, and Representative Abe Murdock.

These people assert that the government will thus be able to produce potash fertilizer in our own land in competition with that produced in foreign lands; that, for the first time, it will be able to make aluminum from a source other than bauxite, a large proportion of which now has to be imported; and that as a result it will be in a position to give employment to thousands of men at the mines and at Muscle Shoals.

During the war and after, Piute, Sevier, and Beaver counties and the region around Marysville prospered as they had never prospered before or since. Hundreds of men were engaged in mining alunite to supply the demand for fertilizer potash that had previously been imported from Germany. The war over, Germany again began sending in its potash duty free. The Tushar could not compete with Germany under these conditions, so they shut down and turned their attention to aluminum. The government held an umbrella over the heads of the Germans while they did what they pleased with the local potash market.

The government did more to hurt American business. It held a whole store-full of umbrellas over the heads of the producers of aluminum from bauxite—largely a foreign product—and the bauxite-sat tight and smug while the alunite mine owners wore out their shoes and impoverished themselves trying to raise capital to produce alunite aluminum in competition with the Aluminum Trust.

The reason for the government's strange benevolence was obvious. The "best secre-

tary of the treasury since Alexander Hamilton" was in Washington all that time; and the Aluminum Trust's sole reliance for its aluminum is bauxite. Mr. Mellon did a good job. He succeeded, by devious means, in completely throttling alunite competition. He and his engineers know the value of the alunite in the Tushar Mountains—know it better, perhaps, than the owners themselves—and would be glad to see it removed from the ranks of a potential competitor by owning it themselves. They have openly boasted that, by applying the starvation method, the properties will eventually fall into their hands by way of the sheriff's office. Utah people know this. They and many well-informed metallurgists all over the county look upon this enormous mountain of ore as "the biggest undeveloped mining district in the world, held back and smothered by the protection afforded by those umbrellas."

Now, happily, there is another secretary of the treasury in Washington who owns no bauxite properties. Now there is an attorney-general in Washington who has no love for Andy Mellon and his Trust and says so out loud.

Henry Ford knows many things about Muscle Shoals, alunite aluminum, and potash. Ten or twelve years ago he made a bid for Muscle Shoals. He said he wanted it to supply the farmers with cheap potash and cheap power. He said nothing for publication about aluminum. Mr. Ford will probably not tell you why he suddenly withdrew his bid of \$5,000,000. Few people know. The flivver manufacturer was negotiating an agreement with some of the Tushar mine owners to buy alunite in immense quantities, transport it to Muscle Shoals where, with the aid of the huge electrical power, he could make all the aluminum he needed for his own uses and so be rid of the

Aluminum Trust. Something happened and since then cheap aluminum has been delivered regularly at the Ford plants. Ford got what he wanted. Why bother with Muscle Shoals and alunite?

The Marysvale alunite is practically pure. As I have already said, it is the only large body of pure alunite known to metallurgists. It can be reduced to its component elements with a loss of but 13% in weight. When treated for its aluminum content the potash comes out as a by-product at practically no additional cost. When treated for its potash content the aluminum oxide comes out as a by-product at almost no extra cost whatever. Aluminum thus can be produced more cheaply than it costs to produce it from bauxite, and potash can be produced more cheaply than it costs to get it from Germany. The government has another advantage in treating alunite at Muscle Shoals: in a few hours it can switch the plant and machinery employed to the making of sodium nitrates for high explosives—the original war-time purpose of the development.

In working the Tushar mines rich veins of gold and silver are generally encountered, ranging from \$5 to \$40 a ton. Before the war miners were engaged in digging gold and silver in the Marysvale mountains. They ran across a strange pinkish substance; they did not know what it was, but the assayers at Salt Lake City found

it to be alunite. After the war boom and collapse in potash, the mine owners started to exploit alunite for aluminum, and here their troubles began. They immediately ran afoul of those umbrellas. Every metallurgical engineer consulted agreed that the alunite would, in the end, yield a greater profit when worked for aluminum and potash than for gold and silver. Of such a profit, obtained under Federal operation at Muscle Shoals, the government could reap its proportionate share.

There are many people who believe that we are entering on an Age of Aluminum. There is some reason for this belief. Only a generation ago aluminum was almost unknown except as a laboratory curiosity. Today there is an annual world production of nearly 300,000 tons. Professor Colin G. Fink, head of the Electro-Chemical Division of Columbia University, in an address before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, ventured the forecast that, by 1942, the demand would be doubled. My own opinion is that the vast amount of aluminum stored in the alunite of the Utah mountains could take care of at least half of the world's present demand for three quarters of a century. But the aluminum can be extracted only with the aid of the power at Muscle Shoals, which, far from being a "white elephant," is full of great potential good for the United States.

Literature

IVAN BUNIN

BY ALEXANDER BAKSHY

I CAN easily picture the blank look of bewilderment that settled upon the faces of the New York city editors as the news flashed through from Sweden announcing the last award of the Nobel prize for lit-

erature. Who on earth was Ivan Bunin? The search for enlightenment in the newspaper morgues must have been frantic. Yet neither the first reports in the evening papers, nor the later ones appearing next morning had a word to say about the life and work of the latest laureate.

Taken by itself the fact presents noth-

ing strange or unusual. There have been at least eight authors crowned with the Nobel prize during the past twenty years whose fame did not extend beyond the frontiers of their own countries. In the case of Bunin, however, a fantastic touch was lent to the whole episode by the author's own statement commenting on the award: "I owe it partly to American friends who have interested themselves in my work."

What makes this so delightful is that Americans in this country had hardly taken notice of Bunin's work. But other Americans, presumably abroad, had been atoning for the ignorance of their fellow-countrymen at home by learning all there was to be learned about Bunin's literary achievements (including, no doubt, his dubious compliment to American literature, in making Longfellow's "Hiawatha" an infinitely more beautiful piece of work in Russian than it is in English), and, finally, by championing his claim to world recognition before the panjandrums of the Swedish Academy of Literature.

Now that their efforts have been crowned with success, I wonder if this will have any appreciable effect on the popularity of Bunin in this country. After all, it cannot be said that Bunin has never been introduced to the American public. In 1923 Alfred A. Knopf published a volume of his short stories under the title of "The Dreams of Chang." Soon after Bunin's best known novel, "The Village," came out under the same auspices. And in 1926 Henry Holt brought out another novel of his, "Mitya's Love." None of these works caused any fluttering in the literary dovecotes, with the single exception of one short story, "The Gentleman from San Francisco," which by universal consent was proclaimed a masterpiece.

Bunin is not a prolific writer, and a great deal of his work is in verse. But there still

remains quite an impressive list of his fiction that can and, undoubtedly, will be translated into English. Will it add to his reputation among American readers? Or, to put it more bluntly, will it entitle him to the place which is being claimed for him by his Russian admirers—a place of a supreme literary craftsman, and the only living Russian writer who measures up to the standard of Turgenev, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy?

The estimate of an artist by his own countrymen is suspect on principle, at least in so far as it attempts to raise him above his national status. This is particularly true in Russia. We are accustomed to speak of the great body of Russian literature. There really is no such thing. Russia has produced a small number of literary giants and an infinite number of mediocrities. It has not produced a great literature.

As a country with an essentially provincial culture, Russia has had neither time nor opportunity to develop a body of independent cultural traditions capable of shaping the progress of its literature and of its art in general. Instead, it has followed feverishly the passing fashions of European art, letting itself be dominated now by one movement, now by another. This fact has had a peculiar effect on the fortunes of Russian literature. While literary canons of every kind were the stock in trade of critics and followers of "movements", the true sense of literary values, on a scale comparable to European examples, did not reveal itself in more than three or four Russian writers.

One may cite Pushkin, Gogol (with some hesitations), Turgenev, and Chekhov. They were all masters of the literary craft, equal to anyone outside of Russia. But mastery of the literary medium alone does not make one a great master of literature. More is needed, and this more is the

visionary power of the writer, his ability to fathom the innermost depths of human experience. Turgenev had not this power, and although a fine artist, as a literary force today he is virtually dead. Chekhov, Gogol, and to a preëminent degree Pushkin had this vital power, and they will continue to be considered among the masters of literary achievement not only in Russian literature but in the literature of the world at large. So will Dostoievsky and Tolstoy by the sheer force of their visionary powers, in spite of the formal crudity which marks a good deal of their work.

Paradoxically enough, the lack of literary culture in Dostoievsky and Tolstoy was less a handicap to them than it was a means of liberating their creative effort from excessive preoccupation with problems of craftsmanship; they could give free rein to their fearless probing of the human spirit. One cannot dissociate Turgenev from his age. Even Chekhov, in some of his personal moods, may appear dated in a generation or two. But Tolstoy and Dostoievsky are ageless, and with a few slight adjustments could be fitted into any cultural background, past or future.

The pertinence of this discussion of Russian literature lies in the fact that the grounds on which Bunin is acclaimed by his Russian admirers as the legitimate successor of his great Russian predecessors, are precisely those of literary craftsmanship, upon which the judgment of the Russian critics has persistently been colored by purely national, not to say patriotic, motives. That Russia can "catch up with and overtake" the Western world is not a new slogan invented by the Bolsheviks. In matters of art and literature it has for generations been the conviction of all Russians who turned their eyes to the West.

Now there is one element in the literary

craftsmanship of Bunin of which the Russians are naturally the best judges. His style is rightly regarded in Russia as one of those rare instances of literary perfection which seem like gifts from heaven. Terse, pellucid, rich in metaphor, strikingly expressive in its use of the peasant idiom when dealing with peasant life, this style puts Bunin in line with Pushkin and somewhat above Turgenev as one of the three great masters of the Russian language. It is no exaggeration to say that as a word-painter of nature Bunin has no equal among Russian writers. Unfortunately, no translation of Bunin's work, unless it were made by as great a master of style as Bunin himself, could possibly convey to the foreign reader the superlative quality of his writing.

It is this quality, no doubt, that blinds the Russian critics to the marked limitations of Bunin's literary skill when they consider him as a story-teller. He has written a great number of short stories and three longer pieces that may be described as novels. The latter include "The Village," first published in 1905, and "Mitya's Love," and the still unfinished "Life of Arsenieff," which belong to the period of his life as an émigré from Soviet Russia.

In spite of the generally sharp differences of opinion in literary matters between the Communists and the émigré Russians, and in spite of Bunin's own markedly anti-Soviet views, there is a surprising unanimity of Russian opinion as regards both his earlier and his later work. Not only "The Village" has come to be regarded as a masterpiece, but "Mitya's Love" and "The Life of Arsenieff," too, have been greeted in Moscow as well as in Paris and Berlin as further evidence of Bunin's ever-tightening grip on the fundamentals of his art.

It is at this point that I make bold to voice a dissenting opinion. Not one of

the three novels mentioned appears to me to merit the high praises that have been heaped on it; nor does any one of them appear to me to achieve anything like the perfect fusion of form and content that distinguishes a considerable number of Bunin's shorter stories.

"The Village" caused a mild sensation in Russia by its outwardly passionless but intensely grim and merciless picture of the petty selfishness, avarice, and downright brutality of the Russian peasant. It has been compared in this respect with Chekhov's "The Moujiks." Perhaps it is more closely akin in spirit to Gorky's "Childhood," which deals with a class only once removed from the village peasant. Incidentally, we may draw what conclusions we like from the curious similarity of attitude on the part of Bunin and Gorky towards the basic rottenness of the life in old Russia, and their subsequent joining of two warring camps, one trying to preserve and perpetuate the past, the other determined to extirpate it root and branch. However, neither the social significance of "The Village", nor the beautiful passages of descriptive writing in which it abounds, can compensate for the important qualities it lacks. And most decidedly it lacks unity of conception, and that inevitability of inner development which welds a work of fiction into a solid whole.

"Mitya's Love" was written, if I am not mistaken, some twenty years after "The Village." It is much more of a piece than the earlier work, confining itself, as it does, to a single theme—the obsession of a youth in love with a girl whom he regards so much a part, and a sacred part at that, of his own being that her assertion of independence delivers a mortal and desecrating blow to all he has held holy in life, and so drives him to suicide. Bunin makes out a subtle case for the distinction between

ordinary possessive jealousy and his Mitya's sense of outrage at the thought that someone else may pay fleshly homage to a girl who is one and indivisible with him.

But somehow the distinction appears too subtle, and one finishes with a feeling that Mitya is just like any other boy of his age, and that the story itself is much too long for its tenuous theme. One also notices the conflict between form and content in that Mitya's suicide is clearly a concession to the formal logic of the story, without being in the least justified by the inner logic of Mitya's obsession. Yet, if the story as a whole is not a masterpiece, it has a number of single episodes that do proclaim the hand of a master. There is, for instance, the little affair of Mitya's with a peasant woman. So deftly, with such exquisite restraint and detachment as it described, that the gross episode of purchased love is lifted on to a plane of delicate poetry and the most transparent beauty.

I shall not stop to discuss "The Life of Arsenieff," an autobiographical novel of which only the first part has been completed. Of greater interest to the American reader are Bunin's short stories, in which genre he is without doubt one of the most accomplished European masters.

A miniature in painting is essentially a large picture reduced to a diminutive scale. It employs the same laws of composition and encompasses the same subject matter. If any examples are necessary, we have Clouet and the Persians to prove the truth of this statement. A literary miniature, on the other hand, is something fundamentally different from a work done on a large scale. Its composition is different, and so is its subject matter. In short, it is ruled strictly by the principle of elimination. The smaller its compass, the fewer are the situations which it can effectively control, and the more isolated, the more singled

out are the traits and aspects of reality which it brings into play.

There are writers who can easily adapt themselves to the formal requirements both of the short story and of the novel. There are others who can be completely successful only in one of the two forms. Bunin, it seems to me, is completely at home only in the short story.

As an example of his perfect command of this form I cite "The Case of Lieut. Elaghin," a comparatively recent story of his and perhaps the finest he has written.

It deals with a situation that at first glance appears to be as simple and ordinary as can possibly be imagined. A young officer is tried for murdering his mistress, a young actress. He admits murdering her. The evidence before the court discloses a life of dissipation, filled with jealousy and quarrels. Yet the officer denies his guilt. How did he come to kill the woman? The answer to this question is given in a summary of the facts brought out at the trial. The woman willed her own death and

forced the officer to carry out her will, because she felt that she was a mere plaything in this world and longed for a purity and freedom that could be hers only in the world beyond.

Again, as in "Mitya's Love," the philosophical and psychological theme of the story—a conflict of spiritual values resolved in death—is perhaps over-subtle. This time, however, it is stated with such economy of means, with a force so compelling, and with an art of exposition so dazzling in its virtuosity, that it leaves one utterly spell-bound, wondering at the miracle of art that can fashion a throbbing, lacerated, and agonized little world out of some forty pages of cold print.

Bunin has written many another short story of tantalizing beauty. But he has written nothing so perfect as "The Case of Lieut. Elaghin." As for his being the legitimate successor to the mantle of Tolstoy, the question can be safely dismissed. Tolstoy never received the Nobel prize.

SONNETS FOR THE BELOVED

BY LEONORA SPEYER

*How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!"*

IF FROM your travel's end, so cruel-swift,
You grieve who ever grieved when distance spread
Its leafless range, impatient at the rift
Reaching between us, most beloved dead:
Know, if you still may know of happenings here,
That mile on mile, by measure of each day,
The rift death fashioned narrows as I near,
And that I journey light along the way.
Be patient then as I—as I would be.
What if the length be long? It is the last.
Be patient, friend who so out-distanced me,
For swift or slow, I follow where you passed.
O meager cry to dust immaculate!
And shall the living tell the dead to wait?

II

What shall I find awaiting me of you?
Already you were gone when last my hand
Touched yours—dared to touch yours; the face I knew
(So well), I knew no more, the more I scanned
Its peace; familiar-petaled as they were,
I scarce could call a flower by its name;
Too many lay about your sepulcher:
They covered you. What rose shall be the same?
Already you are crumbled, unaware
And gentle earth, beneath a graven wall
Bearing your name—and yet you are not there,
But gathered to the Light that blinded Saul,
The Light of Genesis, of the empty Tomb,
Its ecstasy, Its core, Its very womb!

III

For I have seen this Light. I did not dream.
About my bed I watched It fuse and flood,
Gold and more gold, I trembled at Its gleam,
But not in fear, I knew that It was good;
A thousand naked noons were not so bright,
Gold and more gold, a mist that swirled about,
Hiding the four walls from my marveling sight:
And whence the great Light came I did not doubt.
Nor was I blinded. Nor shall any dark
Be ever quite so dark again, not even
This lamentable dusk swept wide and stark
Where death has flapped across my mortal heaven:
The Light that Dante sang, that I shall see
Come travel's end, when It shall gather me.

IV

He who fears death fears life, and walks in fear,
Wailing and reckoning down his portioned days
Like one condemned to die. Belovèd dear,
It is not so with me who know death's ways
(Who quickly learned); I say it is not so!
Love which was strong in life, in death as strong,
Would have me sing the slow, long road I go—
For short or long, I say the road is long.
And yet I journey light: for it is sweet
To mourn you singing, make of every mile
(Of every anguish), one the less—O feet
That falter not, lips that still dare the smile,
Hands, crowning every common thing they do
With love of you, with very love of you.

V

Wherever you are, I know you are at peace,
And living; I who walk among the dead,
The dead who still must die, know surely this.
Wherever you are! The Light about my bed,
Lovely along the dark, surer than death,
Shines where you are and lifts me from the ground
Where you are not—so lusty is my faith,
The mountains run like hares before the hound.
For mine the simple faith that speaks the word,

And mountains reel and leave their rocky base;
 The faith of Martha hastening to her Lord,
 And of the child with tears upon its face.
 Perilous, steep, what mountain shall prevail?
 Whose faith is frail, I say his love is frail.

VI

Yet faith shall never lift this grief nor move
 From off my stricken heart its aches and ills
 Of mortal woe, companion of my love,
 These heights I carry as the earth its hills;
 Sorrows I climb, to stand at last and peer
 Toward the dim valley of life where still I go—
 How can this be, this I both there and here,
 Who stand above and yet who walk below?
 Man is this double-self; of blood and bone
 The one, and valiant; valiant, the spirit-other.
 He walks in loneliness, yet not alone,
 Never alone, these two that hold together,
 Tenacious two in one, proud, piteous whole:
 Nameless, we name them; body (we say) and soul.

VII

Softly I go the road that you have traveled,—
 The double-goer journeys light and sure,
 Nor asks the way nor seeks to see unraveled
 Its ultimate bend; incurious and secure,
 I climb the sorrowful hill, I plod the plain,
 Singing the mileage, careless of its sum
 Of days and nights accruing to my gain:
 Most patient dust no longer dust, I come.
 Know this, know this, beloved of the Light—
 If you may know, if such faint sound may be
 Where is such silence—faltering and slight
 The song, yet hale to crutch and comfort me!
 Lean from your thousand noons a little while;
 More gold their rays, the purer for your smile.

DILEMMA OF THE SOUTHERN LIBERALS

BY DONALD DAVIDSON

YEARS ago, when the Southern liberals were a new party and the millennium seemed just ahead, Walter Hines Page, the bustling editor of the *World's Work*, kept calling on the South "to fling off the dead hand of the past." In the bright tomorrow of his liberal vision there must be no "Ghosts" from yesterday, and above all there must be no "Mummies"—no unregenerate traditionalists who did not know they were dead.

The tomorrow that Page looked for has come. But it is not bright; and it is not the millennium. Modern civilization has been stricken with profound convulsions at the very moment when the South seemed ready to make a belated choice in its favor. The South has, in some plenitude, the schools, colleges, roads, and industries that the liberals advocated; but now it looks doubtfully at these great acquisitions. Modern civilization is not living up to the promises that were made in its name. The liberals are prophets whose miracle has not worked. The stage was set, the people were waiting, but Jehovah perversely favored the priesthood of Baal.

The crisis enforces hard decisions that the upswing of prosperity allowed Southern liberals to postpone. No longer can they avoid the labor of thinking by claiming to be on the side of the angels. The money with which they could once persuade Southern Mummies to become Southern Babbitts has vanished. The times are hard for middle-of-the-road

men who, by affecting to be disinterested, can escape the necessity of choosing between radical and conservative programs. But such is the choice that liberals now have before them.

What commitments they will finally make, I do not attempt to predict. Certainly they are less ready than of old to talk of throwing off the dead hand of the past. Everywhere the sociological liberals are turning away from the formulas derived from the university laboratories of Chicago or New York, and are studying, in its natural habitat, the cultural tradition and human geography that their predecessors sought blindly to uplift. The journalistic and literary liberals are beginning to read history over again. They are discovering that even liberalism has a past, and they are attempting to rationalize Twentieth Century liberalism by getting up a pedigree for it. The powerful biographies that have come from men like George Fort Milton, Robert Winston, Broadus Mitchell, and Gerald Johnson have a homesick flavor that is new in liberal writing. That the biographies deal with Southern dissenters or industrial pioneers does not hide the fact that they are historical fortifications. They are works of defense, not of offense.

The fullest statement of the new liberal position is to be found in Virginius Dabney's "Liberalism in the South," a historical study which essays to give the complete anatomy of liberalism from

Revolutionary times down to date. Although it appears rather oddly as a success story in a day when liberalism is well-nigh bankrupt, it is nevertheless a genuine "Summa Theologica" of liberal thought. Its general thesis is that the Southern liberalism of today is continuous with the liberalism of the past; or, to put it in concrete terms, that Thomas Jefferson is the spiritual grandfather of the swashbuckling idealists who want the government to guarantee everything from bank deposits to tonsillectomy for mountain children.

The difficulties of this thesis are the difficulties that always plague enthusiasts who want to disguise vague principles with noble reasons. For all his labor, Mr. Dabney is never able to contrive a definition of liberalism that will fit all its historic manifestations. It is a cloudy something, floating airily between the old libertarianism and the new state socialism. Never is Mr. Dabney able to formulate a test by which one can recognize the genuine and absolute liberal.

II

The truth is that no definition will stretch far enough to cover all the inherent contradictions. Long ago liberalism ceased to have any real consistency, and it has less consistency now than it ever did. If liberalism means tolerance, for example, why should we decline to hear the complaint of Fundamentalists that only the teaching of science, and not the teaching of religion, is tolerated in progressive Southern institutions of learning? Why is it illiberal to favor laws that forbid the sale of liquor, and liberal to favor those that forbid child labor? Continually one discovers the liberals in the act of abolishing the evils of chain-gangs by proposing to put everybody in

chains. In the end it becomes a question of whose ox is gored. The liberals are obviously ready to sacrifice a good deal of freedom to secure their pet reforms, and do not want complete tolerance, but only the tolerance, or rather the preference, of social mechanisms that interest them.

Beyond such obvious inconsistencies lies the historical question that the liberals themselves have raised. But the history of the South in general, and of Southern liberalism in particular, by no means affords the sanctions that Mr. Dabney and his colleagues would like to discover.

If the appeal is to Jefferson, out of whom in fact the South's ante-bellum liberalism proceeded, it will never do for liberals to emphasize his fight on the established church and his anti-slavery principles, and at the same time to ignore the theory of government and the practical economics which were fundamental in his thinking. The modern liberals are guilty of opportunism; they are in trouble because they really do not know what kind of society they prefer. But Jefferson's notion of a free and tolerant society rested on a firm presumption that government should be decentralized and that, for the sake of its good health, it would need to favor an agrarian economy.

It is impossible to conceive a Jefferson who would argue abstractly for freedom and tolerance against the background of a highly centralized government and the industrial economics which the Southern liberals half accept and half reject. The essential Jefferson of political and economic theory is not the paternal ancestor of men who seek consolidation in government and at the same time despise the farmer. Their intellectual pedigree must be traced on the Northern side of the Potomac. Their family portraits are

among the Hamiltonians and the New England humanitarians; their contemporary relatives are the Marxians and the now somewhat faded progressives.

The South early adopted a liberalism of the older variety, and it has remained far more Jeffersonian in temper than the liberals themselves. It has long distrusted consolidation; it is still largely agrarian. Its famous "backwardness", a "lag" in the face of encroaching modernity, is a Jeffersonian relic, for basically it is a deep-rooted lack of faith in governmental mechanisms.

During the period of war and Reconstruction, which the modern liberals always tiptoe gingerly around, Jeffersonian liberalism underwent important revisions. Southern leaders of the Calhoun school saw before 1850 that the old equalitarian features of Jeffersonian liberalism would not meet all new contingencies. The democratic principle, to them, had no meaning apart from a society which could make it work. They agreed with Jefferson in thinking that such a society must be agrarian in foundation, and they had no faith that democracy could survive in the industrial régime that was developing in the North.

But the North, using all of the old equalitarian arguments, was attacking slavery, which, to be sure, was one feature, though not the only one, of the South's agrarian economy. Thus what ought to have remained a minor issue was pushed to the front. Calhoun's defense of agrarian democracy became under stress a rationalization of the South's "peculiar institution." The difficulty, Calhoun pointed out, was with the doctrine of equalitarianism, which must now be abandoned. Although liberty and equality were in a sense united, it was wrong to think them "so intimately united

that liberty cannot be perfect without perfect equality." And he added, as if foreseeing the economic equalitarianism of our own day: "To make equality of *condition* essential to liberty would destroy both liberty and progress." It would lead to "the tyranny of majorities," or mob rule.

Unfortunately for realistic Southerners, their Northern brethren insisted on a thoroughly romantic application of equalitarianism, and bolstered it with their own concept of a glorified Federal Union which (they somehow neglected to state) was rather partial to the "peculiar institutions" of the North. The war that followed was a struggle between romantic and realistic brands of liberalism. When the battles were over and the liberal extremists of the Thad Stevens school had done their worst, the romantic Northerners found themselves after all helpless to administer the results. The realistic Southerners were at last left in charge. Although the Confederacy had failed, the mutual interests of the Southern States were more strongly marked than ever, and the South quickly became the Solid South.

When the carpet-bag governments had been expelled, the Southern people turned again to their old leaders. For about twenty years the governments of the Southern States were in the hands of ex-Confederates, who occupied themselves with straightening up the mess as best as they could. Historians agree that few State governments have ever been more economical and honest. But the time came when human possessiveness began to assert itself a little overbearingly. The Confederate "brigadiers" became a clique. They paraded their war records and neglected their political fences.

This was a lamentable error. War and

Reconstruction had brought all classes into a close working sympathy. But the "Bourbons" (to give them their later name) let slip the old community of interest between planter and yeoman farmer and at the same time allied themselves with the new commercial interests which were promoting railroads and factories. In their new-found pursuits they were solaced by the utopian vision of Henry Grady, who was busily urging Southerners to sow "towns and cities instead of theories and put business above politics." They had forgotten about the farmers and small folk. But the farmers and small folk, destructively swept aside by the new commercialism, were in no mood to be forgotten. The Populist agitation began to flame. The old leaders were rudely dispossessed, and, except for their subsequent rôle as lobbyists and manipulators, they have remained, as a class, in political exile.

III

In their place the new-style Jeffersonians vaulted into power. South Carolina banished the "Charleston snobs" and seated in the chair of Calhoun the blunt up-countryman, Ben Tillman, who denounced the money power as "more insolent than the slave power." The revolt went on apace everywhere, but it was not a mere elevation of "poor whites" to power, as it has often been represented. The movement had gradations, typified in such diverse leaders as Ben Tillman in South Carolina, Bob Taylor in Tennessee, and Tom Watson in Georgia. Fundamentally it was an agrarian protest against the leadership of planters who had transferred their allegiance from farming interests to industrial interests, and so broken the continuity of the

Southern political tradition. The Bourbons were in fact making a surrender that had not been made at Appomattox. Even while they talked sentimentally about the Old South, they were betraying it by admitting that the way of the Yankee might be right after all.

But though the Bourbons had been kicked off the political stage, they still could, and did, speculate on the merits of a rôle behind the scenes. The Gilded Age had reigned in the North but hardly touched the impoverished South. Why stand on the virtues of poverty when an age of industrial prosperity was beckoning through the twilight of the dying Nineteenth Century? Let the new-style Jeffersonians have the political offices, if they insisted. The drama would have a catchy title, "Let the people rule"; but what would really matter was the box-office receipts. So, with the new-style Jeffersonians in political office and the old-style Jeffersonians, now industrial Bourbons, in the banks and factories, a new kind of team-work developed. It was not always as perfect as the Bourbons would have wished, but it was good enough while the money lasted, and the better as there was the more money.

In the years that followed this tacit alliance, Southern politics became chaotic and vile. As in a series of spasms, Southern States ratified woman suffrage amendments but defeated child labor amendments; passed anti-evolution laws but supported huge educational projects; voted for Prohibition but fought anti-lynching laws. Such inconsistencies have been due above all to irresponsible leadership. Behind the scenes the industrial Bourbons have applied a simple but adequate technique for controlling legislatures that are nominally rural in composition. The essence of the system is to

swap off humanitarian improvements for private concessions. Where the business interests are affected, they rule; where they are indifferent, they let their bought legislatures flounder. Of course, they welcome humanitarian improvements, for without these they could not so easily engage in swapping, and, more important still, they would not have a screen of respectability to cover their quiet operations.

The liberals of the New South school furnished this screen. They entered upon history at about the moment when the Bourbons decided to become industrialists. One can see how the Bourbons, bereft of their lands and ruined by war, were persuaded to see industrialism as a way out, a matter of self-preservation. The liberals, however, seemed more attracted to the cultural by-products that seemed to go along with the Northern model of civilization. The South looked shabby to them, and the North glittered. Apparently without a single critical glance to the Northward or a quiver of concern as to the virtue of the institutions they were abandoning, they, too, made their surrender. And thus, about the turn of the century, the real conquest of the South by the North finally began.

Generally the new Southern liberals were educators, like Edwin A. Alderman, or journalists, like Walter Hines Page. A few were political leaders like Aycok of North Carolina. Their reforms developed at first on institutional lines. They sought to build public school systems and State universities or to establish agencies for fighting hookworm and pellagra. Some, like Clarence Poe and Seaman A. Knapp, were interested in "progressive farming." Undoubtedly, many of their activities were philanthropic and useful. But their enthusiasm led them on from institutional reforms to general

social programs, and they were soon committed to the ambitious task of changing the whole character of Southern life.

What they attempted to do is best epitomized in the career of Walter Hines Page of North Carolina, who, after getting a substantial Southern education and roving adventurously East and West, returned to convert his native State to the progressivism that had intoxicated him. From the descriptions in "The Southerner," a semi-autobiographical novel that he later wrote, one grasps what was in the young enthusiast's mind at this period. The South to which his hero comes home, after going to college in the East, is a dirty, ramshackle land, governed by an aristocracy that dwells in the past, and heedless of the essentials of progress. It is a stifling atmosphere, to which the native son can make only a few affectionate concessions, and it is painted in disadvantageous contrast to the free and expansive culture, untinged with sectionalism, that is attributed to the North.

Like his fictional hero, Page failed in his early missionary attempts. He moved North, where in time he became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and, later, founder and editor of the *World's Work*. From these strategic positions he kept up a brilliant and strenuous agitation for Southern liberalism. In the South itself, the up-and-coming young men listened attentively to Page, and many were persuaded to turn their backs on the unvictorious past. In the North he had the ear of philanthropists who were interested in exterminating the hookworm or in giving money for education. He was eloquent, and the money of the philanthropists was even more eloquent. Presently it was modern and fashionable for young men to rage against the Mummies, or to pooh-pooh the three Ghosts

that Page said were strangling the South: "The Ghost of the Confederate dead, the Ghost of religious orthodoxy, the Ghost of Negro domination."

Although Page professed to follow Jefferson, he was at bottom a brilliant opportunist, incapable of original thought, devoid of principles other than the loose concepts of Nineteenth Century idealism, and most of all devoid of Southern principles. For the South he had but two magic prescriptions to offer: the South must industrialize in order to get money, and it must promote public education in order to get culture. Negatively, it must abandon all that it stood for in the years from 1850 to 1876. That period must be wiped out of remembrance utterly.

IV

In the clarity of hindsight it would be wrong to condemn Page and his followers too severely. He was no philosopher-economist, but a journalist who was taken in by the half-baked idealisms of the Rooseveltian era. He was the kind of man who would inevitably be charmed by the same phenomena that harrowed Henry Adams. If Page, like Adams, had been content merely to write books, little harm would have been done. But in blithe foolhardiness Page went powerfully into action, under the singular delusion that the Southern notions of life, good enough up to 1850, had only to be swapped off for the opposing Northern notions if the New Jerusalem were to be entered. He jeered at the three Ghosts without seriously asking himself whether the three factors that lay at the heart of Southern problems could be or ought to be simply hooted out of existence.

He failed to see, and he prevented his followers from seeing, that what America

needed at the turn of the century was the strengthening rather than the weakening of the conservative economics and culture of the South. An opposition South, growing according to the rule of its own character, might have balanced or even checked the rush towards over-industrialization and social chaos. The tragedy of Page's career is that, with the best intentions in the world, he obstructed the growth of such a South.

Conservative Southerners fought hard against the liberal program, but their appeal to sectional loyalty, still couched in the vocabulary of war and Reconstruction, was not adequate for the new situation. The liberals had a fresh vocabulary, and the men of the old school, unable to think in terms that would offer sound opposition, were confounded by sheer glibness. They were made to appear hopeless die-hards, standing out against the onward rush of history.

Besides, the new policies had a political meaning. Both the Populist-Democratic prophets (now machine bosses) and the business group were quick to see the possibilities of the liberal program. It called for large expenditures by State treasuries. Why should it not also provide the sinews of war for the chests of political factions? And so it did provide. Under the new motivation, the industrialists were no longer greedy and predatory trusts, but the beneficent producers of wealth that would be the material basis of liberal culture. Offstage the liberals, the chambers of commerce, and the politicians shook hands over the prostrate body of the Old South; out in front the show went on to the old theme of "Let the People Rule."

In the middle nineteen-twenties a liberal could say with real assurance that the Dayton episode was unrepresentative

of a South that was getting more progressive every day. The Dayton trial, in fact, played into liberal hands, for, with much public ado, the poorly led conservatives were put in the wrong and made to feel the brunt of a nationwide disapproval. Young Southerners who had been brought up under the new-fangled public education were now predisposed to accept the liberal interpretation of social issues. It was not only that they were uninstructed in the Southern past, or had been taught out of text-books edited in the North, as the U. D. C. ladies claimed; but they had been fully exposed to all the precepts of modernism without any real counterbalancing.

As a matter of course, they were inclined to believe that culture comes out of books; that success, especially financial success, is virtue; that religion is a silly fable, or at best a loose rationalization of Christianity in terms of sociology; that progress is real and depends on science; that politics is unimportant and agriculture debasing; and that education really educates. Everybody was shouting about the backwardness of the South. The bustle of the rising cities and the disadvantageous condition of the farmer confirmed them in disrespect for the old agrarian culture. If they needed further confirmation, they could find it in the novels of Mr. Stribling, or Miss Newman, or even Miss Glasgow, all of whom, in one way or another, were producing Southern versions of what New York thought was wrong with the South.

To outward appearance, the liberals had triumphed by 1930. But the economic crisis soon revealed the weakness of their position. The whole movement had come from without; it had from the beginning calamitously failed to associate itself with the real fabric and inner feeling of South-

ern society. The liberals had never gone before the people as a separate party, but had detached and channelized their activity into the institutions which they hoped to superimpose on Southern life. And they had depended most of all on money, from public and private sources.

Today, without money, the institutions languish, and the liberal situation has become precarious. There are no more philanthropic subsidies for liberal projects. State treasuries are empty, or worse than empty. The unholy alliance between the liberals and the politico-business group has fallen apart with the cutting of appropriations. The brand-new system of public schools is everywhere in disorder. The theory of public education is itself being subjected to savage attacks. State universities are being gutted of funds. Normal and technical schools are being curtailed or abolished. In the popular eye, all these are no more than the fancy primping of boom days.

On the other hand, nothing has been more amazing than the refusal of State highway departments to be liquidated. Except in Georgia, where Governor Talmadge has called out the militia to rout them, they resist economy campaigns. Evidently the liberal doctrine of education has penetrated only skin-deep, for roads everywhere take precedence over schools. The liberal axiom that intellectual culture accompanies industrialization has failed to work out.

V

More than this, Southerners are beginning to connect the liberal program with the tax burden under which they groan and to comprehend that it has been used as a mask for the political machinations of the various Bilboes and Huey Longs

that have flourished in nearly every Southern State. Money collected for liberal purposes has been the source of power for demagogues and the means of debauching legislatures and voters. There is hardly a Southern State except Maryland and Virginia that has not been looted more effectively than in carpet-bagger times. The staggering figures of treasury deficits and bonded debts—my own State of Tennessee, for example, has \$125,000,000 outstanding in bonded debts—tell the citizens that the years of liberal progress have also been years of financial madness. In the headache morning-after, they know only too well that they have gambled beyond their means.

To make matters worse, the industrialists, the old friends of liberal promotion, are not in good odor. Some are bank presidents whose laurels are withered. Others are owners of mills or mines where the difficult contentions of capital and labor have brought unsavory notoriety. But the agricultural South, which liberals once despised, is again feeling its strength, and is asking the hard questions that should have been put long ago.

Under such pressure the liberals must make a difficult choice. It would have had to be made, soon or late, anyway. But now the sudden advent of industrial codes which wipe out child labor and cheap labor, and threaten at one stroke to abolish the time-honored differential between white and black labor, rubs hard on all the old Southern sore places. The Scottsboro case and other cases less celebrated have furnished a series of irritants that combine with the pressure of the uniform wage rules to make race relations more disordered, or at least more dangerous potentially, than at any time since the seventies. And towering over all is the new doctrine of national self-

sufficiency, which, if carried out, may ruin the South's export trade in cotton and tobacco and reduce the Southern States to the condition of pensioners upon a socialized America.

Compromise is less easy than of old, the questions will not wait, the choice must be made. Clearly it lies between becoming more liberal or more conservative. If the liberals go with the radical party, they will have to advocate, or seem to advocate, ideas that in the past have been peculiarly abhorrent to the South as a section. For example, they must favor a Federal Union more gigantically centralized than ever and more forbidding in its attitude toward private initiative; and, along with this Union, a dispensation that will enforce tenets of a decidedly Socialistic cast: science to the limit, antagonism to all but the most diluted forms of religion, and equality for the Negro—a full equality that ultimately will go far beyond suffrage reforms and the destruction of such discriminations as now appear in Jim Crow laws and bi-racial school arrangements.

Entirely aside from the merits or demerits of such a program, it is certain that liberals who make the extreme choice will face the possibility of an isolation much greater than they now labor under. Of course, they will be alienated still further from conservative groups of every persuasion, whether chamber of commerce boosters and industrialists, or rural folk, or varying degrees of traditionalists; but they will also lose the support of the more or less liberal groups who fear that their own moderate programs will be endangered by radical action.

These, whether white or black (and it should be remembered that Southern Negroes are in general without radical in-

clinations) will thus be driven into the conservative camp. Furthermore, a radical program, even if it should gather strength, must inevitably have the effect of strongly renewing the South's old sectionalism. In any event the radical view can hardly achieve a peaceful victory. The three Ghosts that Page feared have never ceased to walk; they need but little encouragement to become the hard actualities of a period of violence.

If the liberals shrink from this extremity, they may choose to strengthen the inclination within their ranks to readjust their ideas in the light of the tradition they once sought to overthrow. The South can ill afford to lose whatever good things they may have to offer; it is not, after all, disposed to play the coward before its problems. But the South of the nineteen-thirties, stirred to a new

self-consciousness by the turn of events and by the proddings of a new school of writers and social students who are free of the old sense of inferiority, is not the inert South of twenty or even ten years ago. It is beginning to ask its saviors to mix a little local originality with their statesmanship and, if they insist on being humanitarian, at least to base their humanitarianism on a foundation nearer home than the *New Republic*.

The liberals can serve this South if their intelligence achieves a natural association with the sources of feeling which, however blindly and confusedly, have kept alive in the South a sense of civilization, its own and not another's, which the decay of industrial capitalism makes it timely to encourage. The Southern liberals, in short, may escape their dilemma by becoming more Southern.

MRS. SIEGEL

BY BENJAMIN ROSENBLATT

IN THE second decade of the present century my profession as "private educator," which found me tramping daily among the tenements of New York's East Side, served to appease my *Wanderlust*. For wasn't every new home I entered an unexplored vista? Wouldn't I find beyond the faded, dimity curtains of those windows "the anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders"?

I did find a motley throng with bumps of perplexity on capacious foreheads, a throng adrift in a swirling wave of "education"—which meant examinations and college. And out of that crowd in which there mingled genius and clown, entrancingly gay Aphrodites and sour spinsters, the years have failed to eradicate from me just three—Tessie, Mr. Jaffe, and Shirley Siegel.

Somehow, I find it hard to disassociate these three, though what I'm going to tell is really the story of the Siegels. Proximity must be taken into account, for these three pupils lived on one row of dirty brick façades, hidden behind fire escapes laden with bedding and pails of refuse. Moreover, it was from Tessie and Mr. Jaffe that I first learned of the Siegels. Tessie, a hoyden who considered each lesson a clandestine tryst with the pedagogue whom she idolized as a pious Russian his ikon, would hardly start the lesson without screaming at her mother, "This professor hates to teach under the auspices of

relations. He isn't Milton Siegel, the kid, who gives lessons free to the whole family." Her trump card was, "If I'm interrupted, it means no college for me this term."

A doting mother whose colossal bosom yearned for "education" would pale at these words; and as she herself escaped to a neighbor, she would throw out the advice: "Bolt the door, so as to keep every one out." The dutiful "Tessinue," her gypsy spirits leaping and dancing, obeyed with trembling hands, assuring me all the time that I was "not at all like the Siegel kid"; and to make the best use of the fast dwindling minutes, she hurled herself at the lesson with a flame and a passion—a delirium of ecstasy.

It was from Mr. Jaffe, my pupil who lived but a few doors away from Tessie, that I learned more about my competitor, Milton Siegel, whom I had never met. Mr. Jaffe was elderly, Talmudic, with a method of study which he called "the method of the Bible student," and which was his surest way, as he thought, of realizing his life's ambition—entering medical college. He insisted on remembering the contents of volumes, word for word.

Since I refused to listen to his endless recitals, he told me that Milton, a school boy, who lived nearby would come evenings and sit patiently, looking into the book, while the Talmudist tested his prowess by wallowing in a succulent revel of words, zooming away for hours, like a bee

in honeysuckle. "This is a golden boy," Mr. Jaffe would tell me with enthusiasm. "Though he is so poor himself, he helps to Americanize all the penniless immigrants in the neighborhood, without taking a cent for it." Before long, however, Mr. Jaffe decided to get along without Milton. It was after his regent's examination in history, when I found him a ludicrous object, panic in his voice, a rather fatuous smile on his lips.

"I was so nervous," he owned up, "that I couldn't remember how it goes. Words kept on bubbling up, bubbling up, but they got stuck somewhere." He fidgeted as I recalled to him his ghastly blunder in adopting an antediluvian way of studying, aided and abetted by young Siegel. "My God!" he groaned, "what a *Schlemiel* I was!"

Yet I soon forgot queer Mr. Jaffe. Even Tessie dwindled into a luscious "Once there was—"

How different, though, my association with the third "hour" on the block. It is but within the last few weeks that Milton's sister, Shirley, and his ma have risen from the ashes, and under what extraordinary circumstances!

My very first actual meeting with one of the Siegel family was in itself most unusual. The 1917 war drums were then beating. On the block, Mr. Jaffe alone remained among the few of my students who hadn't joined, or just been too excited to do lessons. It was while mounting the stoop of his house that I was waylaid by a stranger from among a group across the street. He explained that he knew me as "the teacher," and said: "There is a Mrs. Siegel in that house across, who wants you to read an English letter from her soldier son who is fighting in France." And he added: "Maybe it's in French."

A pale woman, rather youngish-looking

to be the mother of a soldier son, preceded me up two flights of stairs into a poorly furnished apartment and showed me the letter in an envelope already opened and stamped U. S. A. As she handed it to me with shaking hands, she commented: "My Shirley is at school; there's no one to read Milton's letter."

I saw at a glance that this was not from her son but about him. When I had scanned the few lines, I searched for some moderate words in which to convey the contents to the woman who had her large black eyes on me while I read. What's most strange is that to this day I am ready to testify on oath that not a word of the awful letter escaped my lips while I perused it. My breath just caught in my throat for a second; and at once I was shockingly aroused by the terrifying screams of the mother.

The small flat soon filled with people. From the street there sounded a patter of feet as an accompaniment to the wails that rose in volume. There was the sensation of a wave mounting and mounting. On the landing there formed a pyramid of wild eyes and livid cheeks. Many in the crowd had been well acquainted with young Milton, of whose death I had just read—the seventeen-year-old college student who had ever been ready to help them, and who later so quietly disappeared from amongst them, and joined the Army. As a stranger, it wasn't hard for me to steal away from the grim nightmare, followed some distance by the piteous cries of the mother.

Later on, whenever I passed the block and met Mrs. Siegel, we greeted each other and had a few moments' chat. Finally she told me of her little Shirley whom she longed to see at the high-school where her lamented son had so distinguished himself. The "education" wave in

its rush had caught Mrs. Siegel, too. Her husband was an unskilled tailor. How then could she afford to pay someone to coach the little girl to skip? In her speech there were no indiscretions. All she said was blunt and direct and honest, with a tinge of sadness in her voice that persisted even when she spoke of impersonal topics. She belonged to those endowed with an innate tact. I liked her very much. I agreed to give Shirley a lesson once a week, for which I was to receive no pay.

By the time Shirley entered high-school, I had left the block for different wanderings. Some years after, I heard that she had done well in her commercial subjects; that she had become an efficient secretary, and finally had married her employer, a director of banks and insurance companies—one who had grown suddenly rich in the *post bellum* golden days. It was a shame that her father was not alive now to share her happiness. But I was glad at the thought that for Mrs. Siegel there was at last a promise of ease and continuity, which I likened, in imagination, to the calm and steady flowing of a river.

II

A few weeks ago I read a paragraph in a newspaper which stuck in my memory. A young woman was suing her mother, a Mrs. Siegel, in the Jewish Court of Arbitration, claiming that her mother, a widow, had flatly refused to live with her, an only child, in comfort and even in luxury. The mother preferred to remain in the shabby East Side tenement where she stayed with a stranger, a young woman on whom she lavished unusual kindnesses. The daughter, Shirley, according to the newspaper, intimated that "the goings on of this couple are very peculiar indeed!" Shirley herself wilts before the angry looks

of neighbors and relatives who consider her an ingrate for neglecting her poor mother.

Who would believe her, she argued, were she to tell the truth that her mother turns away from luxuries and lives like a *shnorrer*, without even an adequate explanation? Moreover, everybody knows that her husband thinks well of his mother-in-law, and would like to have her in his home. What's worse, her disgrace will become unbearable when her own little daughter will before long start asking, why does grandma languish in poverty? What can she answer then?

The paper commented on the news value of a case in which, instead of a parent suing to get support, a child sues to give support. It also reported that Shirley's words, which smacked of sincerity, could not but impress the judges well, especially in face of the lame arguments of the party of the second part. The elderly woman's defense was that, after all, she did visit her daughter's rich home, though, to be sure, not very often; and she fondled her darling grandchild. The meagre sum left from her husband's insurance so far sufficed for her few needs.

She could not, in so many words, explain why she preferred to stay with a stranger; nor would she deny that she was extremely fond of the latter, because the young woman was a very charming person. The judges were indignant at her summary rejection of all their attempts to change her attitude. There was no more in the newspaper about Mrs. Siegel on that particular day.

No special shrewdness was required to wager that something untoward must have happened. The mother wouldn't have been so vague without good reason, for I knew her to be possessed of practical common sense.

Indeed, I was more than alarmed about my old friend, Mrs. Siegel, since I had reason to believe that newspaper men, especially of the Yiddish press, would keep on visiting her and pelting her with questions unseemly and perhaps venomous, since Mrs. Siegel would be sure to refuse any solving of the "mystery." How would she know how to avoid the uncomfortable glare of publicity?

I felt I ought to go to her at once to offer my assistance, to offset the effect of the articles sure to follow, most of which probably would be but the whipped-up nonsense of a reporter. I couldn't help thinking how the hopes which this woman must have pinned on Shirley—how all her sweet dreams had turned to acid. Every scrap of comfort she might have anticipated had been painted on darkness.

But if I should go to her now, would she talk to me? As far as I remembered her, she would be more likely to bury a painful subject as a dog buries a bone, and then evince a surly resentment at any one's attempt to dig it up. Or she might draw herself up frigidly, hood her eyes with her kerchief and speak in the lofty tones of an abused mother of Israel. I must admit that for a while I thought, "Why should I, unsolicited, get mixed up in such a ridiculous, perhaps unsavory, affair?" I tried to figure out what might have taken place, but I only groped in an increasing perplexity. The more I thought of it, the less serenely and the less philosophically could I accept it. Maybe I could prevent her from being dragged into a mess, from running full tilt at disaster. Oughtn't I, as an old friend, at least make an attempt to see her, perhaps to relieve her mind from what might prove an obsession?

I passed a few days revolving it in my mind as I went about my business, when, to my surprise, Shirley paid me a visit.

She had known my address for some time, she stammered in embarrassment.

I sensed the forced lightness in her tone as she rambled on about wanting to see me for so long, to bring me news of my old pupils—of Tessie, whom she meets now in Greenwich Village; how this fire-brand is setting the Village by the ears not only by her grandiose manners but also by her dramatic talents. Then she has tidings of Mr. Jaffe, who was now a prominent psychiatrist in a large Western city.

For quite a while she kept on talking listlessly, all the time picking nervously at a piece of lace on her dress. She looked very chic in her expensive, well-made garments. She had acquired a flutter and a flair hardly reminiscent of "the block." Though she appeared worried, I noticed with surprise that the years had hardly affected the chubby curve in her cheek. Her assumed easy patter was very irritating just then. I must have shown a twinge of impatience as I waited for the word that might at any moment uncurtain a window with perilous landscapes beyond, for she finally took the bull by the horns. She breathed quickly as she asked: "Have you read about us in the papers?" I nodded.

Her face turned crimson. She rose abruptly and paced once or twice the length of the room. Then she burst forth: "I wish that you, as my old teacher, so respected by mother, could find out why she holds on to that ragged neighbor of hers, and lives the life of a hermit. It's surely a bit of character no one could ever have suspected in her. When I bring her some tidbit, she finds a flimsy excuse not to take it, or she just leaves it untouched. I have no doubt in my mind that it's some mean sort of envy because I live in wealth. Mind you, her only child! Such nasty jealousy of an only child!" Her voice ran up and cracked queerly on a high note.

This thunderclap suddenly bellied the sails of a ship that only a moment ago had docked in the doldrums. I jumped up and observed her in appalled silence. I felt that the proper thing would have been to show my guest the door. But she looked most appealingly to me, her eyes big and sorrowful.

"Why have you come to tell me this?" I asked rather sharply.

"Please let me explain," she begged. "Before you I can surely tell everything without being misunderstood. You see, it isn't just what my friends and family may think—as I told the judges—that bothers me. I don't give a damn for any of 'em. It is what my own husband will think that has almost driven me mad."

I looked blankly at her, and she at once became less vague. "I can't definitely tell how I know it; but believe me, a woman feels. I'm sure that my husband suspects that there must be hidden somewhere within me a kind of shrewishness of which only mother is aware so far, and which he will be sure to see cropping out with the years—something in me that makes it impossible even for a mother to stay with me in one home. Can he, or, in fact, can anyone explain the unwillingness of mother to leave her dirty home with the bugs and with that strange woman to come and live with me and get everything?"

She suddenly grasped me tightly by the hand. "O please, go and speak to her! I somehow can never mention to mother how my husband suspects me; and I certainly can't bring myself to catechize her about the young woman. She would shut the door in my face. But she will surely listen to you. I know how she looks up to you and how grateful she is to you for old favors. I'm telling you, my husband is beginning to look so oddly at me. He is for-

ever on the hunt for a witch in me. I can't bear it. I can't stand it any longer."

Before I showed any signs of complying, she ran on: "I want you to visit me and see the room I prepared for mother. In case you think ma is afraid that my house isn't *kosher*, I'd like you to notice how I trained the maids to use separate dishes and all that's necessary. You'll see it all yourself. I'll send my car for you."

She raised her eyes scrutinizingly as if to find out whether I hadn't learned yet that she was a model daughter and a lady of means. All I said was, "I'll do as you ask me and will go to see your mother."

As we shook hands, she besought me anew, "You won't forget what I told you about my husband? You understand what it means to me and why I came to bother you."

What had been most irritating in her disclosures was the emphasis she laid on her own happiness that was being threatened. Not for a single instant did she reveal any distress that her mother at an advanced age was lacking in necessary comforts.

III

I was disappointed to find a strange family living in the flat which I had known to be Mrs. Siegel's. The present occupant, an Americanized young woman, directed me to a lower floor. "That's where the eccentric miser lives now in one room," she let fall for my edification. My cold demeanor at her garrulity couldn't escape her, for she added apologetically, "She is a nice woman, all right, but that's what all the neighbors call her."

I am afraid that during my entire stay in the tiny, neatly-kept room with Mrs. Siegel, I sat with mouth opened wide and eyes staring. I made no attempt to stem

the torrent of words that must have been dammed up so long and finally set free.

"Of what good is my daughter's codling to me? I don't give a fig for it!" she almost shrieked, her ever-mild temper for once extremely ruffled, her thin hands trembling. "What's the wrong if I can't stand to see money squandered as if it were rags? Every time I visit Shirley and see the extravagance, the waste, I can't take a thing into my mouth, I choke, I'm telling you. I can't even rest myself on those fancy eiderdown beds of hers. And do you know why? Because through all these years I haven't for a moment forgotten my unhappy darling son whose end was so terrible. Mouldy, soldier's bread Milty chewed, so far away among strangers. He slept in the dugouts with vermin creeping all over him—and do you want me to look every day at gold being thrown to right and left, and feed on caviar? Do you expect me to do that? Do you?"

A spasm shot across her face and contorted it. But she sat tearless, grim, as if she had clenched her teeth to prevent an "exhibition" before a stranger. She paused just long enough to catch her breath, and at once took up the thread.

"It's to you I'm saying this. Never a word of this nature has passed my mouth to anyone. God forbid! You think that an old woman understands nothing. Yet I know that should I mention to my daughter or to any person what I just told you, they would lift their eyebrows in astonishment and exclaim: 'What, after all this length of time, you believe that you mustn't indulge in any comforts because your son years ago suffered?' There is nothing I can answer to that. That's how I feel. That's just my feeling. There's no explaining. I feel that way——"

She stopped rather abruptly for fear of a breakdown. Her assumed rigidity at this

point was more than I could bear. I began to pray inwardly for a softening influence to descend on her. Miraculously, she regained self-mastery and resumed rather disconnectedly. But I grasped that this seeming digression was due to her effort to shun a topic that required superhuman control.

"Look here, I think I am not at all miserly," she began with austerity. "But as I was always compelled to stint and skimp, I got used to it. I can't bear waste. Just picture to yourself. There's nothing a gourmand can think of that isn't delivered to my daughter's house. So I see the other day that the black maid, the Negro, who tends the baby, guzzles the sweet cream and crams other delicacies down her throat. Of course, I pointed it out to Shirley, so she tells me that it's nothing to worry about. She herself is on a diet—since it's such a fashion nowadays to look like a broomstick—therefore she doesn't care for the rich foods herself. I felt my heart contracting and hurting so awfully.

"You surely remember how my late husband, may he rest in peace, earned, as we say, only water for the porridge; and we were forced to a hand-to-mouth existence. Watching how the black one gorged herself, I was reminded how my Milty used to leave for high-school in the morning so pale and worn from hours of study, with only a few pennies and a sandwich in his pocket. His darling lips used to shake so when he tried to persuade me that he had enough to eat. And from the front out there in France he used to write to me that I should send him more cake and cigarettes so that he could share with his buddies as they often shared with him, and I couldn't send him more. On no account could I afford it. Were I able now to stand at his nameless grave, somewhere, I'd fall down to earth and say to him,

'Sonny, dearest, forgive me, I really couldn't, I swear. I had no means to send you more for the buddies.'

In spite of her exertions to the contrary, a few tears rolled softly down her cheeks, as if independent of her will, her face remaining almost immobile all the time. I recalled how strangely young she appeared when I first met her. Even now there were few wrinkles to be detected on her face. But her lids slouched across the deep cave of her eyes, once so big and so lustrous. Through the years, tears shed in silence must have become a daily habit. She pulled a folded, ironed, handkerchief from a pocket hidden somewhere in the folds of an old-fashioned dress, wiped her eyes carefully and then in a strange, small voice finished her thought. "Living with Shirley I would not be able to explain exactly why I refuse delicacies, or refrain at times from telling her and from complaining about her extravagance. It would arouse hot blood and perhaps ugly words between us. So isn't it better as it is, don't you think so?"

"Indeed, it's better as it is," I assented with warmth.

IV

Mrs. Siegel ceased talking. For a while she stared absent-mindedly into space. But she finally appeared to recall something altogether novel. Seemingly, having opened her heart to me, though with so much reserve, she suddenly had a peep into depths within her, hitherto unfathomed. And she abruptly added: "After all, you are aware that I wouldn't thrive upon receiving dainties from my daughter which the Negro maid likewise receives. How will I fail to notice that one second the black one gets a bonbon, and the next the same is handed to the old mother. How could I

bring myself to speak of this to the judges in the court or to the reporters?"

I again wholeheartedly assented, for by this time the half-formulated ideas that had been drifting through my mind concerning her had been knocked into a cocked hat. I felt quite sure that I had heard enough to exonerate her from any suspicion that I might have harbored. I expected no more inner revelations. However, Mrs. Siegel appeared intent on atoning to me for having depressed me by her lapses into private grief. Perhaps she wished to atone to herself for the crime of exposing a lacerated heart. She therefore turned to a topic on which she could speak in a voice soft and subdued. No more was there the nerve-rendering pitch with which she had mentioned her lost son, nor the tone that had touched the apotheosis of scorn when she spoke of extravagance, especially when she exclaimed "the black one!"

"But you must bear in mind," she murmured meditatively, "that the possibility Shirley had to enjoy wealth is extremely pleasing. Do you think that ragamuffins are enviable? Still, I have somehow always imagined that my daughter would live right next door. Widowhood for me was so far from my thoughts; and I indulged in fancies how I'll teach Shirley the housewife's art. Of course, it's all nonsense, especially for you. But I used to picture to myself how my newly-married girl and I go marketing. The two of us carry the long paper shopping baskets; and she keeps on asking her ma questions, and ma instructs her how to buy, how not to be cheated and how to get the very best at reasonable prices. And she is so appreciative—not, Heaven forbid, because she is so poor, but because there are things a young housewife should learn. So I kept on bathing in foolish fancies, and then things turned out topsy-turvy."

She became aware of the smile I betrayed at her last characterization of her daughter's rich marriage, and she quickly reiterated: "Indeed, topsy-turvy! I'm dying to have Shirley closer to me—isn't she all that's left me? Then the sweet grandchild. And as long as one is alive one does crave for some luxuries; you know that. So I'll let you in on the secret how a *meshugene* old woman gets luxuries. In this here house there lives a young woman recently from under the canopy. I expect her soon; you'll see her if you stay on. She has no family of her own to speak of, and is so green in household things that God should have mercy on her. This poor child asked me more than once whether I wouldn't take her along when I go marketing for the few necessities I must have. For she knows neither what to get of the butcher, nor how to deal properly with the grocer or the fruitman. So I helped her a few times.

"You should have seen how she thanked me! It's in her apartment that I have this room now. I had to move to her. She won't take a step without me. And that's how we parade daily through the shops—she with her basket, I with mine; and I assure you she's learning things. You're a good teacher, but I bet you you wouldn't impress on her that to taste something you expect to buy isn't improper; or that bananas with sharp edges instead of curves are far from a bargain at any price. You're laughing, eh?"

I was indeed pleased to detect a secret brook of joy running clear under the rubble—to find that Mrs. Siegel had managed to build for herself a sanctuary of sorts. I

resolved then and there that no one must interfere in the make-believe escape this mother had achieved. I was ready to leave at once to see Shirley, to speak to her husband, if necessary. As I arose, there was a knock at the door. A young woman entered, carrying a fair-sized bag to which rope handles had been attached. "Are we marching?" she called out cheerfully, and then colored deeply on spying the visitor.

The three of us descended the stairs together, Mrs. Siegel walking haltingly, her face inordinately serious and haggard now that she didn't face me in talk and was unaware of my close observation. I suddenly realized how stupid I had been to be taken in by her trumped-up jollity during the last few minutes of my visit. Or was she trying to take herself in, too? As I watched now the heavily-smitten mother walking solemnly and sternly with her basket, wilfully deceiving herself into the belief that she may smother a memory which persisted in staying awake, a well of pity rose in me with such impetus that I had to turn away to hide it.

It appeared to me that in a moment she might drop what she held in hand, throw herself on the ground and start retching and howling wildly, animal-like, as she had done long ago, having lost all self-control, when the wound still bleeding so profusely, was first dealt her. But she solemnly and sternly walked on, artfully pretending.

I offered to carry Mrs. Siegel's basket for her, but she decidedly refused.

"Believe me, it's a great pleasure for me to carry it," she said, "it's an old woman's real treat, I assure you."

THE LIBRARY

Under a Major Poet

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. \$2.50. 5½ x 8; 478 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

SELECTED POEMS, by Oliver St. John Gogarty. \$2. 5¼ x 7⅞; 177 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

NOW WITH HIS LOVE, by John Peale Bishop. \$2.50. 6½ x 9½; 89 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

STARRY HARNESS, by William Rose Benét. \$2. 5½ x 8¼; 111 pp. New York: *Duffield & Green*.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE HOLY GHOSTS, by Howard and Geraldine Wolf. \$1.50. 5½ x 7¾; 91 pp. Caldwell, Idaho: *The Caxton Printers*.

PLANET DESCENDING, by Lydia Prescott. \$1.75. 5½ x 8½; 71 pp. Philadelphia: *The Poetry Publishers*.

THESE books are listed in the approximate order of their worth, so that those who know the first will have less need to judge the rest. The mere fact of juxtaposition, however, establishes relations which might otherwise not have appeared.

Mr. Gogarty is neither a professional nor an amateur poet; he is a delighted individual writing verses—some full of wit and mockery and verbal hilarity, not for any ulterior purpose of satire or castigation, but for their own sakes; others, and these too may have their wit, exposing precisely some enchantment of scene or woman's figure. As he is not professional (he is a doctor by vocation, an airman by occupation, and a character in "Ulysses" by fate) he need never be held in awe as an influence or an inspiration. He is like Herrick and Lovelace and like a more

Irish, bawdier Goldsmith, not an amateur but a genuine minor poet: a master of light and lovely forms without anywhere the weight of overweening subject-matter. His occasional verse is as light, as graceful, as free as the verses written either for high fun, like "Leda and the Swan," or for low fun, like "After Galen." If he never flies you very high, he never lets you down.

Mr. Bishop's book—which collects the work of at least thirteen years—shows what can be done in verse with a receptive sensibility and a good ear alone. He is, I think, an amateur, which, while it is not quite the same as being a serious poet, is a fine thing in itself.

He writes for personal expression and satisfaction out of personal necessity, and that is better than writing to impress others or out of a deluded ambition to be a Poet.

The poems themselves, almost without exception, are derivative, as an amateur's poetry should be, and represent a more or less consciously deliberate series of submissions—in subject, mood, and technique—to the sensibilities of certain contemporaries and predecessors. Baudelaire and Rimbaud—there is a genuinely disgusting translation of Rimbaud's "Venus Anadyomene"—are the principal predecessors; Pound, Eliot, and Cummings the contemporaries.

These influences are not only general and pervasive, they are often precisely assignable to particular poems: for example, "An English Lady" depends on the technique and feeling of Pound's "Moeurs Contemporaines." The sum of influences

has, however, a collective force of being; and it is possible to read Mr. Bishop's verse as in effect the criticism of a sensitive mind upon its masters. In such a reading, Baudelaire and Eliot come out best, Pound and Cummings worst.

Mr. Benét is a good mediocre professional minor poet of the old-fashioned school competent to turn any material that comes to hand into sound, untroublesome verse; and I do not mean, with my many adjectives, to damn with faint praise.

There are never many major poets and seldom many minor poets of the first order at a given time; and we should be grateful to Mr. Benét and his kind for consistently maintaining traditional poetry at a certain level; the level out of which greater poets emerge and without which they could not emerge at all.

Far from poetastry, which is dull even to the dull, Mr. Benét writes, as a rule easily rather than facilely, verse that is easy to read and easy in its rewards. Never exciting, never concentrating the full mind's attention, some of the poems are written with gusto, such as the "Exequies for Barnum"; some are full of natural observation, such as "Lonely Dolphin," and some of social observation, such as "Third Row, Centre." At his worst—that is, at his easiest—in "Ballad of the Blunderbuss," Mr. Benét resembles Robert W. Service; at his best, in his conventional lyrics, he achieves a kind of diffuse, non-personal distinction. In between lie the philosophical and hortatory poems. On the whole, the work is good innocuous verse of the middle-class—in every sense of that term.

Mr. and Mrs. Wolf are not one poet, and although their separate contributions are distinguished at the end of their book, they are not exactly two poets,

either. They are lively fragments of a good many poets, including themselves. They are derivative, but unlike Mr. Bishop's, their derivations are not personal, nor altogether literary: theirs is rather the derivative quality of all work that is not mature. There are places in almost all of the poems which are not written directly, but which are derived, borrowed from the vague body of existing poetry.

The work of both Mr. and Mrs. Wolf is highly readable. Mrs. Wolf writes competently and often freshly of delicate natural and personal impressions. Mr. Wolf can be read for fun, for observation, for rough satire, and for excellent journalism. And there is no impediment in anything here published to prevent either of them from eventually writing wholly mature poetry. Jake Falstaff writes an appreciative introduction.

Miss Prescott, like Mr. Bishop and indeed like most people who take to rhyme, is sensitive. She is sensitive, however, more to life than to the exigencies of writing verse. Her work is hurried, casual, careless, and full of verbal counters good only at their own declaration. It is fiat verse, and professional in the wrong sense—as Mr. Bishop's verse was amateur in the good sense. That is, she is anxious to get everything down, not only everything that has happened to her but also everything that ought to have happened to her. As a document of impressions and needs, the book is readable; as poetry it is uninteresting.

Had Mr. Yeats not been present in this review as a rock of major poetry to judge by, our other writers might have got off much better, in kindlier colors, even, as it were, scot-free. It is not often that a major poet appears in his own right, especially in a review.

The first things to notice are that this *Collected Poems* contains the new poems published separately in "The Winding Stair" and that it supersedes earlier collections both by its omissions and its revisions. The reader of the early Yeats will regret this with a lush feeling in his heart; the reader of the later poems will rejoice in it with an austere joy.

In a review of this size it is of course impossible to exhibit effectively the quality increasingly present in every volume since "Responsibilities," and at its maximum, perhaps, in "The Tower," which transformed Mr. Yeats from a romantic Gaelic bard to a major Irish poet. I do not know of any other such transformation in any poetry.

The quality may be indicated by saying that after twenty years of writing sad luscious lines of escape—more or less typified by "The Lake Isle of Innisfree"—Mr. Yeats suddenly began to grow up. He became aware of the life about him. His maturity, so suddenly envisaged, has been deepening ever since, both in his poems about his own life—the fine poems about old age and death—and in the poems about the Irish Revolution and civil wars, and those about the legendary character Crazy Mary. Even upon so classical a theme as Leda and the Swan he wrote a sonnet that shocked the city of Dublin. Lately, and this illustrates the difference between the old and the new Yeats, instead of writing about the wanderings of Oisín, he has written about Swift:

beating his breast in sibylline frenzy
blind
Because the heart in his blood-sodden
breast had dragged him down into
mankind.

R. P. BLACKMUR

Not Even Journalism

OVER HERE. 1914-1918, by Mark Sullivan.
\$3.75. 6 x 9¼; 676 pp. New York: Charles
Scribner's Sons.

THIS is Volume V in Mr. Sullivan's "Our Times" series. The illustrations in it, as in its predecessors, are excellent, and so are the many quotations from the contemporary popular songs and other folklore, but the quality of the reading matter shows no advance. One familiar with Mr. Sullivan's newspaper and magazine work could hardly expect profound analysis from him, or brilliant interpretation, but one has a right to expect high competence of reporting. After all, nearly thirty-five years of journalism, many of them spent in close contact with the guiding intellects of modern American history, should mean something. Unfortunately, they seem to have meant little in the case of Mr. Sullivan.

The years 1914-1918 may yet prove to be the climacteric in the history of the United States. They marked a wholly new and eventually, perhaps, disastrous departure in our foreign relations, and at home they saw the emergence of a hatred which, in the long run, will do this country even less good than it will do the world. Animosity, among nations as well as among individuals, is a more lasting emotion than affection, and it hurts the subject far more than the object. The war years thus present material for a fascinating and even dramatic history, and the only persons who can possibly write such a history are those who lived while it was being made and had the supreme advantage of observing it all from the wheel-house. History written by contemporaries is generally the only truthful history. The future is sometimes more "fair" in its judgments than the present, but that is often because the future knows less than the present.

Mr. Sullivan was a contemporary observer of the war period. Unfortunately, his book tells us little more than we remember in vague recollection, and very often it tells us far less. One emerges from it somewhat bewildered by its mass of detail, but not much richer in enlightenment. His chief sources in the present volume, as in the previous ones, are the files of newspapers and magazines. He begins with a brief and rather perfunctory account of how the outbreak of the World War reacted upon American official and public opinion, and then plunges into the long, sad tale of President Wilson's notes. As to why and when the United States "really" entered the war, Mr. Sullivan seems to be as much in the dark as the rest of us. He does offer many explanations, but unfortunately they contradict one another.

On page 51 he says that "America's attitude had been fixed the hour" that Germany invaded Belgium, in mid-August, 1914, because "the average American" couldn't bear the sight of "big dog pouncing on little one." On page 120 he changes his mind and says that the United States was drawn into the war about a year later, when the *Lusitania* was sunk at "2:08 P.M. of May 7, 1915. That was the precise moment—more nearly than the inception of most wars can be fixed—when war between America and Germany became inevitable," because "America as a whole" looked upon that sinking as "deliberate murder." But on page 133 he contends that "it was on the Atlantic seaboard mainly, and perhaps only," that there was any sentiment against Germany. On page 136 he takes all this back: "The truth is, America was not neutral; American thought, opinion, emotion was strongly pro-Ally." But apparently he does not mean this seriously, for less than six pages further on he admits that "at all

times there was a large group, the largest of all," who said that "we should stay out of it, the war was none of our business." So there you are, and you can have your choice.

As for the part President Wilson played in bringing this country into the war on the side of the Allies, Mr. Sullivan seems to be equally confused. The President's peace message of December 18, 1916, he says, was the product of "personal ambition" which happened to coincide "with the spirit of high adventure in idealism." In other words, he wanted to go down in history as the great peacemaker. At that time he was "a determined neutral," and it was "a fixed condition with him" that we should not enter the war. Thus, "when, later, entry was forced upon him by the Germans [with their submarine note] he was utterly surprised, angry, and also dismayed." But why he should have been surprised is somewhat surprising in itself, for Mr. Sullivan assures us that "from the beginning [as early as August, 1914] Wilson was strongly pro-Ally, strongly anti-German." Plainly there is something wrong here.

Anyway, whatever the reasons and the "real" date of our entry, we officially joined the Allies on April 6, 1917. Mr. Sullivan considers in detail such things as the Draft, the "spy fever," the Liberty Loan drives, the War Industries Board, the Creel propaganda bureau, "Hooverizing," the flood of war songs and war cartoons, etc. But with all his detail, he leaves out a great deal. He says nothing about the Hog Island scandal. He says nothing about the wastage in the air service. He heaps praises on the war-time activities of Baruch, Hurley, *et al.*, but he doesn't give the slightest hint that many of the dollar-a-year men were profiteers. He considers at great length the career of Grover

Cleveland Bergdoll, the slacker, but he makes no reference to the brutal treatment of the conscientious objectors.

He does report that such pro-Germans as Dr. Karl Muck of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were interned in Oglethorpe, but he reports nothing about their almost incredible persecution before their internment. In passing, he mentions the Espionage Act, but he does not describe the high-handed manner in which Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer and Postmaster-General A. S. Burleson applied it, nor the futile efforts made to have the Supreme Court declare the act unconstitutional. Mr. Sullivan seems to find it difficult to heap sufficient glory upon the work of George Creel. Among his phrases of adulation are "exuberance . . . pugnacity . . . biting sarcasm . . . creative spirit . . . an artist." Apparently he has forgotten the patriotic liars which Mr. Creel made of leading American historians, biographers, and even scientists,—with their consent, of course.

And he has also forgotten to tell the dreadful stories of the "patriotic" work of the *Milwaukee Journal* and the *Providence, R. I., Journal*, both of which papers did more, during the war, to lower the professional status of American journalism than even the *New York Times*. Nor does Mr. Sullivan make any extensive reference to the badgering that went on in the colleges and among the clergy. Professors who did not show "an active interest" in the war were summarily thrown out or given "indefinite" leaves of absence. And those among the ministers who took seriously the Commandment against killing had to flee from the noble wrath of the S. Parkes Cadmans, Henry Van Dykes, and Newell Dwight Hillises.

These are not minor omissions. They are of the first importance, and a history

of the war days that does not include them is hardly a complete one. But Mr. Sullivan is not merely deficient in his reporting; he is also somewhat naïve on the few occasions when he attempts philosophizing. Here, for example, is what he says about American intervention in Haiti (page 608):

Immediately the Americans embarked on a program for improving the country. . . . Banditry was stamped out. Modern roads were constructed, and cities and towns were given the first thorough cleaning they had had since Columbus first visited the island. For one or another reason, however, the natives did not take kindly to the new order and never ceased to complain against it. Possibly their greatest cause for resentment was the unwillingness of the members of the American Intervention to accept them on a plane of social equality.

In the main, Mr. Sullivan seems to think that once war was declared the whole country leaped to the support of the President, and that on the whole the American people had a good time. That many of them enjoyed a katharsis of some sort is undeniable, but the facts also show that a large portion of the public remained in grave doubt about the whole business. Mr. Sullivan himself says that "Bergdoll was but one of 337,649 deserters from the Draft," which was 11% of those called. What was true of the draftees was probably true of the people at large. A tremendous amount of patrioteering was necessary to bring the skeptics into line. Mr. Sullivan's account of the patrioteering—much of it tragic and shameful—is, as has already been noted, far from satisfactory, because it leaves out so much. Good as his illustrations and quotations from war songs are, his book would have been better and sounder if he had omitted some of them and in their place substi-

tuted more hard facts. Patriotism may or may not be a fine sentiment in war time, but certainly it has no place in the writing of history.

CHARLES ANGOFF

Dr. Bernard Fay's Scenario

THE TWO FRANKLINS: FATHERS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, by Bernard Fay. \$3.50. 6¾ x 9¾; 397 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

THE two Franklins of the title are Benjamin Franklin and his grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache. Dr. Fay deals chiefly with the latter, and brings in the grandfather only for "background." Benjamin Franklin Bache is by no means unknown to students of early American history. He was born on August 12, 1769, and seven years later his grandfather took him to Europe, where he sent him to school in Geneva, then the hotbed of both Calvinism and Rousseauism, in order to make of the young boy "a Presbyterian as well as a Republican." In 1785 "Benny," as Dr. Fay calls him throughout this strange book, returned to America with his grandfather.

Benny was now a young man, and he felt "need of warmth and affection! . . . Oh, if only he could find a woman's heart! To become great, Benny said to himself," according to the omniscient Dr. Fay, "a great man needs nothing but himself, money, and a woman's heart." Benny felt "desolate." His chief aim in life now was to "catch a heart." Eventually, after a lot of anguish, he persuaded Miss Margaret Markoe to accept his love. That over with, Benny began looking around for a business. For some reason or other he decided on the newspaper business, so he went to Jefferson, a friend of his grandfather, for advice and help, but that quiet gentleman was merely polite to him. Jefferson, it seemed, was not interested in Bache's journalistic ideas. He was about that time

chiefly interested in encouraging Philip Freneau to found the *National Gazette*, which became the organ of the Jeffersonians.

But Benny didn't give up hope. He was a persevering young man, and by 1790 had got together enough capital to start his own newspaper. He called it the *General Advertiser, and Political, Commercial, Agricultural and Literary Journal*. At the beginning business was slow. "Poor Benny was left very much to himself." He was a Democrat, but the Democrats would have nothing to do with him, because they already had Freneau's *National Gazette*, and the Federalists despised him for being against them. In time, however, circulation and advertising picked up, and in 1794 he felt so sure of himself that he decided to rechristen his paper the *Aurora*. In a few months John Jay returned from England with a treaty regarding the remaining British garrisons on this continent and other thorny matters. Neither President Washington nor the Senate would divulge the contents of the treaty, but "Benny . . . imagined that the treaty was deplorable." In some mysterious way he managed to obtain the text of the treaty, and on July 2, 1795 he printed it in the *Aurora*. Immediately the sales of the *Aurora* leaped to almost incredible heights. Washington had kept the treaty from the public for good and sufficient reasons, for it was truly infamous. There was violent protest all over the country against signing it, and though the President finally did sign it, Benny had achieved a distinguished place in the public eye.

He now felt free to let loose at Washington with full force, and for the next four years he denounced him and the Federalists in general with a vituperation that has become historic. Thereby Benny created a new public opinion, which finally forced the Federalists from power

and made Jefferson third President of the United States. His virulence of attack was surpassed only by his arch journalistic foe, the celebrated William Cobbett, editor of *Porcupine's Gazette*. As soon as Washington relinquished the Presidency Benny exclaimed in the *Aurora*:

If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment. Every heart, in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people, ought to beat high in exultation, that the name of Washington ceases from this day to give currency to political iniquity and to legalize corruption.

Benny died on September 11, 1798, at the age of twenty-nine, of yellow fever, and shortly afterward the glory of his paper went with him. In his brief life he influenced American history almost as much as his grandfather, Benjamin Franklin. He certainly deserves far more study than the older historians have given him. Dr. Fay's book, unfortunately, adds very little to what has already been known. He says that he has had access to new MS material, but either the material is mainly trivial or he has made poor use of it. But a far more serious criticism of his book is the Hollywood manner in which it is written. There is far less hard fact in it than shoddy "creative imagination" dished out in the style of Emil Ludwig. Benjamin Franklin Bache is always "Benny" to him, as has already been noted, and Alexander Hamilton is "Alexander," of whom he says that he "was born of a burst of affection rather than of due deliberation." When Bache, as a young boy, was in Paris with his grandfather, he led

a life of enchantment. Rising at six in the morning, and even earlier in summer, he disputed with the sun the pleasure of awakening his canaries, his dear canaries. He filled their little bath with fresh water and gave them seed and cake. He admired their seriousness when they were broody

and waxed indignant over their ferocious frivolity when they broke their eggs almost as soon as they were laid. They were the great joy, and the great tragedy, of that quiet, furtive life of his, . . .

It is disheartening that the author of the sound and solid "Revolutionary Spirit in France and in America at the Close of the Eighteenth Century" should sink to such sorry stuff. Is this what association with the Gertrude Stein ménage does to intellectual integrity?

C. A.

Johannes Brahms

THE UNKNOWN BRAHMS: HIS LIFE, CHARACTER AND WORKS, by Robert Haven Schauffler. \$3.50. 6 x 8 $\frac{3}{8}$; 560 pp. New York: *Dodd, Mead & Company*.

THE CHAMBER MUSIC OF BRAHMS, by H. C. Colles. 75 cents. Pamphlet, 64 pp. New York: *The Oxford University Press*.

BRAHMS: THE SYMPHONIES, by P. A. Browne. 75 cents. Pamphlet, 71 pp. New York: *The Oxford University Press*.

THE centenaries of great musicians have a strange way of affecting some of their biographers and critics, who regard these occasions as a fitting excuse for the dusting of cupboards and the airing of skeletons. That the skeletons should be merely of papier mâché, if not of flimsier substance, instead of being *bona fide* osseous, does not prevent their going on parade, with a great show of jargon and palaver, to amaze the credulous.

The year 1933 has presented us with Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler's "The Unknown Brahms," a title artfully suggesting that what knowledge of Brahms had hitherto escaped the masses was the kind of lore that tradition passes on in whispers among the few initiated, but which our modern school of psychoanalytical biographers tosses off lightly and takes a modest satisfaction in hanging on the clothes-line, where dirty linen, washed in public, is

made to frolic in the sun. Silk panties and Jaeger under-shirts, in natural propinquity, assume an air of doubtful innocence. The pruriently minded persist in seeing a spot where the professors have apparently removed the stains with psychological soap-suds.

No doubt, we must now prepare ourselves for "The Unbelievable Mozart," for "The Unspeakable Tchaikovsky," and for "The Unmasked Chopin." The unsavory Wagner has been with us for so long, that he has become a familiar and accepted figure. He opened the "un"-series.

At present we are concerned only with "The Unknown Brahms." Mr. Schauffler does not completely overlook the known one; but to him he devotes only thirty-five pages of his book, whereas the Brahms that the author claims to have discovered requires all of 225 pages in order to stand fully revealed. Perhaps Mr. Schauffler was a trifle over-sanguine in the belief that his "revelations" give us a much truer or clearer idea of Brahms the man than we had before. To be sure, Mr. Schauffler is a veritable Nimrod among biographers; he possesses to a rare degree the faculty of scenting choice anecdotes. And he comes home with a bag full of game. Thanks to Mr. Schauffler it is no longer a secret where Brahms was in the habit of buying his delicatessen. And by the time the next edition is issued the author may perhaps be able to tell us which brand of sardines the master preferred.

In the life of a great man no detail is too small or insignificant. Probably with this thought in mind Mr. Schauffler has collected a vast amount of Brahmsiana, old and new. And in tracking them down he has gone to no end of trouble, has searched the highways and byways, with a valiant predilection for the latter. The trophy of the hunt appears to be the care-

fully attested presentment of Johannes Brahms as a whoremonger.

Hygiene is properly concerned with sex. That it often blunders where it tries to save is incidental. Carnal love belongs to the liberal arts. That it is often treated as a vice betrays misjudgment. It should be a matter of æsthetics rather than of ethics. No taint can attach to it, it cannot be "sinful," so long as it does not offend the norm of its manifold crafts and graces. Abandon is not incompatible with reverence, sensuality need not exclude good sense.

Brahms never married. That he preferred prostitutes to so-called "decent women" of light conduct may not necessarily have been due to a "mother-complex," as Mr. Schauffler thinks, but may merely indicate a taste and wisdom not uncommon among intellectual giants and men of genius. The noble and important *ars amandi*—sagaciously expounded by the Roman Ovid, minutely taught by Oriental sages—is not ordinarily practised on the connubial couch. Ardent spirits have sought and found it in the arms of humble prostitutes or dazzling courtesans.

The Greek word to which we owe *hetaera* meant originally companion or pal. The *hetaera*'s companionship was prized by statesmen, generals, philosophers, and poets. Lais the Elder, of Corinth, was the delight of the philosopher Aristippos; Lais the Younger has been immortalized by the painter Apelles. The greatest among ancient sculptors, Praxiteles, paid homage to incomparable Phryne, the Athenian. The mighty thinker, Aristotle, had a son by the *hetaera* Herpyllis.

We have no intention of continuing this *hetaerography*. The inference is plain: what we term a "social evil," and what Mr. Schauffler, in one particular instance, calls "a fascinating and terrible tale about Brahms's attitude towards women," was to

the ancient mind by no means an indecorous or indecent relationship. One may find fascination in back-stair gossip; but to see it held out as bait in the first half dozen pages by the biographer of Brahms leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

It is not our purpose to brandish a persuasive pen in the defense of libertines and harlots. But we frankly confess that Mr. Schaufler's half-apologetic, half-salacious approach to Brahms's "continuing preference for prostitutes" (which the author concedes was "long known" before him) seems to us ill-advised, ill-contrived, ill-flavored. It seriously mars what otherwise might have impressed us as an admirable book. Mr. Schaufler's pseudo-scientific explanations and justifications for his subject's peculiarities leave us cold. They are rather unnecessary. The true reasons would seem to be simpler and to lie nearer at hand. It is difficult to believe that Brahms, this *Vollmensch*—aside from a certain shyness due chiefly to impatience with anything that balked or embarrassed him—should have been bothered by inferiority-complexes, sexual or otherwise.

The music of Brahms, clearly conceived and unerringly wrought, sprang from a brain unfuddled by lechery, from a soul that was pure. It could be gay, exuberant, tender, playful, but never coarse or vulgar. His youthful experiences in the sailor dives of Hamburg, if they affected him at all, never blurred his sense of beauty, never distorted his sane vision. Mr. Schaufler is well aware of a discrepancy and warns his readers that they "will perhaps wonder how any man of such unsavory sex habits could show so lofty a character." One wonders even more what Johannes Brahms would say if he saw his amatory proclivi-

ties publicly and priggishly discussed by Mr. Robert Haven Schaufler and branded as unsavory sex habits. If the music of Brahms at times rises to elemental passion, it also dwells on a plane of sublime serenity; that is the mark of genius. When Mr. Schaufler writes: "The music of Brahms is full of sex appeal," we cannot follow him. If beauty lies in the beholder's eye, perhaps the musical sex appeal lies in the listener's ear, unless it reside in some other organ of the sensorial apparatus.

That Mr. Schaufler, in his generally able and sympathetic discussion of Brahms's music, should lay claim to having discovered the composer's "germ-motives," is not surprising in one who has before—in the case of Beethoven—proved himself a musical spermatologist.

All objections duly noted, there is left in Mr. Schaufler's book much that is fine and stimulating; and there is always the possibility that what may seem objectionable to one reader, will serve as delectation to ten thousand others. Such is our sincere hope and wish.

Lovers of Brahms will welcome two recent additions to "The Musical Pilgrim," that excellent series of handy pamphlets published by the Oxford University Press under the general editorship of Sir Arthur Somervell. One is "The Chamber Music of Brahms," by H. C. Colles, the other contains an analysis of the symphonies of Brahms by P. A. Browne. Each in its way carries out the scheme of these helpful little "guides," in which the average reader finds much pertinent information, conducive to a more profitable and enjoyable reception of the music, without being frightened away by a lot of technical cant.

CARL ENGEL

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MYSTERY OF RETAIL PRICE

MR. DANE YORKE, writing under the heading "The Mystery of Retail Price" in the December issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, performs one of those amazing mental sleights-of-hand. In this instance it results in making high retail mark-ups appear as a consumer service rather than as a profit-making device. A service for which the merchant, poor fellow, receives a very ordinary compensation. As a theorist, a class at which Mr. Yorke directs, in passing, some semi-belittling remarks, I wish to acknowledge that even in my specialty I have never been able to contrive such a brilliant job of mixing up the horse and the cart as Mr. Yorke has done in his theory of high retail mark-up and consumer behavior.

His genius reaches its peak when he explains that an inexpensive article must be offered at a high price because the customer demands it and, as a proof, shows that the identical article cannot be sold at a low price. Such dazzling analysis leaves me gasping. I have always believed that the consumer, when out shopping, tried to get the most for his money. His choice of higher-priced merchandise I explained as either that (a) he believed that the extra price was more than offset by extra quality, or that (b) he wished to impress the salesman or his friends that he could afford to pay high prices, or that (c) he was crazy. The fact that consumers will buy the same merchandise at a high price that they refuse at a lower has seemed to me to reflect our blind faith

that, since we can no longer identify the quality of complex modern commodities through amateur inspection, our best guide is price. Competition, we assume, will prevent our being overcharged. Sweet innocence! I confess to harboring the unworthy suspicion that the clever merchant, using as a slogan "what they don't know won't hurt us," frequently invests his capital in selling expense instead of merchandise, dolls up his shoddy with satin and cellophane, jacks up the price and speaks with becoming humility of his service in adjusting his business to public demand.

Mr. Yorke, in his brilliant exposé, punctures another of my favorite beliefs. He explains that the whimsicality, capriciousness, and general unreliability of consumer taste burdens the hard-pressed marketing system with expensive stocks of out-of-date merchandise, *i.e.*, a sudden rage for green tooth paste in white tubes occasions a large loss on all stocks of white tooth paste in green tubes.

It seems strange that any one could be so naïve as I. I actually blamed the merchants for the public's habit of fickleness. I thought that each merchant in trying to divert a larger stream of customers through his door instead of his competitors' thought up all kinds of little differentiations and dinkuses to give his line the stamp of personality. I thought that he tried to get the trade all steamed up over a 25 cent difference by means of a \$25,000 advertising campaign. Unfortunately, his competitor, I observed, could also think them up. Furthermore, I reasoned, if the consumer could by assiduous cultivation

be made model-conscious, style-conscious, and mode-conscious, merchandise sold to last ten years would be junked in two and replacement sales would come oftener.

Of course, such tactics meant that the customer must be kept harassed and dissatisfied with the appropriateness of his purchases, a tendency to easy boredom must be induced into standards of living, commodities with much useful service remaining in them must be discarded, and above all, the retail price must be high enough to cover the inventory losses due to style change on the one hand and the expense of inducing the public to try a new style on the other. With the costs of competitive sales efforts and the resultant waste through obsolescence falling on the merchant, Mr. Yorke's statement that the net profit from a high mark-up is quite moderate seems not so surprising.

May I recommend Mr. Yorke's exposition for a rank equal to the best output of the alibi-thinkers-up working for the United States Chamber of Commerce?

R. S. WINSLOW

*Department of Economics and Commerce,
The University of North Carolina,
Chapel Hill, N. C.*

GAME LAWS ARE NOT SO FUNNY

ORDINARILY it is the layman who consults a lawyer to have the law interpreted. William Seagle, the lawyer who wrote "The Law of the Chase" for your December issue, should have asked a competent layman to interpret the game laws of the several States before attempting to ridicule them and succeeding only in making himself ridiculous.

Mr. Seagle, it appears, has come across a digest of the laws pertaining to hunting and fishing and, reading them without the eye of experience or knowledge, has seen in them something funny and at the same

time evidence of the extremes of legislative folly in dictating the conduct of the citizen.

Any hunter or fisherman could tell him that these laws are not funny. Judging by those which apply to such types of hunting and fishing as are practiced in this part of Pennsylvania (where 11,000 hunting licenses were issued this year in Lycoming County, population 93,000) none of the regulations he cited lacks logical explanation.

He scoffs at Utah's requirement that deer hunters wear red caps. That is not to add picturesqueness to the hunting scene. It's for the protection of the hunter. Deer do not wear red.

He is amused at the requirement, common in most States, that deer have antlers of a certain size in order to constitute legal quarry. In Pennsylvania it is stipulated that only male deer with two or more points to an antler may be killed. Last year, in the two-weeks' season, 19,729 such deer were killed in this State, which should be proof enough that it is not difficult for hunters to comply with this ruling.

Not so many years ago deer were threatened with extinction in Pennsylvania. Strict regulation of hunting methods, becoming progressively more stringent, has made deer so numerous that it is a common thing to see them while traveling along our State highways. They have increased to such a point that it has been found advisable to reduce their numbers by suspending the restrictions in several seasons. Deer hunting was once a sport for the few. Now it is the sport of the many, a remarkable thing in a State with Pennsylvania's large population. The credit goes to the game laws such as Mr. Seagle would ridicule.

Another point which Mr. Seagle misses. If a hunter knows that he will be subject

to fine and loss of hunting privileges if he kills a deer in the protected classes, he will not shoot indiscriminately at anything he sees moving in the woods, which lessens the risk that he will kill another hunter.

Each of Mr. Seagle's joyous attacks upon the game laws might be countered by very good explanations of their reason for being. For instance, he finds it amusing that one State requires that a fisherman wet his hands before removing an undersized or protected fish from the hook to return it to the water. A fish is covered with a mucous substance which is protective in its purpose. Dry hands may remove this coating and on the surface thus exposed a fungous or parasitic growth may attach itself, eventually killing the fish. He finds it funny that hunting deer with lights is prohibited, not knowing that a light trained upon a deer has a hypnotic effect upon it and makes it easy prey for the pothunter.

He appears to think that a lot of ridiculous legislation has been cooked up to hamper the sportsman in pursuit of his sport. The actual purpose is to preserve to the sportsman the enjoyment of hunting and fishing. That purpose is met, else how would Pennsylvania find, as he has cited, over half a million persons willing

to pay license fees to participate in hunting and fishing? Which fees, if he does not know, are segregated from other State funds and expended solely for the improvement of hunting and fishing conditions.

It is doubtful if any set of laws on the statute books meet with more complete endorsement among those whose conduct they are designed to regulate than do "the laws of the chase," because, as a general rule, they are based upon recommendations made to the legislative bodies by hunters and fishermen. They are not mere laws—they are the rules governing these sports, dignified as laws to compel compliance by those who, lacking respect for the ideals of sportsmanship, could not otherwise be persuaded to abide by them. Enforcement of them is not entrusted to a few wardens and their deputies. They have a powerful ally in public opinion, which brands the violator as a "poor sport." If Mr. Seagle would learn the force of public opinion in this respect, he might ask men on the staff of any newspaper in the mountain regions of Pennsylvania to describe how men squirm at the prospect of seeing their names appear in print as violators of the game laws.

Williamsport, Pa.

BRUCE A. HUNT

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

ALEXANDER BAKSHY is a specialist in Russian literature. He has done translating and contributes to the reviews.

R. P. BLACKMUR is a graduate of Harvard and now lives in Boston. He has published verse and criticism in the *Hound & Horn* and *Poetry*.

DONALD DAVIDSON is professor of English at Vanderbilt University.

CARL ENGEL has been chief of the music division of the Library of Congress since 1921, and since 1929 has been president of G. Schirmer, music publishers. He is editor of the *Musical Quarterly* and author of "Discords Mingled."

WILLIAM FAULKNER's latest book of prose is "Light in August." He is also the author of "As I Lay Dying," "The Sound and the Fury," "Sanctuary," and "A Green Bough."

ERNEST L. MEYER is on the staff of the *Madison, Wisconsin, Capital Times*. He was born in Denver, Colo., has lived in Chicago and Milwaukee, and has worked on newspapers from coast to coast.

HOWARD LEE MCBAIN, Ph.D. (Columbia), is dean of the graduate faculties of Columbia University and Ruggles professor of constitutional law. He is the author of numerous books and monographs on government and law.

CHARLES V. NEMO is the pen-name of a former blood donor. He was formerly a New York newspaper man.

JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD is the son of

the late Percival Pollard. He is a graduate of Williams College and of the Harvard Law School. He was formerly instructor in American constitutional history at Colorado College and is the author of "The Road to Repeal."

WALTER C. RECKLESS is associate professor of sociology at Vanderbilt University. His latest book, "Vice in Chicago," was published last year.

ANN RIVINGTON, for obvious reasons, is a pen-name.

BENJAMIN ROSENBLATT was born in Rumania in 1880 and was brought to this country in 1890. He has been a high-school teacher in New York City since 1922.

OSWALD SPENGLER is the author of "The Decline of the West" and "Man and Technic." His article in this issue will form part of his next book, "The Hour of Decision," which will be published the twelfth of this month.

LEONORA SPEYER was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for "Fiddler's Farewell" in 1926. She has contributed verse to nearly all the major reviews.

RICHARD HOADLEY TINGLEY is a retired civil engineer. He is the author of "Trade Acceptances" and "Banka Tin," which was published by the Dutch East India Government.

JOHN R. TUNIS writes on sports and public questions for the newspapers and reviews.

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snow of winter. On
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ix

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising
section, page iv*

is a volume that is neither biography nor fiction, but looks very much like rubbish. When Strauss I proposed marriage to Anna Streim, she "lifted her lips to his, her eyes speaking her eager consent." When Strauss II first introduced himself to Henrietta Treffz, "she answered softly, her gray eyes inviting friendship. . . . She was made to be loved. She was eloquent with sex." He fell in love with her on sight, and a few days later he suggested that they get married. "He laughed as he reached for her hand. But her hand quickly escaped his." Shortly thereafter, according to the omniscient Mr. Ewen, Strauss had better luck: "Once again he reached for her hand, and this time he caught it, and held it tightly."

GEORGE LEWES AND GEORGE ELIOT.

By *Anna T. Kitchel.* *The John Day Company*
\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 321 pp. *New York*

This seems to be the first full-length biography of Lewes. Miss Kitchel, who is professor of English at Vassar, has done an able, comprehensive, and judicious job. She is not blind to the intellectual poverty in all of his writings, even in his two best books, "The Life of Goethe" and "A Biographical History of Philosophy," but she also sees that he had many virtues. As a literary critic he was a champion of plain and honest writing, and as a philosopher he probably knew more science than Spencer did. But if he lives at all, it will probably be because of his relationship with George Eliot. "The stimulus and sympathy" he gave to her "may remain in the eyes of many, as years go by, his chief claim to fame. . . . He stimulated her in moods of depression, encouraged her in moments of ambition, worked with her in the long days and weeks of drudgery." A bibliography and an index are appended.

THE GREAT DOCTORS.

By *Henry E. Sigerist.* *W. W. Norton & Company*
\$4 5¾ x 8½; 436 pp. *New York*

Dr. Sigerist, a pupil and former associate of Karl Sudhoff at Leipzig, is now professor of the history of medicine at the Johns Hopkins. His knowledge of medical history covers its whole range, but he has given special attention to the early periods. His book, as its title indicates, is biographical in plan. Beginning with Imhotep, Aesculapius and Hippocrates, he comes down through the ages to Lister, Ehrlich and Billroth, and for the present translation (the book was first printed in German in 1931) he

has added a chapter on William Osler. The contributions of the men discussed are described admirably, and their personalities are not forgotten.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION.

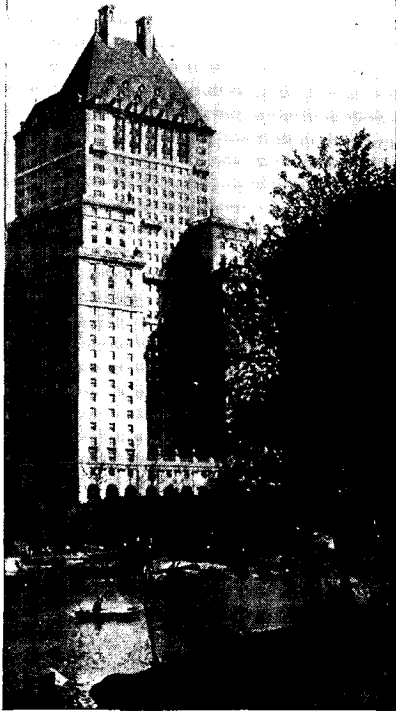
By *Ernest K. Lindley.* *The Viking Press*
\$2.50 5½ x 8¾; 328 pp. *New York*

Mr. Lindley is a member of the Washington Bureau of the New York *Herald Tribune*, but his own paper's editorial attitude toward the Roosevelt administration finds no reflection here. The volume is, indeed, extremely favorable to Roosevelt, taking almost the king-can-do-no-wrong attitude. Nevertheless, the book is probably the best record of the first six months of the New Deal that has yet been published. Mr. Lindley has "covered" Roosevelt since he went to Albany as Governor of New York, and so is able to present an interesting account of the growth of the President's ideas and to provide intimate portraits of members of the Brain Trust and of other assistants and advisors. A good part of the book, of course, is merely a running account of what has already been published in the daily press, but Mr. Lindley reveals for the first time many things that went on behind the scenes. In addition, he supplies the reader with illuminating interpretations and connecting links, and he recites his history with great clarity and verve. The book lacks an index.

ROOSEVELT AND HIS AMERICA.

By *Bernard Faÿ.* *Little, Brown & Company*
\$2.75 5¾ x 8¾; 345 pp. *Boston*

According to the publishers, this book made a big hit in France, where it first appeared. The critics there thought that it was "very subtle," but American readers will probably find it strangely unilluminating and full of blah. Dr. Faÿ has no doubt about the future of America. He has spent much time in this country and he is sure that it "is drunk with a vitality which has always been able to insure her ultimate victory." Roosevelt's success in 1932 "was due to his Anglo-Saxon quality, the quality of one born to rule. . . . [He is] one of that rather limited number of human beings for whom life is a real event and not a dream." As for the Brain Trust, it "is an insurance against unpopularity, against sterility, and against the upper classes of society." Professor Tugwell is "a specialist," and his books "are lacking neither in boldness nor precision."



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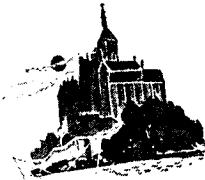
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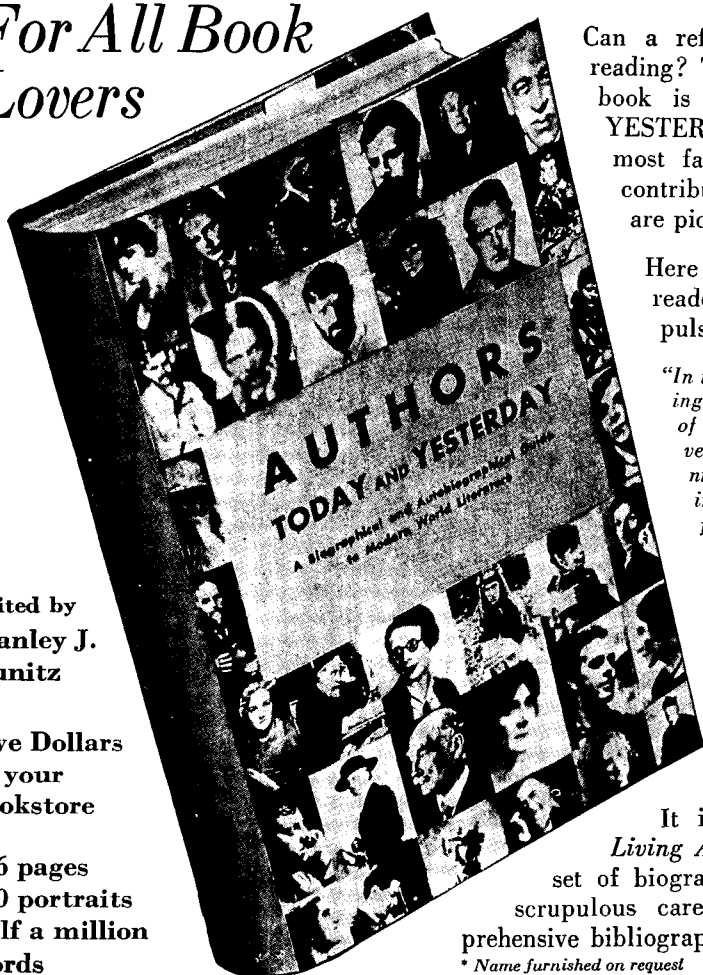
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